

T H E
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BEING A COLLECTION OF
MORAL, LITERARY AND FAMILIAR
E S S A Y S.

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ET MORES HOMINUM INSPEXIT.—
(HORAT.)

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T H E

O B S E R V E R.

Nº XXXVII.

TH E first effusions of poetry having been addressed to prayer and worship, to the mysteries and genealogies of the deities, to religious rites, sacrifices and initiations, and to the awful promulgation of oracles by enthusiastic Sybills, chaunting forth to the astonished multitude their tremendous denunciations, the time was now in approach, when that portion of divine inspiration, which seems to be the moving spring of poetry, should branch into a new department.

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B

When

When the human genius was more matured and better qualified by judgment and experience, and the thoughts, instead of being hurried along by the furious impulse of a heated fancy, began to take into sober contemplation the worldly actions of men, and the revolutions and changes of human events, operating upon society, the poet began to prepare himself by forethought and arrangement of ideas for the future purposes of composition: It became his first business to contrive a plan and ground-work for the structure of his poem; he saw that it must have uniformity, simplicity and order, a beginning, a middle and an end; that the main object must be interesting and important, that the incidents and accessory parts must hinge upon that object, and not wander from the central idea, on which the whole ought to rest; that a subject corresponding thereto, when elevated by language, superior to the phrase and dialogue of the vulgar, would constitute a work more orderly and better constructed, than what arose from the sudden and abrupt effusions of unpremeditated verse.

In this manner *Homer*, the great poet of antiquity, and the father and founder, as I must think, of epic poetry, revolving in his capacious mind the magnificent events of the Grecian association for the destruction of Troy, then fresh in the tradition, if not in the memories of his contemporaries, planned the great design of his immortal *Iliad*. With this plan arranged and settled in his thoughts beforehand, he began to give a loose to the force and powers of his imagination in strains and rhapsodies, which by frequent

quent recitation fixed upon his memory, and, as he warmed with the advancing composition, he sallied forth in search of hearers, chaunting his verses in the assemblies and cities, that received him; his fancy working out those wonderful examples of the sublime, as he took his solitary migrations from place to place: When he made his passages by sea, and committed himself to the terrors of the ocean, the grandest scenes in nature came under his view, and his plastic fancy, seizing every object that accorded to its purposes, melted and compounded it into the mass and matter of the work, on which his brain was labouring: Thus with nature in his eye, inspiration at his heart and contemplation ever active, secured by solitude against external interruption, and undisturbed by worldly cares and concerns from within, the wandering bard performed what time has never equalled and what to all posterity will remain the standard of perfection.—*Hunc nemo in magnis sublimitate, in parvis proprietate, superaverit: Idem latus ac pressus, jucundus et gravis, tum copia tum brevitate mirabilis; nec poeticâ modo sed oratoriâ virtute eminentissimus.* (Quint. lib. x.)

“Him no one ever excelled in sublimity on great topics, in propriety on small ones; whether diffused or compressed, gay or grave, whether for his abundance or his brevity, he is equally to be admired, nor is he supereminent for poetical talents only but for oratorical also.”

There is no doubt but Homer composed other poems besides his Iliad and Odyssey: Aristotle in his Poetics decidedly ascribes The Margites to Homer; but as to the Ilias Minor and the Cypri-

acs, though it is evident these poems were in his hands, yet he seems ignorant of their author; the passage I allude to will be found in the twenty-third chapter of his Poetics; he is comparing these two poems with the Iliad and Odyssey, as furnishing subjects for the drama, and observes that the stage could not properly draw above one or at most two plots for tragedy from the Iliad and Odyssey respectively, whereas many might be taken from the Cypriacs, and he enumerates to the amount of ten, which might be found in the Ilias Minor: It is evident by the context, that he does not think either of these poems were composed by Homer, and no less evident that he does not know to whom they are to be ascribed; their high antiquity therefore is the only point, which this celebrated critic has put out of doubt.

The Ilias Minor appears to have been a poem, which includes the taking of Troy and the return of the Greeks: The incidents of the Æneid, as far as they refer to the Trojan story, seem to have been taken from this poem, and in particular the episode of Sinon, which is amongst the dramatic subjects mentioned by Aristotle: The controversy between Ajax and Ulysses for the armour of Achilles was copied by Ovid from the same poem. If this work is not to be given to Homer, we must believe it was written since the Iliad, from the evidence of its title; but if the author's name was lost in Aristotle's time, his antiquity is probably little short of Homer's: Some scholiasts have given this poem to Lesches, but when Lesches

ches lived and of what country he was I find no account.

The Cypriacs are supposed to contain the love-adventures of the Trojan ladies during the siege, and probably was a poem of fiction. Herodotus has an observation in his second book upon a passage in this poem, in which Paris is said to have brought Helen from Sparta to Troy in the space of three days, whereas Homer says they were long driven about on their voyage from place to place; from this want of correspondence in a fact of such consequence, Herodotus concludes upon fair grounds of criticism, that Homer was not author of the Cypriacs, though Pindar ascribes it to him: Some give the Cypriacs to Hegeſias of Salamis, others to Stasinus a poet of Cyprus, and by ſome Homer is ſaid to have given this poem, written by himſelf, by way of portion to his daughter married to Stasinus; this daughter of Homer was called Arſephone, and his ſons Theriſphon and Theolaus: Nævius tranſlated the Cypriacs into Latin verſe: Many more poems are aſcribed to Homer, which would be tedious to particulariſe, they are enumerated by Suidas, whom the reader, if his curioſity ſo inclines him, may readily conſult.

As to any other information perſonally reſpecting this great poet, it has been given to the world ſo ably by the late Mr. Wood in his eſſay *on the original writings and genius of Homer*, that I can add nothing on the occaſion, except the humble recommendation of my judgment in its favour. The internal evidence which this eſſayiſt adduces to fix the birth-place and early reſidence of his poet in Ionia, is both learnedly collected and ſatisſactorily

ly applied : He observes that Homer in his general manner of describing the geography of countries, speaks of them as more or less distant in proportion to their bearing from Ionia ; he describes Zephyrus as a rude and boisterous wind, blowing from Thrace ; this circumstance had been urged against Homer as a proof of his error in geography, and the soft and gentle quality of Zephyrus, so often celebrated by poets in all times, is quoted in aid of the charge ; but the sagacity and local knowledge of Mr. Wood divert the accusation, and turn it into an argument for ascertaining the spot of Homer's nativity and residence, by reminding us, that when the poet describes the wind blowing from the Thracian mountains upon the *Ægean* sea, it must of course be a West wind in respect to Ionia, from which circumstance he draws his consequence that Homer was an Ionian. This argument must surely be satisfactory as to the place, in which the poem was written ; and when we have located Homer in Ionia, whilst he was employed in writing his poem, we have one point of doubt at least cleared up in his history to our conviction, and his accuracy in one branch of knowledge vindicated from the cavils of critics.

Having established this point, viz. that Homer was an Asiatic Greek, inhabiting the sea coast, or an island on the coast of Ionia, and having vindicated his accuracy in geographical knowledge, the ingenious author of the essay proceeds to shew, by way of corollary from his proposition thus demonstrated, that Homer must have been a great traveller ; that geographical knowledge was in those days no otherwise to be acquired ; that he appears to

to have been thoroughly conversant in the arts of building and navigating ships, as then understood and practised; and that his map of Greece, which both Strabo, Apollodorus the Athenian, Menogenes and Demetrius of Scepsis illustrated in so diffusive a manner, puts it out of doubt, that he must have visited the several countries and surveyed them with attention, before he could have laid them down with such geographical accuracy: Certain it is, that so great was the authority of Homer's original chart, that it was a law in some cities that the youth should learn it by heart; that Solon appealed to it for establishing the right of Athens to Salamis in preference to the claims of the Megarensians; and that territorial property and dominion were in several instances decided by referring to this Homeric chart: Another evidence of Homer's travels he derives from his lively delineations of national character, which he observes are marked with such precision and supported throughout with such consistency, as not to allow us to think that he could have acquired this knowledge of mankind from any other source but his own observations.

It is more than probable Homer did not commit his poems to writing; it is mere conjecture whether that invention was actually in existence at the time he lived; there is nothing in his works that favours this conjecture, and in such a case silence is something more than negative: The retention of such compositions is certainly an astonishing effort of the human memory, but instances are not wanting of the like nature in early and uncivilized states, and the memory is capable of

being expanded by habit and exercise to an extraordinary and most unlimited compass. Unwritten compositions were always in verse: and metre was certainly used in aid of memory. It must not however be taken for a consequence, that writing first came into use when Pherecydes and Cadmus first composed in prose, as some have imagined; for it undoubtedly obtained before their time, and was probably brought into Greece from Phœnicia.

The engraving of the laws of Draco is supposed to have been the first application of that art; but it was a work of labour, and required the tool of the artist, rather than the hand of the penman. Thales and Pythagoras left us no writings behind them, though they spread their learning over Greece and from their schools peopled it with philosophers. The unwritten drama was long in existence before any compositions of that sort were committed to writing. Solon's laws were engraved in wood or stone, and there appears to have been but one table of them. Of Lycurgus's regulations there was no written record; the mind of the judge was the depositary of the law. Draco published his laws in Olymp. xxxix; Pisistratus died in Olymp. lxiii: A century had nearly passed between the publication of these laws and the first institution of a public library at Athens; great advances no doubt were made within that period in the art of writing; nevertheless it was by no means an operation of facility in Pisistratus's time, and his compilation of Homer's Iliad and Odyssæy was a work of vast labour and of royal expence: The book remained at Athens as a princely monument
of

N^o 38. THE OBSERVER.

of his munificence and love of letters; his library was resorted to by all men of science in Greece, but copies of the work were not circulated till the time of the Ptolemies; even Alexander of Macedon, when he had possessed himself of a complete copy of his favourite poet, locked it up in the rich chest, of which he had despoiled King Darius, as the most worthy case, in which he could inclose so inestimable a treasure: When a copy of Homer was considered by a prince as a possession so rare, it cannot be supposed his written works were in many hands: As for the detached rhapsodies, which Lycurgus in more early times brought with him out of Asia, they must have been exceeding imperfect, though it is to be presumed they were in writing.

N^o XXXVIII.

FROM the scarcity of transcribers in the time of Pisistratus, and the difficulties of collecting and compiling poems, which existed only in the memories of the rhapsodists, we are led to consider the institution of the Athenian Library, as a most noble and important work; at the same time, when we reflect how many compositions of the earliest poets depended on the fidelity of memory, we cease to wonder that we have so many more records of names than of works. Many poets are enumerated antecedent to the time of Homer;

some of these have been already mentioned, and very few indeed of their fragments are now in existence.

Conjecture, and even fiction, have been enviously set to work by grammarians and others within the Christian æra to found a charge of plagiarism against Homer, and to dispute his title to originality. We are told that Corinnus, who was a scholar of Palamedes, inventor of the Doric letters, composed a poem called the *Iliad*, whilst Troy was standing, in which he celebrates the war of Dardanus against the Paphlagonians, and that Homer formed himself upon his model, closely copying him: It is asserted by others, that he availed himself of the poems of Dictys the Cretan, who was of the family of Idomeneus, and lived in the time of the Trojan war: But these fables are still less probable than the story of his contest with Hesiod, and of the prize being decreed against him; Orpheus, Musæus, Eumolpus and Thamyras, all of Thrace; Marsyas, Olympus, and Midas, all of the Ionian side of the Meander, were poets antecedent to Homer; so were Amphion, Demodocus, Philammon, Phemius, Aristæus author of the *Arimaspeia*, Isatydes, Drymon, Asbolus the Centaur, Eumiclus the Cyprian, Horus of Samos, Prosnautis of Athens, and the celebrated Sybill.

The five poets, who are generally stiled the masters of epic poetry, are Homer, Antimachus the Colophonian, Panyasis of Halicarnassus, Pifander of Camyrus, and Hesiod of Cumæ: And all these were natives of the Asiatic coast.

Before I cease speaking of Homer, I cannot excuse myself from saying something on the subject
of

of Mr. Pope's translation, which will for ever remain a monument of his excellence in the art of versification : It was an arduous undertaking, and the translator entered upon it with a candid confession that he was—*utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer* ; he also says—*That if Mr. Dryden had translated the whole work, he would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation he knows in any language.* This is a declaration, that reflects as much honor on Mr. Pope, as it does on Mr. Dryden ; great as his difficulties were, he has nevertheless executed the work in such a manner as to leave stronger reasons why no man should attempt a like translation of Homer after him, than there were why he should not have undertaken it after Mr. Dryden. One thing above all surprizes me in his execution of it, which is *The Catalogue of the ships* ; a difficulty that I should else have thought insurmountable in rhyme ; this however he has accomplished in the smoothest metre, and a very curious poem it is : No further attempt therefore remained to be made upon Homer, but of a translation in blank verse or in literal prose ; a contemporary of eminence in the republic of letters has lately given a prose translation of the Iliad, though Mr. Pope had declared in his preface that *no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language*—It is easy to see what Mr. Pope aims to obtain by this position, and we must interpret the expression of the word *just* to mean that no such literal translation can be equal to the spirit, though it shall be *just* to the sense of its original :

nal : He knew full well, that no translation in rhyme could be literal, and he was therefore interested to premise that no literal translation could be *just*; whether he has thereby vindicated his own deviations from the sense of his author and those pleonasm, which the shackles of rhyme have to a certain degree driven him into, and probably would have driven any other man much more, must be left with the classical reader to judge for himself; some of this description, and in particular a learned Lecturer in Rhetoric, who has lately favoured the public with a collection of essays, pronounce of Mr. Pope's poem *that it is no translation of Homer* : The same author points out the advantages of Miltonic verse; and it must be confessed that Miltonic verse seems to be that happy medium in metre, which stands the best chance of giving the compressed sense of Homer without debasing its spirit : It is a stern criticism to say that Mr. Pope's *is no translation of Homer*; his warmest admirers will admit that it is not a close one, and probably they will not dispute but that it might be as *just*, if it had a closer resemblance to its original, notwithstanding what he says in the passage I have quoted from his preface. It is agreed therefore that an opening is still left between literal prose and fettered rhyme; I should conceive it might be a pleasant exercise for men of talents to try a few specimens from such passages in the Iliad, as they might like best, and these perhaps might engage some one or more to proceed with the work, publishing a book at a time (as it were experimentally) by which means they might avail themselves of the criticisms of their candid judges, and

and make their final compilation more correct : If this was ably executed, a very splendid work might in time be compleated to the honour of our nation and language, embellished with engravings of designs by our eminent masters from select scenes in each rhapsody, according to the judgment of the artist.

Small engines may set great machines in motion, as weak advocates sometimes open strong causes ; in that hope, and with no other presumption whatever I shall conclude this paper with a few lines translated from the outset of the Iliad, which the reader, whose patience has hitherto kept company with me, may or may not peruse as he thinks fit.

SING, Goddess Muse, the wrath of Peleus' son,
Destructive source of all the numerous ills
That vex'd the sons of Greece, and swept her host
Of valiant heroes to untimely death ;
But their unburied bodies left to feast
The dogs of Troy and carrion birds of prey ;
So Jove decreed (and let Jove's will be done !)
In that ill hour, when first contention sprang
'Twixt Agamemnon, of the armies chief,
And Goddess-born Achilles. Say, what power
'Mongst heav'n's high synod stirr'd the fatal strife ?—
Son of Latona by almighty Jove—
He, for the King's offence, with mortal plague
Smote the contagious camp, vengeance divine
For the insulted honour of his priest,
Sage Chryses ; to the stationed fleet of Greece,
With costly ransom off'ring to redeem
His captive daughter, came the holy seer :
The laurel garland, ensign of his God,
And golden sceptre in his hand he bore ;
And thus to all, but chief the kingly sons
Of Atreus, suppliant he address'd his suit.

“ Kings, and ye well-appointed warriors all !

“ So

" So may the Gods, who on Olympus' heights
 " Hold their celestial mansions, aid your arm
 " To level yon proud towers, and to your homes.
 " Restore you, as to me you shall restore
 " My captive daughter, and her ransom take,
 " In awful reverence of the God I serve."

He ceas'd: th' assembled warriors all assent,
 All but Atrides, he, the general voice
 Opposing, with determined pride rejects
 The proffer'd ransom and insults the suit.

" Let me not find thee, Priest!—if thou presum'st
 " Or here to loiter, or henceforth to come,
 " 'Tis not that sceptre, no, nor laurel crown
 " Shall be thy safe-guard: Hence! I'll not restore
 " The captive thou demand'st; doom'd for her life
 " In distant Argos, where I reign, to ply
 " The housewife's loom and spread my nightly couch;
 " Fly, whilst thy flight can save thee, and begone!"

No more: obedient to the stern decree,
 The aged suitor turns his trembling steps
 To the surf-beaten shore; there calls his God,
 And in the bitterness of anguish prays.

" Hear me, thou God, who draw'st the silver bow;
 " Hear thou, whom Chrysa worships; hear, thou king
 " Of Tenedos, of Cilla; Smintheus, hear!
 " And, if thy priest hath ever deck'd thy shrine
 " Or on thy flaming altars offer'd up
 " Grateful oblations, send thine arrows forth;
 " Strike, strike these tyrants and avenge my tears!"

Thus Chryses pray'd, nor was the pray'r unheard;
 Quick at his call the vengeful God uprear'd
 His tow'ring stature on Olympus' top;
 Behind him hung his bow; onward he strode
 Terrific, black as night, and as he shook
 His quiver'd arrows, the affrighted air
 Echo'd the dreadful knell: Now from aloft
 Wide o'er the subject fleet he glanc'd his eye,
 And from his silver bow with sounding string
 Launch'd th' unerring shaft: On mules and dogs
 The missile death alighted; next to man
 Spread the contagion dire; then through the camp
 Frequent and sad gleam'd the funereal fires.
 Nine mournful days they gleam'd; haply the tenth
 With better omens rose; Achilles now
 Conven'd the Grecian chiefs, thereto inspir'd

By Jove's fair consort, for the Goddess mourn'd
 The desolating mischiefs : At the call
 Of great Achilles none delay'd to come,
 And in full council thus the hero spake.

" If quick retreat from this contagious shore
 " Might save a remnant of our war-worn host,
 " My voice, Atrides, would advise retreat ;
 " But not for me such counsels : Call your seers,
 " Prophets and priests, interpreters of dreams,
 " For Jove holds commerce with mankind in sleep,
 " And let that holy convocation say
 " Why falls Apollo's vengeance on our heads ;
 " And if oblations can avail for peace
 " And intermission from this wasting plague,
 " Let victims bleed by hecatombs, and glut
 " His altars, so his anger be appeas'd."

N^o XXXIX.

HESIOD's heroic holds a middle place between the Orphean and Homeric style ; his Genealogy of the Deities resembling the former, and his Shield of Hercules at due distance following the latter : His famous poem in praise of illustrious women is lost ; from the words *Ἡ Οἶα*, with which it opened, it came in time to be generally known by the name of the *Eoics* or *The Great Eoics*, and this title by misinterpretation has been construed to refer to the proper name of some favourite mistress, whom he chose to make the heroine of his poem ; the poet being born at Ascra, a small village in the neighbourhood of Mount Helicon, *Eoa* was supposed to have been a beautiful damsel of Ascra, whom he

was

was in love with : This poem seems to have been considered as the best work of the author, at least it was that which brought him most in favour with his contemporaries, and gained him some admirers, who even preferred him to Homer ; we cannot wonder if that sex at least who were the objects of his panegyric, were the warmest in his praise. I suspect that Homer did not pay much court to the ladies in his *Margites*, and as for the *Cypriacs* they were professedly written to expose the gallantries of the fair sex ; the character of Penelope however in the *Odyssey* is a standard of conjugal fidelity, and Helen, though a frail heroine in the *Iliad*, is painted with such delicate touches as to recommend her in the most interesting manner to our pity and forgiveness.

Hesiod's address carried every thing before it, and the choice of his subjects shews that popularity was his study, for not content with engaging the fair sex in his favour by the gallantry of *The Great Eoics*, he flattered the heroes of his time, or at least the descendants of heroes, by a poem which he entitled *The Heroic Genealogy* : As one was a professed panegyric of beautiful and illustrious women, the other was written in the praise of brave and distinguished men : If this heroic catalogue comprised only the great and noble of his own sex, his *Times and Seasons* were addressed to the community at large and conveyed instruction to the husbandman and labourer ; nor was this all, for great authorities have given to Hesiod the fables commonly ascribed to *Æsop*, who is supposed only to have made some additions to Hesiod's collection ; if this were so, we have another strong reason.

son for his popularity—*For fables, as Quintilian well observes, are above all things calculated to win the hearts of the vulgar and unlearned, who delight in pleasing tales and fictions, and are easily led away with what they delight in.*—In short Hesiod seems to have written to all ranks, degrees and descriptions of people; to rich and poor, to the learned and unlearned, to men, women, and even to the deities themselves.

Can we be surpris'd then if this politic and pleasing author was the idol of his time, and gained the prize even though Homer was his competitor? His contemporaries gave judgment in his favour, but posterity revokes the decree: Quintilian, who probably had all his works before him, pronounces of Hesiod—*That he rarely soars; that great part of his works are nothing else but catalogues and strings of names, intermixed however with useful precepts gracefully delivered and appositely addressed; in fine, that his merit consists in the middle stile of writing.*—Talents of this sort probably recommended him to the unreserved applause of all, whom superiority of genius in another affects with envy and provokes to detraction. Many such, besides the grammarian Daphidas, were found to persecute the name of Homer with malevolence, whilst he rose superior to their attacks: The rhapsodists, whose vocation it was in public and private to entertain the company with their recitations, were so constantly employed in repeating Homer's poems preferably to all others, that in time they were universally called Homerists; Demetrius Phalereus at length introduced them into the theatres and made them chaunt the poems of his favourite author

ther on the stage: The poet Simonides, celebrated for his memory, repeated long passages of Homer, sitting in the public theatre on a seat erected for him on the stage for that purpose; Cassander, king of Macedonia, had the whole Iliad and Odyssey by heart, and was continually repeating, not in company only, but in his private hours to himself: Stefichorus also, the sublimest of all poets next to Homer and his greatest imitator, was remarkably fond of chaunting forth passages in the Iliad and Odyssey; it is related also that he used frequently to repeat verses of Hesiod, Archilochus, Mimnermus, and Phocylides the Milesian, who is the supposed author of the poem intitled *Parænesis*, yet extant. We are obliged to the grammarians for many scraps or fragments from the wrecks of authors, but in the case of Hesiod's *Eoics* meet with one remnant only preserved by Pausanias, and this relates to Iphigenia, who, by Hesiod's account, was by the favour of Diana reprieved from extinction and immortalized in the person of the goddess Hecate.

As for the bards of the Orphean family, it is difficult to adjust their chronologies and descents; I have already enumerated five poets of the name of Orpheus, and said in general terms, that there were several of the name of Musæus; they may be thus described; viz. first, Musæus, son of Antiphemus and disciple of Orpheus, stiled an epic poet; he wrote a long poem of four thousand verses containing precepts, addressed to his son Eumolpus, and thence intitled *The Eumolpiad*; he wrote a hymn to Ceres, a poem on the cure of diseases, and published certain prophetic verses, though

though his title to these has been brought into dispute by the artifices of one Onomacritus, a plagiarist and pretended diviner in the time of Hipparchus, who put off these verses of Musæus as his own. The second Musæus was grandson of the first and son of Eumolpus; various poems are given to this Musæus, particularly The Theogony, the Sphere, the Mysteries of Initiation and Lustration, The Titans, &c. The third Musæus a Theban was son of Thamyras and grandson of Philammon; he flourished about the time of the Trojan war: His father Thamyras is recorded by Homer.

- " And Dorion fam'd for Thamyras' disgrace,
- " Superior once of all the tuneful race,
- " Till vain of mortals' empty praise he strove
- " To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove:
- " Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
- " Th' immortal Muses in their art defy'd;
- " Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
- " Depriv'd his eyes and snatch'd his voice away;
- " No more his heav'nly voice was heard to sing,
- " His hand no more awak'd the silver string."

(POPE, ll. 2.)

Such was the fate of blind Thamyras, but he has double security for immortality, having a place not only in the Iliad of Homer, but also in the Paradise Lost of Milton:

- " Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
- " That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
- " Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
- " Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
- " So were I equall'd with them in renown,
- " Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides."

(Book 3d.)

Thus,

Thus, although the works of this famous bard have totally perished, and *his heavenly voice is no more heard to sing*, yet it has been his singular good fortune to be celebrated by the greatest poet of antiquity, and ranked with that very poet by the greatest of the moderns and all three involved in the same visitation of blindness; an extraordinary concurrence!

The fourth Musæus was son of Orpheus and President of the Eleusynian Mysteries: This is the Musæus, whom Justin Martyr says was instructed by his father in a more rational religion than he practised in the temple of Ceres, and taught the knowledge and worship of one supreme God, creator of all things. The fifth was Musæus of Ephesus, an epic poet; the sixth a grammarian, whose treatise on the Isthmian games is quoted by Euripides; and the seventh and last, is that Musæus, whom the poet Martial mentions for having written *Patricissimos Ilbellos*, and the author as it is probable of the little poem upon Hero and Leander, now extant, which Scaliger so much admires.

Archilochus flourished in Olymp. xxiii. and was a very early writer of Iambics;—*He excels*, says Quintilian, *in energy of stile; his periods strong, compressed and brilliant, replete with life and vigour: So that if he is second to any it is from defect of subject, not from natural inferiority of genius.*

He adds, that—*Aristarchus was of opinion, that of all the writers of Iambic verse Archilochus alone carried it to perfection.*—Athenæus has preserved a little epigram of his no otherwise worth recording than as it is the only relick of his muse, except

cept one distich in long and short verse purporting that he was devoted to Mars and the Muses; the epigram may be translated as follows:—

Glutton, we ask thee not to be our guest,
It is thy belly bids thee to our feast.

ARCHIL.

Archilochus fell in battle by the hand of Calondas, who immolated his own son to the manes of the poet to atone the vengeance of Apollo: He was a man of great private virtue and distinguished courage, but a severe unsparing satirist.

Tifias, commonly called *Stesichorus* from his invention of the chorus, which he sung to the accompaniment of his harp, was contemporary with Solon, and born at Himera in the island of Sicily; as a lyric poet he was unequalled by any of the Greeks but Pindar; his subjects were all of the epic cast, and he oftentimes rose to a sublimity, that rivalled Homer, upon whose model he formed himself: This he would have done throughout according to the opinion of Quintilian, if his genius had not led him into a redundancy, but his characters are drawn with great dignity and preserved justly. He did not visit Greece till he was far advanced in age, and died in Olymp. lvi. in the city of Catana in his native island of Sicily, where he was buried at the public cost with distinguished ceremony and magnificence. A tomb was erected to his memory near one of the city gates, which was thenceforward called the gate of Stesichorus; this tomb was composed of eight columns, had eight steps and eight angles after the cabalistical numbers

numbers of Pythagoras, whose mysterious philosophy was then in general vogue; the cubic number of eight was emblematic of strength, solidity and magnificence, and from this tomb of Stefi-chorus arose the Greek proverb *πάσα ὀκτώ*, by which was meant any thing perfect and complete. Phalaris of Agrigentum erected a temple to his name and decreed him divine honours; all the cities in Sicily conspired in lamenting the death of their favourite poet, and vied with each other in the trophies they dedicated to his memory.

Epimenides of Crete, the epic poet, was contemporary with Solon, and there is a letter in the life of that great man inserted by the sophists, which is feigned to have been written by Solon in his exile to Epimenides: This poet as well as his contemporary *Aristæas* is said to have had the faculty of stopping the functions of life and recalling them at pleasure: *Aristæas* wrote a poem entitled *Arimaspea*, containing the history of the northern Arimaspeans, a people of Scythia, whom he describes as the fiercest of all human beings, and pretends that they have only one eye; he also composed an heroic poem on the genealogy of the deities: Strabo says, if ever there was a quack in the world, this *Aristæas* was one. *Simonides* the poet lived in the court of Hipparchus, and was much careffed by that elegant prince; he was a pleasing courtly writer, and excelled in the pathetic. *Alcaus* was poet, musician and warrior; Quintilian gives him great praise for the boldness of his satire against tyrants, and occasionally for the moral tendency of his writings, but admits that sometimes his muse is loose and wanton: It appears

appears from some fragments preserved by Athenæus, that he wrote several poems or sonnets in praise of drinking; there is also a fragment in the martial stile, describing the variety of armour, with which his house was adorned. *Callimachus*, *Theocritus*, *Anacreon* and *Sappho*, are to a certain degree known to us by their remains: Every branch of poetry, but the drama, was at this æra at its greatest perfection.

N^o XL.

THERE is a considerable fragment in Athenæus of a love-poem written by *Hermesianax* of Colophon to his mistress Leontium; the poet recommends his passion by telling her how love has triumphed over all the great geniuses in their turns, and begins with the instances of Orpheus and Musæus, and brings them down to Sophocles, Euripides, Pythagoras, and Socrates. This Hermesianax must have been a contemporary of Epicurus, forasmuch as Leontium was the mistress of that philosopher as well as of his disciple Metrodorus: It is plain therefore that the learned Gerard John Vossius did not advert to this circumstance, when he puts Hermesianax amongst the poets of a doubtful age. Leontium was an Athenian courtesan, no less celebrated for science than beauty, for she engaged in a philosophical controversy

controversy with Theophrastus, of which Cicero takes notice (*lib. 1. de Nat. Deor.*) Pliny also records an anecdote of her being painted by Theodorus sitting in a studious attitude.

This fragment may not improperly be called the amours of the Greek poets, and as it relates to many, of whom we have been speaking, and is withal a very curious specimen of an author very little known even by name, I have inserted the following translation in the hope that it will not be unacceptable to my readers.

Οἷν μὲν φίλος γὺς ἀνήγαγεν Οἰάγροιο,
Αἰγρεῖο πην θρῆσσαν στυλάμενος κιδάρεν.—

&c.

(*Athen. lib. xiii.*)

SUCH was the nymph, whom *Orpheus* led
From the dark mansions of the dead,
Where *Charon* with his lazy boat
Ferries o'er *Lethe's* fudgy moat ;
Th' undaunted minstrel smites the strings,
His strain thro' hell's vast concave rings :
Cocytus hears the plaintive theme,
And resluent turns his pitying stream ;
Three-headed *Cerberus*, by fate
Posted at *Pluto's* iron gate,
Low-crouching rolls his haggard eyes
Ecstatic and foregoes his prize :
With ears erect at hell's wide doors
Lies list'ning as the songster soars ;
Thus music charm'd the realms beneath,
And beauty triumph'd over death.

The bard, whom night's pale regent bore
In secret on the Athenian shore,
Museus, felt the sacred flame,
And burnt for the fair Theban dame
Antiope, whom mighty *Love*
Made pregnant by imperial *Jove* ;

The

The poet plied his amorous strain,
Pres'd the fond fair, nor pres'd in vain,
For Ceres, who the veil undrew,
That screen'd her mysteries from his view,
Propitious this kind truth reveal'd,
That woman close besieg'd will yield.

Old *Hesiod* too his native shade
Made vocal to th' Ascrean maid,
The bard his heav'n-directed lore
Forsook, and hymn'd the Gods no more:
Soft love-sick ditties now he sung,
Love touch'd his harp, love tun'd h's tongue,
Silent his Heliconian lyre,
And love's put out religion's fire.

Homer, of all past bards the prime
And wonder of all future time,
Whom Jove with wit sublimely blest,
And touch'd with purest fire his breast,
From gods and heroes turn'd away.
To warble the domestic lay,
And wand'ring to the desert isle,
On whose parch'd sands no seasons smile,
In distant Ithaca was seen
Chaunting the suit-repelling Queen.

Mimnermus tun'd his am'rous lay,
When time had turn'd his temples grey;
Love revell'd in his aged veins,
Soft was his lyre, and sweet his strains;
Frequenter of the wanton feast,
Nanno his theme, and youth his guest.

Antimachus with tender art
Pour'd forth the sorrows of his heart;
In her Dardanian grave he laid
Chryseis his beloved maid;
And thence returning sad beside
Pactolus' melancholy tide,
To Colophon the minstrel came,
Still sighing forth the mournful name,
Till lenient time his grief appeas'd,
And tears by long indulgence ceas'd.

Alcæus strung his sounding lyre,
And smote it with a hand of fire,
To Sappho, fondest of the fair,
Chaunting the loud and lofty air.

Whilst old *Anacreon*, wet with wine,
And crown'd with wreaths of Lesbian vine,
To his unnatural minion sung
Ditties, that put to blush the young.

Ev'n *Sophocles*, whose honey'd lore
Rivals the bee's delicious store,
Chorus'd the praise of wine and love,
Choicest of all the gifts of Jove.

Euripides, whose tragic breast
No yielding fair one ever prest,
At length in his obdurate heart
Felt love's revengeful rankling dart,
Thro' Macedon with furious joy
Panting he chas'd the pathic boy ;
Till vengeance met him in the way,
And blood-hounds made the bard their prey.

Philoxenus, by wood-nymphs bred
On fam'd Cithæron's sacred head,
And train'd to music, wine and song,
'Midst orgies of the frantic throng,
When beauteous Galatea died,
His flute and thyrsus cast aside ;
And wand'ring to thy pensive coast,
Sad Melos, where his love was lost,
Each night thro' the responsive air
Thy echoes witness'd his despair ;
Still, still his plaintive harp was heard,
Soft as the nightly-singing bird.

Philotas too in Battis' praise
Sung his long-winded roundelays ;
His statute in the Coan grove
Now breathes in brass perpetual love.

The mortified abstemious sage,
Deep read in learning's crabbed page,

Pythagoras,

Pythagoras, whose boundless soul
 Scal'd the wide globe from pole to pole,
 Earth, planets, seas and heav'n above,
 Yet found no spot secure from love;
 With love declines unequal war,
 And trembling drags his conqueror's car,
 Theano clasp'd him in her arms,
 And wisdom's stoop'd to beauty's charms.

Ev'n *Socrates*, whose moral mind
 With truth enlighten'd all mankind,
 When at *Aspatia's* side he sat,
 Still found no end to love's debate,
 For strong indeed must be that heart
 Where love finds no unguarded part.

Sage *Aristippus* by right rule
 Of logic purg'd the Sophist's school,
 Check'd folly in its headlong course,
 And swept it down by reason's force;
 'Till Venus aim'd the heart-felt blow,
 And laid the mighty victor low.

A little before the time that *Pisistratus* established his tyranny at Athens, the people of Greece had distinguished certain of their most eminent sages by the denomination of the Seven Wise men. This flattering pre-eminence seems to have been distributed with more attention to the separate claims of the different states, than to the particular pretensions of the persons, who composed this celebrated junto: If any one community had affected to monopolize the prerogative of wisdom, others would hardly have subscribed their assent to so partial a distribution; and yet when such distinguished characters as *Pythagoras*, *Anacharsis* the Scythian, *Mison*, *Pherecydes*, *Epimenides*, and *Pisistratus* himself were excluded, or at best rated only as wise-men-
 C 2 extraordinary,

extraordinary, many of their admirers complained of the exclusion, and insisted on their being rated in the list; hence arises a difficulty in determining the precise number of the principals: The common account however is as follows, viz. *Solon* of Athens, *Thales* of Miletus, *Periander* of Corinth, *Gleobulus* the Rhodian, *Chilon* the Lacedæmonian, *Bias* of Priene, and *Pittacus* of Mytilene.

This distribution was well calculated to inspire emulation amongst rival states, and to that emulation Greece was indebted for the conspicuous figure she made in the world of letters. The Ionic and Italian schools of philosophy were established under *Thales* and *Pythagoras*; the first was supported by *Anaximander* the successor of *Thales*, by *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Aristotle*, *Diogenes*, *Zeno* and other illustrious men; *Pythagoras's* school devolved upon *Empedocles*, *Heraclitus*, *Zenophanes*, *Democritus*, *Pyrrho* and *Epicurus*. The original tenets of the first masters were by no means adhered to by their descendants; the wanderings of error are not to be restrained by system; hypothesis was built upon hypothesis, and the labyrinth at length became too intricate to be unravelled: Sparks of light were in the mean time struck out by the active collision of wit; noble truths occasionally broke forth, and sayings, worthy to be registered amongst the doctrines of Christian revelation, fell from heathen lips: in the lofty spirit of philosophy they insulted pain, resisted pleasure, and set at defiance death itself. Respect is due to so much dignity of character; the meek forgiving
tenets,

tenets, which Christianity inculcates, were touched upon but lightly and by few ; some however by the force of intellect followed the light of reason into a future state of immortality ; they appear to have contemplated the Divine Essence, as he is, simple and supreme, and not filtered into attributes corruptly personified by a synod of divinities. Of such men we must think and speak with admiration and affection.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, was a great man and a good citizen ; he studied geometry under Egyptian masters, and introduced some new discoveries in astronomy and the celestial sphere, regulating and correcting the Greek calendar, which Solon, about the same time, made some attempts to reform at Athens. This he did by bringing it to a conformity with the Hebrew calendar, except that his year began with the summer solstice, and that of the Hebrews with the vernal. Now the Hebrew calendar comprised twelve months, and each month severally comprised the same, or nearly the same, number of days as our's. This appears by an examination of Moses's account of the deluge in the seventh chapter of Genesis.

Amongst other nations, the calendar was exceedingly vague and unsettled : The Egyptians measured their year by four months ; the Arcadians by three ; the Carians and Acarnanians by six, and the people of Alba by ten ; at the same time all these nations were in the practice of making up the year to its natural completion by intercalendary months or days. In the time of Romulus the Romans followed the calendar of the Albanians ;

banians; and of the ten months, which their year consisted of, four comprized thirty-one days each, viz. Martius, Maius, Quintilis, October; the six other consisted of thirty days, and were named Aprilis, Junius, Sextilis, September, November, December. By this calendar Romulus's year regularly consisted of only 304 days, and to compleat the natural period he was obliged to resort to the expedient of intercalendary days.

Numa was too much of a philosopher not to seek a remedy for these deficiencies, and added two months to his year: The former of these he named Januarius from bifrons Janus, one of whose faces was supposed to look towards the succeeding year; the other new month he called Februarius, from Februus, the deity presiding over lustrations; this being the month for the religious rites of the Dii Manes, it was made to consist of twenty-eight days, being an even number; all the others, conformably to the superstition of the times, consisted of odd numbers as more propitious, and accordingly Martius, Maius, Quintilis, October, had each thirty-one days, and the other seven, twenty-nine days, so that the year, thus regulated, had 355 days, and it was left to the priests to make up the residue with supplementary days.

This commission became a dangerous prerogative in the hands of the sacerdotal order, and was executed with much irregularity and abuse; they lengthened and shortened the natural period of the year, as interest influenced them to accord to the prolongation or abbreviation of the annual magistracies dependant thereupon. In this state
things

things were suffered to remain till Julius Cæsar succeeded to the pontificate; he then undertook a reform of the calendar, being in his third consulate, his colleague being Cæmilius Lepidus. Assisted by the best astronomers of the time, particularly the philosopher Sosigenes, he extended the year of his reform to 442 days, and thenceforward ordained that the year should consist of 365 days, distributed into months as it now stands, except that he added one day to February every fifth year, and not every third.

Thales died in the fifty-eighth Olympiad in extreme old age: the famous philosopher Pherecydes died a few years before him of that horrible distemper called the *Morbus Pediculofus*, and in his last illness wrote, or is supposed to have written, to Thales as follows:—

PHERECYDES to THALES.

May your death be easy, when the hour shall come! for my part, when your letter reached me, I was sinking under the attack of a most loathsome disease accompanied with a continual fever. I have therefore given it in charge to my friends, as soon as they shall have committed my remains to the earth, to convey my manuscripts to your hands. If you and the rest of your wise fraternity shall on perusal approve of making them public, do so; otherwise let them not see the light; certainly they do not satisfy my judgment in all particulars; the best of us are liable to error; the truth of things is not discoverable by human sagacity, and I am justly doubtful of myself: Upon questions of theology I have been cautious how I

have committed myself; other matters I have treated with less reserve; in all cases however I suggest rather than dictate.

Though I feel my dissolution approaching and inevitable, I have not absolutely dismissed my physicians and friends; but as my disease is infectious, I do not let them enter my doors, but have contrived a signal for informing them of my condition, and have warned them to prepare themselves for paying the last offices to my corpse to-morrow.

Farewell for ever!

N^o. XLI.

*Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camæna
Dicitur, et plaustriis vexisse poemata Thespis,
Qui canerent agerentque peruncti facibus ora.*

(HORAT.)

HAVING carried down the history of Athens to that period, when a new species of poetry made its appearance, I propose in this place to treat of the origin and introduction of the drama; in doing this, my chief study will be to methodize and arrange the matter, which other writers have thrown out, sensible that in a subject so often exhausted very little else can now remain to be done.

Aristotle

Aristotle says—*That Homer alone properly deserves the name of poet, not only as being superior to all others so called, but as the first who prepared the way for the introduction of the drama; and this he did, not merely by the display of his powers on grave and tragic subjects, but inasmuch as he suggested the first plot and device for comedy also; not founding it upon coarse and opprobrious invective, but upon wholesome and facetious ridicule: so that his Margites bears the same analogy to comedy, as his Iliad and Odyssey do to tragedy.*

This assertion in favour of Homer coming from such high authority has been adopted by the scholiasts, critics and commentators, who have treated either of that great poet or of the drama from the time when it was made to the present: But it should be observed that Aristotle is not here speaking of the drama professedly as a chronologist, but reviewing it as an object of criticism and under this view it can no otherwise come into contemplation than in its more advanced and perfect state, when built upon the model of Homer's fables and characters; after it had thrown off the barbarous traces of its real origin, and had quitted Bacchus and the Satyrs. Of tragedy, as a written and consistent poem, Homer may well be stiled the father; for when Phrynichus and Æschylus introduced on the scene *Μῦθος καὶ Πάθος*, the stories and calamities of heroes, tragedy became Homeric, or in other words assumed a dignity of tone and character, that was copied from the epic of Homer, as comedy was from his iambic; and agreeably to this Aristotle names Epicharmus as the first comic poet, who was professedly a copyist of the Margites.

Now by settling the dates of a few well-established facts we shall bring this question into closer view. Pisistratus after a broken reign of thirty-three years died in Olymp. lxiii. whereas the Marmor Chronicon records, that the first tragedy at Athens was made by Thespis, and acted on a waggon in Olymp. lxi. Suidas confirms this record: From the same authority (viz. Mar. Chron.) we collect that Sufarion made the first comedy at Athens, and acted it on a moveable scaffold in the middle of Olymp. liv. being one year before Pisistratus established his tyranny. By these dates it appears that comedy was made and acted at Athens several years before the compilation of Homer's epic poems, and tragedy before or at that time, admitting for the present that Thespis was the first who made tragedies, and that the record above cited was the date of his first tragedy.

I am aware that these facts alone will not prove that the inventors of the drama did not copy from Homer; for it cannot be denied that Thespis and even Sufarion might have resorted to his poems, before they were compiled by Pisistratus; and as for Thespis, if we were to admit the tragedies, which Suidas ascribes to him, to be genuine, it is evident from their titles that some of them were built upon Homeric fables; but good critics find strong reasons to object to this list, which Suidas has given us, and I must think it a fair presumption against their authenticity, that Aristotle, who gives Homer the credit of furnishing the first suggestions of the drama, does not instance Thespis's tragedies; for had they been
what

what Suidas reports, it can hardly be supposed that Aristotle would have overlooked an instance so much to his purpose, or failed to have quoted Thespis, as the first tragic writer, when he names Epicharmus as the first comic one, who copied from Homer.

Plutarch in his *Sympotia* says—*That when Phrynichus and Æschylus first turned the subject of tragedy to fables and doleful stories, the people said, What's this to Bacchus?*—According to this anecdote how could Thespis, who was anterior to Phrynichus and Æschylus, be a writer of such tragedies, as Suidas has ascribed to him?

Another very ingenious argument for their confutation is drawn from a short fragment, which the same author has quoted from the *Pentheus*, one of those tragedies which Suidas gives to Thespis: This fragment purports that—*The Deity is situated remote from all pleasure or pain!* A passage of this cast can never have been part of a ludicrous drama belonging to Bacchus and the Satyrs, and therefore either Plutarch must be mistaken in his anecdote above cited, or Suidas in his author of *The Pentheus*; but it is further urged by a sagacious critic that this fragment bears internal evidence of a forgery, being doctrine of a later date than Thespis, and plainly of the fabrication of Plato's academy: In confirmation of this remark, circumstances of a more positive nature are adduced, and Diogenes Laertius is brought forward, who actually charges Heraclides of writing certain tragedies and fathering them upon Thespis, and this charge Laertius grounds upon the authority of Aristoxenus the musician:
the

the credit of Aristoxenus as a philosopher, historian, and faithful relater of facts, is as well established with the learned world, as the character of Heraclides is notorious for plagiarism, falsehood and affectation; he was a vain rich man, a great juggler in literature, aspiring to rival Plato in his writings, and one who was detected in bribing the Pythia, to decree a crown of gold and divine honours to him after his decease; a man as apt to palm his own productions upon others as he was to assume other men's productions to himself, which he was convicted of by Chamæleon in his spurious treatise upon Homer and Hesiod.

This practice of fathering tragedies upon great names obtained in more instances than one; for Dionysius wrote a tragedy called Parthenopæus and palmed it upon Sophocles, a bolder forgery than this of Heraclides; and it is remarkable, that Heraclides himself was caught by this forgery, and quotes the Parthenopæus as genuine.

Plato speaking of The Deity uses these words — Πορρω ἡδονῆς καὶ λύπης ἔδρευται τὸ θεῖον — *The Deity is situated remote from all pleasure and pain*: A sentiment so coincident with the fragment quoted by Plutarch from the Pentheus ascribed to Thespis, seems to warrant the remark before made, which supposes it to have been fabricated in the academy of Plato: This with the authority of Aristoxenus for the general forgery, and Plutarch's assertion that tragedy was satyric before Phrynichus and Æschylus, will have its weight against the titles of Thespis's tragedies, as they are given in Suidas; and accordingly I find that the editor of Suidas, commenting upon this very article, in effect

effect admits the error of his author: This argument moreover accounts for the silence of Aristotle as to Thespis's tragedies.

I am aware that it has been a question with some critics, whether tragedy originated with Thespis, notwithstanding the record of the Marmor Chironicon, and Suidas states the pretensions of Epigenes the Sicyonian prior to Thespis; but in this he is single and unsupported by any evidence, except what Plato asserts generally in his *Minos*—*That tragedy was extremely antient at Athens, and that it is to be dated neither from Thespis, nor from Phrynichus*;—Some authorities also place Thespis's first tragedy in a higher period than Olymp. lxi. as it stands in the Marmor; for Laertius says—*That Solon hindered Thespis from acting his tragedies, believing those feigned representations to be of no use*.—And Plutarch tells us—*That Solon saw one of Thespis's plays, but disliking the manner of it, forbade him to act any more*.—I need not observe that this must have passed before Pisistratus established his tyranny, which did not take place till the last year of Olymp. liv. but if these facts be admitted, they seem to be decisive as to the tragedy's being allusive to Bacchus and the Satyrs in its first instance at least; because it can hardly be supposed that so profest an admirer of Homer as Solon was known to be, and himself a poet, would have objected to any drama formed upon his model.

As to Plato's general assertion with respect to the high antiquity of the Athenian tragedy, it seems thrown out as a paradox, which he does not attempt to illustrate or support, and I cannot think

think it stands in the way of Thespis's pretensions to be considered as the father of tragedy, confirmed by so many authorities.

All these seeming difficulties will be reconciled, if we concur with the best opinions in the following particulars, viz. That tragedy, which was concerned about Bacchus and the Satyrs, was in no instance committed to writing : That Thespis's first tragedy, which Solon saw and disliked, was of this unwritten and satyric sort : That in process of time the same author actually wrote tragedy, and first acted it on a waggon in Olymp. lxi. within the æra of Pisistratus, and according to the record of the Marmor Chronicon, so often referred to.

I will not disguise that Dr. Bentley, whose criticism is so conclusive for the forgery of those tragedies quoted by Plutarch and enumerated by Suidas, Julius Pollux and Clemens of Alexandria, is of opinion *Thespis himself published nothing in writing* ; but as there are so many testimonies for his being the father of tragedy in general, and some which expressly say he was the first *writer* of tragedy, I hope I shall not trespass too far on my reader's patience, if I lay the chief of these authorities before him.

The Arundel Marble, which is of date as high as Olymp. cxxix. sets forth that *Thespis was the first, who gave being to tragedy*. The epigram of Dioscorides, printed in Mr. Stanley's edition of Æschylus, gives the invention to Thespis. In the Anthologia there are two epigrams, which expressly say the same ; one begins—Θέσπιδος εὐρε-
μα τῆτο—the other—Θέσπιδος ὅδε, τραγικῆνδρος ἀνέπλαστο
πρῶτος

πρῶτος ἀείδῃν. Plutarch in his Solon says—*That Thespis gave rise and beginning to the very rudiments of tragedy.* Clemens of Alexandria makes Thespis the contriver of tragedy, as Sufarion was of comedy. Athenæus says both comedy and tragedy were struck out at Icarius, a place in Attica, where Thespis was born. Suidas records to the same effect, and Donatus speaks expressly to the point of written tragedy—*Thespis autem primas hæc scripta in omnium notitiâ protulit.*—What Horace says of Thespis in his Art of Poetry, and more particularly in the Epistle to Augustus, where he classes him with Æschylus and Sophocles, certainly implies that he was a *writer* of tragedy, and is so interpreted by Cruquius and the old commentator preserved in his edition. I shall add one circumstance to the above authorities, which is, that the Chorus alone performed the whole drama, till Thespis introduced one actor to their relief; this reform could hardly be made, much less be recorded by Aristotle, unless Thespis had *written* tragedies and published them to the world.

Upon the whole I incline to consider Thespis as the first author of the written tragedy and to place him in Olymp. lxi. From him tragedy descended through Pratinas, Carcinus and Phrynichus to Æschylus, and this is the first age of the tragic drama.

N^o XLII.

ABOUT two centuries had elapsed from the date of Thespis's tragedy to the time when Aristotle wrote his poetics; which must have been after he quitted the service of Alexander, to whom he sent a copy of that treatise: The chain of dramatists from Thespis to Euripides had been continued in regular succession, and it is not to be supposed, but that he might have given a more particular and methodical account of the first inventors of tragedy, if it had fallen within the scope of his work; but this being merely critical, he takes his account of tragedy and comedy from Æschylus and Epicharmus, contenting himself with a brief detail of such vague and dubious traditions relative to the first inventors, as common fame seems to have thrown in his way.

He loosely observes—*That the people of Megaris claim the invention of comedy; that there is reason to think it took its origin in a popular and free form of government, which that of Megaris then was: That Epicharmus the Sicilian was far senior to Chionides and Magnes, the first Athenian writers of comedy:*—He also throws out an idle suggestion from the etymology of the words *comedy* and *drama*, the former of which he derives from *κῶμαι*, villages, and the latter from the verb *δρᾶν*, ὅτι μιμῶνται *Δρῶντες*.—Now the people of Peloponnesus he tells us use the words *κῶμαι* and *δρᾶν* in their dialect, whereas the Athenians express themselves by those of *δήμοι* and *πράττειν*, and upon this rests the Peloponnesians'

loponnesians' pretensions to be considered as the inventors of the drama: He then refers to what he considers as the true source and foundation of the drama, the works of Homer; and throwing aside all others, as tales not worth relating, proceeds to the execution of his plan, viz. The definition and elucidation of the tragic poem.

These suggestions were thrown out by Aristotle for no other purpose, as it should seem, but to cast a ridicule upon every other account of the discovery of the drama, but his own; for he might as well have given the invention of comedy to the Megarensians for their being notorious laughers; *Γέλας Μεγαρικὸς* to laugh like a Megarensian being a phrase in vulgar use with the Athenians; nay indeed he might have gone a step further and given them tragedy also, for *Megarensian tears* were as proverbial as *Megarensian laughter*; but a true Athenian would have answered, that the former alluded only to the onions, which their country abounded in, and was applied in ridicule of those who counterfeited sorrow: In short the Megarensians seem to have been the butts and buffoons of the Athenians, and held in sovereign contempt by them. As for the Peloponnesian etymologies, Aristotle must have known that neither the one nor the other had the least foundation; and that there is not a comedy of Aristophanes, in which he does not use the verb *Δεῶν* frequently and in the mouths of Athenian speakers; in his *Birds* I find it within a few lines of the verb *Πεᾶν*, and used by one and the same speaker; I have no doubt the like is true of *Κώμαι*, but I did not think the search worth following.

Bacchus

Bacchus and the Satyrs were both source and subject of the first drama, and the jocund rites of that deity were celebrated at all times and under all governments with the same unrestrained festivity: This celebration was too closely interwoven with popular superstition to be checked by the most jealous of tyrants; the privileged seasons of Bacchus were out of the reach of the magistrate; nor was the old satyrical masque of the Athenians in Pisistratus's time less licentious than that of the Megarensians in their freest state; though it soon happened that the republic of Megara became an oligarchy, and the monarchy of Athens was converted into a republic.

The manner in which the drama was struck out may naturally be accounted for. The Greeks from early time were in the habit of chanting songs and extemporary verses in the villages in praise of Bacchus at the *Trina Dyonisia*, which times answer to March, April, and January; afterwards they performed these songs or dithyrambs at the Panathenæa, which were celebrated in the month of August. The Athenians were of all people living the most addicted to raillery and invective; these village-songs and festivities of Bacchus gave a scope to the wildest extravagancies of mummary and grimace, mixt with coarse but keen raillery from the labourers and peasants concerned in the vintage: The women from their carts, masked and disguised with lees of wine, and men accoutred in rude grotesque habits like satyrs, and crowned with garlands of ivy and violets, vented such prompt and irregular sallies, as their inebriated fancies furnished on the instant,

or

or else rehearsed such little traditional and local ballads in iambic metre, as were in fashion at the time; accompanying them with extravagant gesticulations and dances incidental to the subject, and suitable to the character of the deity they were celebrating.

The drunken festivities of the antient Danes, when they sacrificed to their rural deities—*Annua ut ipsis contingeret felicitas, frugumque et annona uberrimus proventus*—and the Highland ceremonies and libations of the *Bel-tein* are of this character.

The Athenian calendar was crowded with these feasts: Drinking-matches were rewarded with prizes and even crowns of gold; their Phallic ceremonies were of this description: They used vehement gesticulations in reading and speaking; their rhapsodists carried this habit to excess, and in the dithyrambic hymn every outrageous gesture, which enthusiasm inspires, was put in practice: The dithyramb was conceived in a metaphorical inflated stile, stuffed with an obscure jargon of founding phrases and performed in honour of Bacchus.

In these dithyrambic verses and Phallic songs we have the foundation of tragedy and comedy; the solemn and swelling tone of the first and the petulant vivacity of the latter appositely point to the respective character of each. The satire and scurrility they indulged from their vintage waggon, their masks and disguises in the hairy habits of satyrs, their wanton songs and dances at the Phallic ceremonies, and the dark bombast of the dithyramb chanted by the rhapsodists with every
tumid

tumid and extravagant action, all together form a compleat outline of the first drama: As soon as dialogue and repartee were added, it became to all intents a masque, and in this state it is discovered in very early times throughout the villages of Greece. When it had reached this period and got something like the shape of a drama, it attracted the curiosity of the villagers, who in reward for their amusement in the spectacle decreed a prize to the performance agreeable to the object in view and the means of the spectators; this prize consisted of a cask of wine, and the performance before named simply *Comœdia* or the *village-song*, was thenceforward called *Trugœdia*, or the *song for the cask*, compounded of *τρῦγα* and *ᾠδή*.

These names are descriptive of the drama in its progressive stages from a simple *village-song*, till it took a more complicated form by introducing the satyrs and employing the chorus in recitation through a whole fable, which had a kind of plot or construction, though certainly not committed to writing. In this stage, and not before, the prize of *the cask of wine* was given, and thence it proceeded to attract not the husbandmen and labourers only but the neighbours of better degree. The drama under the designation of *Trugœdia* was satyric, and wholly occupied in the praise of Bacchus; it was unwritten, jocose, and confined to the villages at the seasons of the *Trina Dionysia*; but after a prize however inconsiderable had been given, that prize created emulation, and emulation stimulated genius.

The village bards now attempted to enlarge their walk, and not confining their spectacles merely

merely to Bacchus and the Satyrs began to give their drama a serious cast, diverting it from ludicrous and lascivious subjects to grave and doleful stories, in celebration of illustrious characters amongst their departed heroes; which were recited throughout by a chorus, without the intervention of any other characters than those of the satyrs with the dances proper thereunto.

This spur to emulation having brought the drama a step forward, that advance produced fresh encouragement, and a new prize was now given, which still was, in conformity to the rustic simplicity of the poem and its audience, a *Goat*, *τράγος*, a new prize created a new name, and the serious drama became distinguished by the name of *Tragædia*, or *the song for the goat*: Thus it appears that *Tragedy*, properly so called, was posterior in its origin to comedy; and it is worthy of remark that *Trugædia* was never applied to the tragic drama, nor *Tragædia* to the comic: After this comedy lost its general designation of *Trugædia*, and was called by its original name of *the village-song* or *Comædia*.

The next step was a very material one in point of advance, for the village-poets having been excited by emulation to bring their exhibitions into some shape and consistence, meditated an excursion from the villages into the cities, and particularly into Athens: Accordingly in Olymp. liv. *Sufarion*, a native of Icarius, presented himself and his comedy at that capital, rehearsing it on a moveable stage or scaffold, presuming on the hope that what had given such delight to the villagers would afford some amusement to the more refined spectators

spectators in Athens: This was the first drama there exhibited, and we should naturally expect that a composition to be acted before the citizens of the capital should be committed to writing, if we did not know that the author was on these occasions the actor of his own piece; the rude interludes of Bacchus and the Satyrs being introduced upon the scene according to their old extemporary manner by the *Sileni* and *Tityri*, whose songs and dances were episodical to the drama: It continued to be the custom for authors to act their own plays in the times of Phrynichus and Æschylus, and I therefore think it probable Sufarion's comedy was not a *written* drama; and I close with the authorities for Epicharmus being the first *writer* of comedy, who, being retained in an elegant court at Syracuse, chusing his plots from the *Margites*, and rejecting the mummeries of the satyrs, would naturally compose his drama upon a more regular and elaborate plan.

N^o XLIII.

TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR,

THERE is an old gentleman of my acquaintance who annoys me exceedingly with his predictions: I have reason to believe he bears me good will in the main, and does not know to what a degree he actually disturbs my peace of mind, I would therefore fain put up with his humour if I could; but when he is for ever ringing his knell in my ears, he sometimes provokes me to retort upon him, oftentimes to laugh at him, and never fails to put me out of patience or out of spirits.

I have read your account of the *Dampers* with great fellow-feeling, and perceive that my old gentleman is very deep in that philosophy; but as I unfortunately have very little philosophy of any sort to set against it, I find myself frequently at his mercy and without defence.

I do not think this proceeds so much from any radical vice in his nature, as from a foolish vanity to seem wiser than his neighbours, and to put himself off for a man who knows the world: The fact is he is an old bachelor, lives in absolute retirement, and has scarcely stepped out of the precincts

cincts of his own village three times in his life; yet he is ever telling me of his experience and his observations: If I was to put implicit faith in what he says, common honesty in mankind would be a miracle, and happiness a disappointment; as for hope, that moonshine diet as he calls it, which is so plentifully served up in the fanciful repasts of the poets, and which is too often the only standing dish at their tables, I should never get a taste of it; and yet if ruining a merchant's credit is tantamount to robbing him of his property, I must think the *Damper*, who blasts my hope, is in fact little better than a thief.

I have a natural prejudice for certain people at first sight, where a countenance impresses me in its favour, for I am apt to fancy that honesty sets a mark upon its owners; there is not a weakness incident to human nature, for which he could hold my understanding in more sovereign contempt: If I was to be advised by him, I should not trust my wife out of my sight, for it is a maxim with him, that no love-matches can be happy; mine was of that sort and I am happy; still I am out of credit with my *Damper*. I was bound for a relation in public trust some years ago; there I confess his augury sometimes staggered me, and he urged me with proverbs out of holy writ, which I was rather puzzled to parry; my friend however has done well in the world, discharged his obligation, and repaid it with grateful returns; still I am out of credit with my *Damper*. I invested a small sum in a venture to the East Indies; he descanted upon the risque of the sea; I insured upon the ship, he denounced bankruptcy

bankruptcy against the underwriter, the ship came home and I doubled the capital of my investment; still I am out of credit with my *Damper*, and he shakes his head at my folly.

I can plainly perceive that his predictions oftentimes are as troublesome to himself as to me; he loses many a fine morning's walk by foreseeing a change of weather; he never goes to church because he has had a suit with the parson; and part of his estate remains untenanted, because a farmer some time ago broke in his debt.

Though I am no philosopher, I am not such a simpleton, as not to know how little we ought to depend upon worldly events in general; yet it appears to me that what a man has already enjoyed, he can no longer be said to depend upon: If therefore I have had real pleasure in any innocent and agreeable expectation, disappointment can at worst do no more than remove the meat after I have made my meal.

Though I do not know how to define hope as a metaphysician, I am inclined to speak of it with respect, because I find it has been a good friend to me in my life; it has given me a thousand things, which malice and misfortune would have ravished from me, if I had not fairly worn them out before they could lay their fingers upon them: *Spe pascit inani*—says the poet, and contradicts himself in the same breath: for my part, if it was not for the fear of appearing paradoxical, I should say upon experience that hope, though called a shadow, is together with that other phantom death, the sole reality beneath the sun; the unfaithfulness of friends, from whom I had the

claim of gratitude, can never rob me of those pleasures I enjoyed, when I served them, loved them, and confided in them; and, in spite of all my friend the *Damper* can say to the contrary, it is not on my own account I am sorry to have thought better of mankind than they deserve.

I am, Sir, &c.

BENEVOLUS.

TO THE OBSERVER.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to belong to a club of gentlemen of public spirit and talents, who make it a rule to meet every Sunday evening, in a house of entertainment behind St. Clement's, for the regulation of literature in this metropolis. Our fraternity consists of two distinct orders, *The Dampers* and *The Puffers*; and each of these are again classed into certain interior subdivisions. We take notice that both these descriptions of persons have in turn been the objects of your feeble raillery; but I must fairly tell you, we neither think worse of ourselves nor any better of you for those attempts. We consider the republic of
letters

letters under obligations to us for its very existence, for how could it be a republic, unless its members were kept upon an equality with each other? Now this is the very thing which our institution professes to do.

We have an ingenious member of our society, who has invented a machine for this purpose, which answers to admiration: He calls it—*The Thermometer of Merit*: This machine he has set in a frame, and laid down a very accurate scale of gradations by the side of it: One glance of the eye gives every author's altitude to a minute. The middle degree on this scale, and which answers to *temperate* on a common thermometer, is that standard, or common level of merit, to which all contemporaries in the same free community ought to be confined; but as there will always be some eccentric beings in nature, who will either start above standard height, or drop below it; it is our duty by the operation of the daily *press* either to screw them down, or to screw them up, as the case requires; and this brings me to explain the uses of the two grand departments of our fraternity: Authors above par fall to the province of the *Dampers*, all below par appertain to the *Puffers*. The daily press being common to all men, and both the one class and the other having open access thereto, we can work either by *forcers* or *repellers*, as we see fit; and I can safely assure you our process seldom fails in either case, when we apply it timely, and especially to young poets in their *veal-bones*, as the saying is: With this view we are always upon terms with the conductors of the said press, who are fully sensible of the bene-

fits of our institution, and live with us in the mutual interchange of friendly offices, like Shakespeare's Zephyrs——

“ Stealing and giving odours.——

As we act upon none but principles of general justice, and hold it right that parts should be made subservient to the whole, our scheme of equalization requires, that accordingly as any individual rises on the scale, our depressing powers should counteract and balance his ascending powers: This process, as I said before, belongs to the *Dampers'* office, and is by them termed *pressing* an author, or more literally committing him to the *press*. This is laid on more or less forcibly, according to his degree of ascension; in most cases a few turns squeeze him down to his proper bearing, but this is always done with reasonable allowance for the natural reaction of elastic bodies, so that it is necessary to bring him some degrees below standard, lest he should mount above it when the *press* is taken off: If by chance his ascending powers run him up to *sultry* or *fever-heat*, the *Dampers* must proportion their discipline accordingly; in like manner the *Puffers* have to blow an author up by mere strength of lungs, when he is heavy in ballast, and his sinking powers fall below the *freezing-point*, as sometimes happens even to our best friends: In that case the *Puffers* have *bursts of applause* and *peals of laughter* in petto, which, though they never reach vulgar ears, serve his purpose effectually—But these are secrets, which we never reveal but to the *Initiated*, and I shall conclude by assuring you I am your's as you deserve.

PRO-BONO PUBLICO.

No XLIV.

N^o XLIV.

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.*

(HORAT.)

THERE is a great sovereign now upon earth, who, though an infant, is the oldest of all souls alive by many centuries.

This extraordinary personage is a living evidence of the soul's immortality, or at least has advanced so far in proof, as to convince the world by his own example, that it is not necessarily involved in the extinction of the body. Though he is the greatest genealogist living, and can with certainty make out the longest and clearest pedigree of any potentate now reigning, yet he is properly speaking without ancestors. As I cannot doubt but that so striking an event as the general deluge must be fresh in his memory, though a pretty many years have since elapsed, he must of necessity have been none other than Noah himself; for as he has always been his own son, and that son can never have been living at the same moment with his father, it is plain he must have been that very identical patriarch, when he survived the flood.

As he was but eighteen months old according to his corporeal computation, when he was last visited, he was not very communicative in conversation, but I have hope upon the next meeting

he will have the goodness to set us right about Pythagoras, who I am persuaded sunk some part of his travels upon us, and was actually in his court, where he acted the part of a plagiarist, and in the school-boy's phrase *cribb'd* a foul copy of his holiness's transmigration; but with such strong marks of a counterfeit, that after a short trip to the Trojan war, and a few others not worth relating, it is to be presumed he has given up the frolic; for I do not hear that he is at present amongst us, at least not amongst us of this kingdom, where to say the truth I do not see any thing that resembles him. In the mean time the religious sovereign of Tibet (for the reader perceives I have been speaking of *Téeshoo Lama*) in the spirit of an original keeps his seat upon the Musnud of Terpâling, which throne he has continued to press ever since his descent from Mount Ararat.

After all we must acknowledge this was a bold creed for priestcraft to impose, but credulity has a wide swallow, and if the doctrine passed upon a nation so philosophical and inquisitive as the Greeks, it may well obtain unquestioned by Calmuc Tartars; and superstition, now retiring from Rome, may yet find refuge in the mountains of Tibet. This may be said for the system of *Téeshoo Lama*, that imposition cannot be put to a fairer test, than when committed to the simplicity of a child; and the *Gylongs* or priests, attendant upon this extraordinary infant, paid no small compliment to the faith of their followers, when they set him upon the Musnud.

I forbear entering into a further account of this infant pontiff, because I hope the very ingenious

nious traveller, who has already circulated some curious particulars of his audiences and interviews at the monastery of Terpâling, will indulge the public with a more full and circumstantial narrative of his very interesting expedition into a country so little visited by Europeans, and where the manners and habits of the people, no less than the sacred character of the sovereign, furnish a subject of so new and entertaining a nature.

When a genius like that, which actuates the illustrious character, who lately administered the government of Bengal, is carried into the remotest regions of the earth, it diffuses an illumination around it, which reaches even to those nations, where arts and sciences are in their highest cultivation; and we accordingly find that besides this embassy, so curious of its kind, the same pervading spirit has penetrated into the sacred and till now inaccessible mysteries of the Brahmins, and by the attainment of a language which religion has interdicted from all others but the sacerdotal cast, has already began to lay open a volume, superior in antiquity, and perhaps in merit not inferior, to Homer himself.

Happy inhabitants of Tibet! If happiness can arise from error, your innocent illusion must be the source of it; for priestcraft, which has plunged our portion of the globe in wars and persecutions, has kept you in perpetual peace and tranquillity; so much more wise and salutary is your religious system of pontifical identity, than ours of pontifical infallibility. The same unchangeable, indivisible object of faith secures universal acquiescence under the commodious im-

sition: No Anti-Lama can distract your attention or divide your duty, for individuality is his essence; no councils can reverse his decrees or over-rule his supremacy, for he is coeval with religion, nay he is religion itself. Such as he was in his præterient body, such he must be in his present; the same monastic, peaceful unoffending, pious being; a living idol, drawn forth upon occasional solemnities to give his blessing to adoring prostrate hordes of Tartars, and to receive their offerings; and whether this blessing be given by the hands of unreasoning infancy, or superannuated age, it matters little at which degree the moment points, when the scale is undermining. *You see me here* (said the Lama in his præterient body to one of our countrymen, whom he admitted to a conversation) *a mere idol of state: You are of a more active nation; take your wonted exercise without reserve: Walk about my chamber: I am sedentary by necessity, and the habit of indolence is become to me a second nature.*—This is a true anecdote, and shews how mild a soul it is, which has now transmigrated into the body of this infant.

Could this extraordinary personage communicate his property to all his brother sovereigns through the world, should we, or should we not, congratulate mankind upon the event? Let the nations speak for themselves! I answer for one, that cannot name a period in its monarchy more in favour of the dispensation.

N^o XLV.

Ω πᾶσι σιῶπα. πολλὰ ἔχει σιγὴ καλὰ.

(SOPHOCLES, ALEASI.)

*Hold thy tongue, good boy! There are many
great advantages in keeping silence.*

I HAVE now the satisfaction to inform my countrymen, that after long and diligent search I have at last discovered a very extraordinary person in this metropolis, at present in some obscurity; but if I shall luckily be the means of drawing him into more notice by publishing what has come to my knowledge of his talents and performances, I shall think myself happy not only in serving a meritorious individual, but also in furnishing a suggestion through the mode I shall recommend for his employ, that may be of the greatest benefit to society.

The gentleman, in whose favour I would fain interest my candid readers, is *Mr. Fedediab Fish*, of whose history I shall recount a few particulars. He was bred to the law, and many years ago went over to New-England, where he practised in the courts at Boston: Upon the breaking out of the troubles he came over to England, tho' from his prudent deportment he might safely have remained where he was, for Mr. Fish made it a rule never to lend any thing but an ear to either side

of the question : I cannot speak with certainty as to his real motives for leaving America, as he has not been communicative on that head, but I could collect from hints he has dropt of the extraordinary length and protraction of the pleadings in those provincial courts, that his health was a good deal impaired by his attendance upon causes, though I cannot discover that he was actually employed as an advocate in any. This may seem singular to such as are unacquainted with those proceedings, but Mr. Fish, though no pleader, was of indispensable use to his clients during the somnolency of the court ; for by means of his vigilance the efficient counsel could indulge themselves in their natural rest, and recruit their spirits for a reciprocal exertion of prolixity, when the opposite party had come to a conclusion : This happy faculty of wakefulness in Mr. Jedediah Fish was accompanied with the further very useful talent of abridgment, by which in a very few words he could convey into the ear of a pleader, when he had once thoroughly wakened him, the whole marrow of an argument, though it had been spread out ever so widely.

When he came over to his native country, he threw himself in the way of preferment, and regularly attended the sittings at Westminster, Guildhall, and elsewhere ; but being a modest man, and one who made no acquaintance, he was no otherwise taken notice of, than as being the only person in court, who did not yawn, when a certain learned serjeant got beyond his usual quota of cases in point. Nothing offering here, Mr. Fish presented himself during the sitting of Parliament

liament both at the bar of the Peers, and in the gallery of the House of Commons: he gave great attention to the clerks, when they were reading Acts of Parliament in the upper house, and never quitted his post in the lower, when certain gentlemen were on their legs, and gave the signal to others to get on theirs and go to dinner: By being thus left alone this modest attendant lost his labour, and remained unnoticed through a whole session.

Defeated in all these efforts he began to frequent Coffee-houses, where he observed most talking prevail, and few or no hearers to be found: Fortune now began to smile upon his patient endeavours, and he particularly recommended himself to a circle at Saint Paul's, where by his address in posting himself between two parties, one of which was very circumstantially explaining a will, and the other going step by step through a bill of enclosure, where the glebe lands of the rector were in great peril of infringement, he so contrived as to lend one ear to the divine and the other to the civilian, by which he got a dinner at each of their houses; and as they found him a most agreeable companion, and one whose chearing smile enlivened their own conversation, he soon became free of their families under a standing invitation.

It was in one of these houses I first became acquainted with Mr. Fish, and as it seemed to me a great pity that a man possessed of such companionable talents (for I can safely aver I had never heard the tone of his voice) should be any longer buried in obscurity, or at best confined to
a narrow

a narrow circle of admirers, I began to reflect within myself what amazing improvements society might receive, if he could be induced to stand forth in the public character of *A Master of Silence*, or in other words *A Teacher of the Art of Hearing*.

As I knew my friend was not a man to speak for himself, I took a convenient occasion one day of breaking my proposal to him, which I introduced by saying I had something to disclose to him, which I conceived would not only be of public benefit, but might also be turned to his particular emolument and advantage. He paused some time and seemed to expect when I would proceed to explain myself; but being at last convinced that I was really waiting for his consent, he opened his lips for the first time, and in a very soft agreeable tone of voice delivered himself as follows—"Say on!"—The conversation being now fairly on foot, I said that experience must have convinced him how great a scarcity of hearers there were in this metropolis, at the same time what great request they were in, and how much conversation and society were at a loss for a proper proportion of them: That where one man now made his fortune by his tongue, hundreds might in less time establish theirs by a prudent use of their ears: That a desire of *shining* in company was now become so general, that there was no body left to shine upon: That no way could be so sure of providing for younger sons and people of small fortunes, as to qualify them well in *the art of hearing*; but by a fatal neglect in our system of education, and the loquacity of
nurses

nurses and servants, no attention was paid to this useful accomplishment: I observed to him that our parsons were in some degree in the fault by shortening their sermons and quickening their prayers, whereas in time past, when homilies were in use, and the preacher turned the hour-glass twice or thrice before his discourse was wound up, the world was in better habits of hearing: That in Oliver's days the grace was oftentimes as long as the meat, now they fate down without any grace at all, and talked without ceasing: That the discontinuance of smoking tobacco contributed much to put hearing out of fashion, and that a club of people now was like a pack of hounds in full cry, where all puppies open at the same time, whether they have got the scent or not: In conclusion I demanded of him if he agreed with me in these observations, or not: He again took some time to consider, and very civilly replied—"I do." 'If you do agree with me,' rejoined I, 'in acknowledging the complaint, tell me if you will concur in promoting the cure.' He nodded assent, 'And who is so fit as Mr. Jedediah Fish,' added I, 'to teach that art to others, which he possesses in such perfection himself? It shall be my business to seek out for scholars, your's to instruct them, and I don't despair of your establishing an Academy of Silence in as general repute as the school of Pythagoras.'

This institution is now fairly on foot, and school is opened in Magpye-Court, Cheapside, N^o 4, name on the door, where the professor is

to be spoken to by all persons wanting his advice and instructions. The remarkable success, which has already attended Mr. Jedediah Fish, would warrant my laying before the public some extraordinary cures, but these I shall postpone to some future opportunity, and conclude with a passage from Horace, which shews that ingenious poet, though perhaps he had as much to say for himself as most of our modern prattlers, was nevertheless a perfect adept in the art, which it has been the labour of this paper to recommend.

*Septimus cævo prior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mæneas me capit habere suorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas
Hoc genus, Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina Syro par;
Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent:
Et quæ rimosâ bene deponuntur in aure.*

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bade me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Wou'd take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,

As

*As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes inter nos
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.*

SWIFT.

N^o XLVI.

A NOVEL, conducted upon one uniform plan, containing a series of events in familiar life, in which no episodical story is interwoven, is in effect a protracted comedy, not divided into acts. The same natural display of character, the same facetious turn of dialogue and agreeable involution of incidents are essential to each composition. Novels of this description are not of many years standing in England, and seem to have succeeded after some interval to romance, which to say no worse of it is a most unnatural and monstrous production. The *Don Quixote* of Cervantes is of a middle species; and the *Gil Blas*, which the Spaniards claim and the French have the credit of, is a series of adventures rather than a novel, and both this and *Don Quixote* abound in episodical stories, which separately taken are more properly novels than the mother work.

Two authors of our nation began the fashion of novel-writing, upon different plans indeed, but each with a degree of success, which perhaps has never yet been equalled: Richardson disposed
his

his fable in letters, and Fielding pursued the more natural mode of a continued narration, with an exception however of certain miscellaneous chapters, one of which he prefixed to each book in the nature of a prologue, in which the author speaks in person : He has executed this so pleasantly, that we are reconciled to the interruption in his instance : but I should doubt if it is a practice in which an imitator would be wise to follow him.

I should have observed, that modern novelists have not confined themselves to comic fables or such only as have happy endings, but sometimes, as in the instance of *The Clarissa*, wind up their story with a tragical catastrophe ; to subjects of this sort perhaps the epistolary mode of writing may be best adapted, at least it seems to give a more natural scope to pathetic descriptions ; but there can be no doubt that fables replete with humorous situations, characteristic dialogue and busy plot are better suited to the mode, which Fielding has pursued in his inimitable novel of *The Foundling*, universally allowed the most perfect work of its sort in ours, or probably any other language.

There is a something so attractive to readers of all descriptions in these books, and they have been sought with such general avidity, that an incredible number of publications have been produced, and the scheme of circulating libraries lately established, which these very publications seem to have suggested, having spread them through the kingdom, novels are now become the

the amusing study of every rank and description of people in England.

Young minds are so apt to be tinged by what they read, that it should be the duty of every person who has the charge of education, to make a proper choice of books for those who are under their care; and this is particularly necessary in respect to our daughters, who are brought up in a more confined and domestic manner than boys. Girls will be tempted to form themselves upon any characters, whether true or fictitious, which forcibly strike their imaginations, and nothing can be more pointedly addressed to the passions than many of these novel heroines. I would not be understood to accuse our modern writers of immoral designs; very few I believe can be found of that description; I do not therefore object to them as corrupting the youthful mind by pictures of immorality, but I think some amongst them may be apt to lead young female readers into affectation and false character by stories, where the manners, though highly charged, are not in nature; and the more interesting such stories are, the greater will be their influence: In this light a novel heroine, though described without a fault, yet, if drawn out of nature, may be a very unfit model for imitation.

The novel, which of all others is formed upon the most studied plan of morality, is *Clarissa*, and few young women I believe are put under restriction by their parents or others from gratifying their curiosity with a perusal of this author; guided by the best intentions, and conscious that the moral of his book is fundamentally good, he
has

has taken all possible pains to weave in his story incidents of such a tragical and affecting nature, as are calculated to make a strong and lasting impression on the youthful heart. The unmerited sufferings of an innocent and beautiful young lady, who is made a model of patience and purity; the unnatural obduracy of her parents; the infernal arts of the wretch, who violates her, and the sad catastrophe of her death, are incidents in this affecting story better conceived than executed. Failing in this most essential point, as a picture of human nature, I must regard the novel of *Clarissa* as one of the books, which a prudent parent will put under interdiction; for I think I can say from observation, that there are more artificial pedantic characters assumed by sentimental Misses in the vain desire of being thought *Clarissa Harlowes*, than from any other source of imitation whatever: I suspect that it has given food to the idle passion for those eternal scribblings, which pass between one female friend and another, and tend to no good point of education. I have a young lady in my eye, who made her will, wrote an inscription for the plate of her own coffin, and forswore all mankind at the age of sixteen. As to the characters of Lovelace, of the heroine herself, and the heroine's parents, I take them all to be beings of another world. What *Clarissa* is made to do, and what she is allowed to omit, are equally out of the regions of nature. Fathers and mothers, who may oppose the inclinations of their daughters, are not likely to profit from the examples in this story, nor will those daughters be disposed to think the worse of their own rights,

or

or the better of their parents, for the black and odious colours in which these unnatural characters are painted. It will avail little to say, that Clarissa's miseries are derivable from the false step of her elopement, when it is evident that elopement became necessary to avoid compulsion. To speak with more precision my opinion in the case, I think Clarissa dangerous only to such young persons, whose characters are yet to be formed, and who from natural susceptibility may be prone to imitation, and like to be turned aside into errors of affectation. In such hands, I think a book, so addressed to the passions, and wire-drawn into such prolixity, is not calculated to form either natural manners or natural stile; nor would I have them learn of Clarissa to write long pedantic letters *on their bended knees*, and beg *to kiss the hem of their ever-honoured Mamma's garment*, any more than I would wish them to spurn at the addresses of a worthy lover with the pert insult of a *Miss How*.

The natural temper and talents of our children should point out to our observation and judgment the particular mode, in which they ought to be trained: The little tales told to them in infancy, and the books to be put into their hands in a forwarder age, are concerns highly worth attending to. Few female hearts in early youth can bear being softened by pathetic and affecting stories without prejudice. Young people are all imitation, and when a girl assumes the Pathos of Clarissa without experiencing the same afflictions, or being put to the same trials, the result will be a most insufferable affectation and pedantry.

Whatever

Whatever errors there may be in our present system of education, they are not the errors of neglect; on the contrary perhaps they will be found to consist in over-diligence and too great solicitude for accomplishment; the distribution of a young lady's hours is an analysis of all the arts and sciences; she shall be a philosopher in the morning, a painter at noon, and musician at night; she shall sing without a voice, play without an ear, and draw without a talent. A variety of masters distract the attention and overwhelm the genius; and thus an indiscriminate zeal in the parent stops the cultivation and improvement of those particular branches, to which the talents of the child may more immediately be adapted. But if parents, who thus press the education of their children, fall into mistakes from too great anxiety, their neglect is without excuse, who, immersed in dissipation, delegate to a hireling the most sacred and most natural of all duties: To these unprofitable and inconsiderate beings I shall not speak in plain prose, but will desire them to give the following little poem a perusal.

DORINDA and her spouse were join'd,
As modern men and women are,
In matrimony not in mind,
A fashionable pair.

Fine clothes, fine diamonds, and fine lace,
The smartest vis-à-vis in town,
With title, pin-money, and place
Made Wedlock's pill go down.

In decent time by Hunter's art
The wish'd-for heir Dorinda bore;
A girl came next; she'd done her part,
Dorinda bred no more.

Now education's care employs
Dorinda's brain—but ah! the curse,
Dorinda's brain can't bear the noise—
“Go, take 'em to the nurse!”

The lovely babes improve apace
By dear Ma'amselle's prodigious care;
Miss gabbles French with pert grimace,
And Master learns to swear.

“Sweet innocents!” the servants cry,
“So natural he and she so wild;
“Laud, Nurse, do humour 'em—for why;
“'Twere sin to snub a child.”

Time runs—“My God!”—Dorinda cries,
“How monstrously the girl is grown!
“She has more meaning in her eyes
“Than half the girls in town.”

Now teachers throng; Miss dances, sings,
Learns every art beneath the sun,
Scrawls, scribbles, does a thousand things
Without a taste for one.

Lapdogs and parrots, paints, Good lack!
Enough to make Sir Joshua jealous,
Writes rebuffs, and has her clack
Of small-talk for the fellows:

Mobs to the milliners for fashions,
Reads every tawdry tale that's new,
Has fits, opinions, humours, passions,
And dictates in virtù.

Ma'amselle to Miss's hand coveys
A billet-doux; she's très-commode,
The Dancing-master's in the chaise,
They scower the northern road.

Away

Away to Scottish land they post,
Miss there becomes a lawful wife;
Her frolick over, to her cost
Miss is a wretch for life.

Master meanwhile advances fast
In modern manners and in vice,
And with a school-boy's heedless haste,
Rattles the desperate dice.

Travels no doubt by modern rules
To France, to Italy, and there
Commences adept in the schools
Of Rousseau and Voltaire.

Returns in all the dernier goût
Of Bruffels-point and Paris clothes,
Buys antique statues vamped anew,
And busts without a nose.

Then hey! at dissipation's call
To every club that leads the ton,
Hazard's the word; he flies at all,
He's pigeon'd and undone.

Now comes a wife, the stale pretence,
The old receipt to pay new debts;
He pockets City-Madam's pence,
And doubles all his betts.

He drains his stewards, racks his farms,
Annuityzes, fines, renews,
And every morn his levée swarms
With swindlers and with Jews.

The guinea lost that was his last,
Desperate at length the maniac cries—
“This thro' my brain!”—’tis done; ’tis past,
He fires—he falls—he dies!

N^o XLVII.

Γάμος κράτιστός ἐστιν ἀνδρὶ σώφρονι

Τρόπον γυναικὸς χρηστὸν ἔνδον λαμβάνει.

HIPPONAX.

*To a wise husband, when possessing
A virtuous wife, wedlock's a blessing.*

THOUGH I do not like paradoxes, and can readily acknowledge the respect due to general opinions, yet I am bold to aver to the face of all those fine gentlemen, who, if they think as they act, will laugh me to scorn for the notion, that marriage is a measure of some consequence. I do not mean to say that it is necessary, in the choice of a wife, that she should be of any particular stature or complexion, brown or fair, tall or short; neither do I think a man of family need absolutely to insist upon as many clear descents, as would satisfy a German Count, before he quarters arms with a lady; nor do I article for fortune, or connection, or any other worldly recommendation as indispensable; satisfied only if it will be granted to me that the parties ought not to unite without some mutual explanation, some previous understanding of each other's temper, and some reasonable ground of belief, that the contract they are about to enter into for life is likely to hold good to the end of the term, for which it is made.

I am

I am not so ignorant of the world as not to know how many specious reasons may be given on the other side of the question; and being sensible I have a hard point to drive, I am willing to conciliate my opponents by all reasonable concessions.

Lord Faro married to pay off a mortgage, that encumbered his estate, and to discharge certain debts of honour, that encumbered his mind still more: His match therefore was a match of principle; and though a run of bad luck defeated his good intentions towards his creditors, and though the vulgar manners of his lady smelt so strong of the city, that she became insupportable, yet all the world allowed that the measure was judicious, justifiable, and in his lordship's situation indispensable.

Lady Bab Pettish married *Colonel Spectre* because he haunted her in all assemblies, was for ever at her back in the Opera-house, glided into the church when she was at her devotions, and declared in all companies that he was determined to have her. Lady Bab married to be revenged of him; nobody denied but she took the right method, and all the world allowed that she had her revenge: The colonel is literally a *spectre* at this moment.

Sir Harry Bluster and *Miss Hornet* were first cousins, and though brought up together in the same house like brother and sister, squabbled and fought like dog and cat: Sir Harry's face bore the marks of her nails, and Miss's head-dress was the frequent victim of his fury: This young pair made a match in the laudable expectation of a better agreement

agreement after wedlock : All the world applauded their motives, and the event fully answered their expectation—for they parted *by consent*.

Old *Lady Lucy Lumbago* was told by a fortune-teller that she should die a maid: When she was at least sixty years in advance towards fulfilling the prediction, she drew a piece of wedding cake through a bride's gold ring, and dreamt of her own footman: She married him the next week to thwart the Destinies.: The footman went off with her strong-box, and left her behind to compleat the prophecy.

Lord Calomel had a plentiful estate and a very scanty constitution, but he had two reasons for marrying which all the world gave him credit for; the first was to get an heir, which he wanted, and the second was to get rid of a mistress he was tired of: He made his choice of *Miss Frolick*, and every body allowed the odds were in his favour for an heir: The lady brought him a full-grown boy at five months end; his lordship drove his wife out of his house and reinstated his mistress.

Jack Fanciful had a blind-side towards a fine eyebrow. It was his humour, and he had a right to please himself: *Signora Falsetta* struck an arrow to his heart from a pair of full-drawn bows, that would have done honour to Cleopatra herself, whose stage representative the Signora then was: Jack made overtures of a certain sort, which her majesty repulsed with the dignity that became her; in short, the virtue of Cleopatra was impregnable, or at least it was plain she was not *every body's Cleopatra*. What could Jack do? It was

impossible to give up the eyebrows, and it was no less impossible to have them upon any terms, but terms of honour. Jack married her: It was his humour, and all the world allowed he was in the right to indulge it: the happy knot was tied; Jack flew with lips of ardour to his lovely Cleopatra; the faithless eyebrow deserted from the naked forehead of its owner, and (O sad exchange!) took post upon Jack's chin.

These, and many more than these, may be called cases in point, and brought to prove that matrimony is a mere whim, a caprice of the moment, and by people who know the world treated with suitable indifference; but still I must hope that such of my readers, at least, who do not know the world, or know perhaps just so much of it as not to wish for a more intimate familiarity with its fashions, will think this same bargain for life a bargain of some consequence.

The court of Catherine of Medicis, but more particularly that of Anne of Austria, brought the characters of women into much greater consequence and display, than had before been allowed to them: The female genius called forth from its obscurity soon assumed its natural prerogatives: A woman's wit was found the finest engine to cut the knot of intricacy, or if possible to disentangle it: The ladies in that famous regency were no less fitted to direct a council than to adorn a court: The enlightened state of present times, and the refinement of modern manners, have happily discovered, that in the proper intercourse of the sexes are centered all the charms of society; it seems as if a new world had been found out within the limits of the old one: Associated as we
now

now are, we are left without excuse when we mistake their characters, or betray them into unsuitable connections by disguising our own: Every unmarried man has time enough to look about him, and opportunities enough for the fullest information: It can be nothing therefore but the misguiding impulse of some fordid and unworthy passion, that can be the moving cause of so many unhappy matches. I will never believe, in the corruption of the present times, though there are as many bills of divorce as bills of enclosure, but that the husband, I will not say in every, but in almost every, case is in the first fault. It were an easy thing to point out a thousand particulars amongst the reigning habits of high life, which seem as if invented by the very demon of seduction for his own infernal purposes: There is not one of all these habits, which a wise man can fail to despise, or an honest man neglect to reform; no plan so easy as the prevention of them; no system so absurd, so undignified, so destructive of all the pleasures of life, as the system of dissipation.

Look at a man of this sort! He has not even the credit of being a voluptuary; there is not one feature of pleasure in his face; all is languor, *nonchalance* and *ennui*. (I help out my description with French, for, thank Heaven! we have yet no words in our language to express it.) The travels of such a man in the purlieus only of St. James's-street and Pall-mall would suffice to have carried him round the pyramids of Egypt: He might have visited the ruins of Herculaneum in half the number of paces that he spends in saun-

tering up to Rotten-row : He posts from town to country as if the fate of Europe depended on his dispatch ; he reconnoitres the heels of some favourite hunter and returns with the same expedition to town ; you would think that life or death depended on his speed, and you would not be much out in the guess, for he has just killed so much time and perhaps a post-horse or two into the bargain. Are we to suppose there is no emulation in the ladies?

Is it not possible to employ the revenue of a great estate in a more agreeable manner? For I am now speaking of riches in no other light, but as the means of procuring pleasures to their owner. May not every hour of life present some new or agreeable occupation to a man who is possessed of large fortune and knows how to use it? I need not point out the endless source of delightful employment, which a well-projected system of improvement must furnish to the man of landed property: This nation abounds in artists of all descriptions ; gardening, planting, architecture, music, painting, the whole circle of arts are open to his use and service ; wherever his taste or humour points, there are professors in every department of the highest talents : He may seat himself in a paradise of his own creating, and collect a society to participate with him worthy the enjoyment of it : The capital might then be his visiting and not his abiding-place ; his dearest friend and the companion of his happiest hours might be his wife ; the duties of a parent might open fresh sources of delight, and I, who profess myself to be an *Observer* and a friend of mankind, might contemplate

template his happiness, and cry out with the vanity of an author—*There is one convert to my system!*

Vivite concordēs, et nostrum discite munus!

CLAUDIAN.

N^o XLVIII.

IN the plan, which I have laid down for treating of the literature of the Greeks, and to which I have devoted part of these papers, I have thought it adviseable for the sake of perspicuity to preface the account with an abstract of the Athenian history within those separate periods, which I mean to review. In conformity to this plan I have already brought down my narration to the death of Pisistratus, and this has been followed with a state of the drama at that period: I now propose to proceed with the history to the battle of Marathon inclusive, beyond which I shall have no occasion to follow it, and shall then resume my account of the literature of the Greeks, which will comprehend all the dramatic authors, both tragic and comic, to the death of Menander.

At the decease of Pisistratus the government of Athens devolved quietly upon Hipparchus, who associated his brother Hippias with him in

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power.

power. Pisistratus had two other sons by a second wife, who were named Jophon and Thesalus; the elder died in his father's life time, and the other, who was of a turbulent and unruly spirit, did not long survive him.

Hipparchus was not less devoted to science and the liberal arts than his father had been: The famous Phæa, who had personated Minerva, shared his throne, and though he communicated with his brother Hippias on matters of government, and imparted to him so great a portion of authority, that they were jointly stiled Tyrants of Athens, yet it seems evident that the supreme power was actually vested in Hipparchus; and it is extraordinary, for the space of fourteen years, until his death, his government was undisturbed by any disagreement with his brother or complaint from his subjects.

The most virtuous citizens of Athens, in the freest hours of their republic, look back upon this reign as the most enviable period in their history. Plato himself asserts that all the fabulous felicity of the golden reign of Saturn was realized under this of Hipparchus: Thucydides gives the same testimony, and says that his government was administered without envy or reproach: The tradition of the golden days of Hipparchus was delivered down through many generations, and became proverbial with the Athenians. A prince, who had deserved so well of letters, was not likely to be forgotten by poets, historians, or philosophers; but such was the public tranquillity under his administration, that the patriots and declaimers for freedom in the most popular times have not scrupled to acknowledge and applaud it.

Hipparchus

Hipparchus not only augmented the collection of books in the public library, but engaged several eminent authors to reside at Athens: He took Simonides of Ceos into his pay at a very high stipend, and sent a fifty-oared galley for Anacreon to Teos, inviting him with many princely gifts to live at his court: He caused the poems of Homer to be publicly recited at the great assembly of the Panathenæa, and is generally supposed to have suggested the plan of collecting the scattered rhapsodies of the Iliad and Odyssey, so happily executed by his father. His private hours he devoted to the society of men of letters, and on these occasions was accompanied by Simonides the lyric poet, Onomacritus, Anacreon and others. He did not confine his attention to the capital of his empire, but took a method, well adapted to the times he lived in, of reforming the understandings of his more distant and less enlightened subjects in the villages, by erecting in conspicuous parts of their streets or market-places statues of the god Mercury, placed upon terms or pedestals, on which he caused to be inscribed some brief sentence or maxim, such as—*Know thyself—Love justice—Be faithful to thy friend*—and others of the like general utility.

It is not easy to devise a project better calculated for the edification of an ignorant people than these short but comprehensive sentences, so easy to be retained in the memory, and which, being recommended both by royal and divine authority, claimed universal attention and respect.

This excellent and most amiable prince was assassinated by Harmodius and Aristogiton, and a

revolution being in the end effected favourable to the popular government of Athens, the assassins were celebrated to all posterity as the asserters of liberty and the deliverers of their country. Of all the rulers of mankind, who have fallen by the hand of violence, how few have been sacrificed in the public spirit of justice, and how many have fallen by the private stab of revenge! When we contemplate the elder Brutus brandishing the dagger of Lucretia, we cannot help recollecting that Tarquinius Superbus had murdered his brother. Hipparchus is said to have put an affront upon Harmodius's sister by dismissing her from a religious procession, in which she was walking at the festival of the Panathenæa: Harmodius was the handsomest youth in Attica, and the prince is by the same account charged with having conceived an unnatural passion for him, in which he was repulsed. If this account were to be credited in the whole, it would be an incident of so unmanly a sort on the part of Hipparchus, as to leave an everlasting mark of disgrace upon a character, otherwise meritorious.

The general prevalence of a turpitude, which neither the religion nor the laws of Greece actually prohibited, may induce our belief of the charge against Hipparchus, as far as concerns Harmodius; but the supposed insult to the sister is irreconcilable to his character. It were far more natural to suppose his resentment should have been pointed against Aristogiton, who was the favorite of Harmodius; such circumstances as we have now related would have carried their own confutation upon the face of them, even though historians

historians had not greatly varied in their accounts of the transaction; but when so respectable an author as Plato gives the narrative a turn entirely opposite to the above, whilst modern historians have only retailed vulgar errors without examining testimonies of better credit, I hope I may be allowed the equitable office of summing up the evidences in this mysterious transaction, for the purpose of rescuing a most amiable character from misrepresentation.

Plato in his Hipparchus says—*That the current account above given was not the account believed and adopted by people of the best condition and repute; that the insult vulgarly supposed to have been put upon the sister of Harmodius by Hipparchus was ridiculous and incredible upon the face of it; that Harmodius was the disciple of Aristogiton, a man of ordinary rank and condition; that there was a mutual affection between the pupil and his master; that they had admitted into their society a young Athenian of distinction, whose name had escaped his memory, of whom they were very fond, and whom they had by their conversation and instructions impressed with high ideas of their talents and erudition; that this young Athenian having found access to the person of Hipparchus, attached himself to his society and began to fall off from his respect for his former preceptors, and even treated their inferiority of understanding with contempt and ridicule; that thereupon they conceived such hatred and resentment against the prince for this preference shewn by their pupil for his company, and for the method he had taken of mortifying their vanity, that they determined upon dispatching Hipparchus by assassination, which they accordingly effected.*

Justin gives a different account and says—*That the affront was put upon the sister of Harmodius not by Hipparchus but by his brother Diocles; that Harmodius with his friend Aristogiton entered into a conspiracy for cutting off all the reigning family at once, and pitched upon the festival of the Panathenæa as a convenient time for the execution of their plot, the citizens being then allowed to wear arms; that the complete execution of their design was frustrated by one of their party being observed in earnest discourse with Hippias, which occasioned them to suspect a discovery, and so precipitated their attack before they were ready; that in this attack however they chanced upon Hipparchus, and put him to death.*

There are other accounts still differing from these, but they have no colour of probability, and only prove an uncertainty in the general story.

Plutarch relates—*That Venus appeared to Hipparchus before his assassination in a dream, and from a phial, which she held in her hand, sprinkled his face with drops of blood. Herodotus also says—That he was warned by a vision on the eve of his murder, being addressed in sleep by a man of extraordinary stature and beauty, in verses of an enigmatical import, which he had thoughts of consulting the interpreters upon next morning, but afterwards passed it off with contempt as a vapour of the imagination, and fell a sacrifice to his incredulity.*

This at least is certain, that he governed the capricious inhabitants of Attica with such perfect temper and discretion, that their tranquillity was without interruption; nor does it appear that the people, who were erecting statues and trophies to his murderers, in commemoration of the
glorious

glorious re-establishment of their freedom, could charge him with one single act of oppression; and perhaps if Hippias, who survived him, had not galled them with the yoke of his tyranny during the few years he ruled in Athens after the death of Hipparchus, the public would not have joined in stiling those assassins the deliverers of their country, who were known to be guided by no other motives than private malice and resentment.

Harmodius was killed on the spot; Aristogiton fled and was seized in his flight. The part which Hippias had now to act, was delicate in the extreme; he was either to punish with such rigour, as might secure his authority by terror, or endear himself to the people by the virtue of forbearance: He had the experience of a long administration conducted by his brother on the mildest and most merciful principles; and, if these assassins had been without accomplices, it is reasonable to suppose he would not have reversed a system of government, which had been found so successful; but as it appeared that Harmodius and Aristogiton were joined by others in their plot, he thought the Athenians were no longer to be ruled by gentle means, and that no other alternative remained, but to resign his power, or enforce it with rigour.

N^o XLIX.

HIPPIAS began his measures by putting Aristogiton to the torture; he seized the person of Leæna a courtezan, who was in the secret of the conspiracy, but whilst he was attempting to force her to a confession, she took the resolute method of preventing it by biting off her tongue. Aristogiton with revengeful cunning impeached several courtiers and intimates of the tyrant. Athens now became a scene of blood; executions were multiplied, and many principal citizens suffered death, till the informer having satiated his vengeance upon all who were obnoxious to him or friendly to Hippias, at length told the tyrant that he had been made the dupe of false accusations, and triumphed in the remorse that his confession occasioned: Some accounts add that he desired to whisper to Hippias, and in the act suddenly seized his ear with his teeth, and tore it from his head.

Hippias henceforward became a tyrant in the worst sense of the word; he racked the people with taxes, ordered all the current coin into the royal coffers upon pretence of its debasement, and for the period of three years continued to oppress the state by many grievous methods of exaction and misrule. His expulsion and escape at length set Athens free, and then it was that the Athenians began to celebrate the action of Harmodius and Aristogiton with rapture and applause;
from

from this period they were regarded as the saviours of their country ; a public edict was put forth, directing that no slave, or person of servile condition, should in future bear the names of these illustrious citizens ; assignments were made upon the Prytaneum for the maintenance of their descendants, and order was given to the magistrate styled Polemarchus to superintend the issue of the public bounty ; their posterity were to rank in all public spectacles and processions as the first members of the state, and it was delivered in charge to the superintendants of the Panathenæa, that Harmodius and Aristogiton should be celebrated in the recitations chaunted on that solemnity. There was a popular ode or song composed for this occasion, which was constantly performed on that festival, and is supposed to have been written by Callistratus : I grew so great a favourite with the Athenians, that it became a general fashion to sing it at their private entertainments ; some fragments of the comic poets are found to allude to it, and some passages in the plays of Aristophanes. It is a relick of so curious a sort, that, contrary to the practice I shall usually observe, I shall here insert it in the original with a translation.

Φίλταδ' Ἀρμόδιε, ἔγω τέθνηκας·

Νήσοις δ' ἐν μακάρων σέφασιν εἶναι,

Ἴνα περ ποδώκης Ἀχιλλεύς,

Τυδείδην τέ φασι τὸν ἐνθλὸν Διομήδεα·

Ἐν μύρτον κλαδί τό ξίφος φορήσω,

Ὡς περ Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,

Ὅτ'

Ὅτ' Ἀθηναίης ἐν θυσίαις
Ἄνδρα τύραννον Ἰππάρχον ἐκταίνετην·

Ἀλλ' σφῶν κλέος ἔσσεται κατ' αἶαν
Φίλιδ' Ἀρμόδιε καὶ Ἀριστρεΐτων,
Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κταίνετην,
Ἰσονόμης τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιήσατην.

He is not dead, our best belov'd
Harmodius is not lost,
But with Troy's conquerors remov'd
To some more happy coast.

Bind them the myrtle's mystic bough,
And wave your swords around,
For so they struck the tyrant low,
And so their swords were bound.

Perpetual objects of our love
The patriot pair shall be,
Who in Minerva's sacred grove
Struck and set Athens free.

The four last lines of this ode are quoted by Athenæus, and I also find amongst the adulatory verses made in commemoration of these illustrious tyrannicides a distich written by Simonides of Ceos, congratulating with the Athenians on their delivery from the tyranny of Hipparchus : This poet is made famous to posterity for his memory, which was almost miraculous ; it is to be lamented that it should fail to remind him of such a patron and benefactor. The lines are not worth translating ; the author and the subject reflect no honour upon each other.

The first statues, which the Athenian artists ever cast in metal, were the brazen statues erect-
ed

ed in honour of Harmodius and Aristogiton, in the first year of Olymp. lxviii. thirteen years after the murder of Hipparchus, when Isagoras was archon, and the memorable æra of Rome, when Tarquinius Superbus was dethroned and expelled : They were conspicuously placed in the forum of Athens, and it was a curious event, after the revolution of five centuries, that the statue of the younger Brutus, when he had killed Cæsar, was placed between these very statues, erected, in the year when his ancestor expelled the Tarquins : They were the workmanship of Antenor ; and Xerxes, when he plundered Athens, removed them out of Greece from other motives probably than of respect to their intrinsic merit : they were in succeeding time restored to the city, but whether by Alexander after his defeat of Darius, by Antiochus, or by the munificence of Seleucus, authorities are not agreed ; I am inclined to think they were given back by Seleucus. There were two others of the same materials afterwards cast by Critias, and again two others, the workmanship of the celebrated Praxiteles. Pliny says these last-mentioned statues were of consummate beauty and excellence, and there is reason to think they were the first performances of that great master in metal. The honour of a statue in brass was rarely decreed by the Athenians to any of their most illustrious citizens, and few other instances occur, except one to Solon, and one to Conon for his services against the Lacedæmonians. The expedient made use of to perpetuate the heroic constancy of Leæna was ingenious, for as it was not fitting to erect a public statue to a courtezan,

courtezan, they devised the figure of a lioness in allusion to her name, which they cast in brass, and without a tongue in memory of the resolute method she had taken to prevent confession; this figure was placed in the porch of the citadel, where it kept its station for many generations.

Pisistratus and his sons maintained their usurpation during a period of sixty-eight years, including those of Pisistratus's secessions from Athens: Had Hippias shared the fate of his brother, their annals would have been unstained by any other act of violence or injustice, except that of reviving a regal authority, which by gradual revolutions had been finally abolished. The measures of Hippias during the time he reigned alone, which scarce exceeded three years, blasted the merits of his predecessors, and imbittered the minds of the Athenians against his family to the latest posterity.

Cleisthenes and Isagoras, two rich and leading citizens, finding themselves unsafe under his government, left Athens and took shelter amongst the Phocians. They were in fact no less ambitious than himself, turbulent partisans, and tho' they proved the instruments of extricating their country from his tyranny, they were no more actuated by a pure love of liberty, as a general principle, than Harmodius and his accomplice were, when they assassinated Hipparchus.

The state of Lacedæmon both in point of resource and of its alliances, was at this time in condition to assume a leading share in the affairs of Greece, and it was the first object of Cleisthenes and Isagoras to engage the Lacedæmonians in their party

party for the emancipation of Athens; to carry this point with a people, so jealous of the Athenian greatness, required some engine of persuasion more powerful than philanthropy or the dictates of common justice; the Temple of Delphi opened a resource to them, and by a seasonable bribe to the Pythia they engaged her to give such responses to her Lacedæmonian clients on all occasions, as should work upon their superstition to accord to their wishes.

The plot succeeded, and an expedition was set on foot for the expulsion of Hippias, sanctified by the authority of Apollo, but it miscarried; the effort was repeated, and when things were in that doubtful posture as seemed to menace a second disappointment, chance produced the unexpected success. Hippias and his adherents, foreseeing that the capital would be invested, sent their women and children to a place of better security, and the whole party fell into the hands of the enemy. Such hostages brought on a treaty, and the parent consented to renounce his power for the redemption of his children; Hippias upon this retired from Athens to the court of his kinsman Hegesistratus, in the city of Sigeum, in the Troade on the Asiatic coast.

N^o L.

CLISTHENES and Isagoras had now effected a complete revolution in favour of liberty, but being men of ambitious spirit and of equal pretensions, the state was soon thrown into fresh convulsion by their factions. Clisthenes made his court to the people, Isagoras again had recourse to the Lacedæmonians.

Lacedæmon, always disposed to controul the growing consequence of her neighbours, and sensible of the bad policy of her late measures, had opened her eyes to the folly of expelling Hippias upon the forged responses of the Pythia, of whose corruption and false dealing she had now the proofs: she complied with the requisitions of Isagoras so far as related to her interference at large, but in the mode of that interference she by no means met his wishes, for it was immediately resolved to invite Hippias into Sparta, where he was publicly acknowledged and received, and a herald sent to Athens with a haughty message to Clisthenes and his party. The Athenians, intimidated and divided, threw themselves upon new and desperate resources, sending an embassy, or rather petition, to the Persian satrap Artaphernes, brother of the reigning king Darius, and governor of Lydia.

The Persian had not at this time ever heard the name of Athens, and peremptorily demanded homage; the ambassadors yielded to the demand, but

but the state revoked it at their return with indignation; for the Corinthians had in the mean time taken measures very favourable to their interests, by separating from the Lacedæmonian alliance and protesting strongly against the proposal of restoring Hippias; their opposition seems to have been founded in principle, having lately experienced a tyranny of the same sort in their own persons, and they carried their point by compelling Hippias to return in despair to Sigeum, from whence he betook himself to Lampsacus, where he began to cabal in the court of *Æantides* the tyrant, who was in great favour with the Persian monarch. By this channel Hippias introduced himself to *Darius*, and with all the inveteracy of an exiled sovereign, not abated by age or length of absence, became a principal instrument for promoting his expedition into Greece, which concluded in the memorable battle of *Marathon*, at which he was present, twenty years after his expulsion.

It was fortunate for the liberties of Athens, that when she sent her embassy to *Artaphernes*, he required as an indispensable condition of his aid that Hippias should be re-established in his tyranny. A more dangerous step could not have been resolved upon than this of inviting the assistance of the Persian, and in this applauded æra of liberty it is curious to remark such an instance of debasement, as this embassy into *Lydia*: The memory however of past oppression was yet too fresh and poignant to suffer the Athenians to submit to the condition required, and nothing remained but to prepare themselves to face the resentment

sentment of this mighty power: With this view they gave a favourable reception to Aristogaras the Milesian, who was canvassing the several states of Greece to send supplies to the Ionians, then on the point of falling under the dominion of Persia: Lacedæmon had refused to listen to him, and peremptorily dismissed him out of their territory: From Athens he obtained the succours he solicited; in twenty galleys well manned and appointed: The Athenian forces, after some successful operations, suffered a defeat by sea, and the breach with Persia became incurable. Before the storm broke immediately upon Athens, the Persian armies were employed against the frontier colonies and islands of Greece with uninterrupted success: They defeated the Phœnician fleet and reduced Cyprus; many cities on the Hellespontic coast were added to their empire; in the confines of the Troade several places were taken; impressions were made upon Ionia and Æolia by the forces of Artamenes and Otanes, and in further process of the war the rich and beautiful city of Miletus was besieged and taken, and the inhabitants of both sexes removed into the Persian territory, and colonized upon new lands: The isles of Chios, Lesbos and Tenedos shared the same fate, and not a city in Ionia, that had been involved in the defection, but was subjected in its turn: In the Hellespont and Propontis every thing on the European shore was reduced, together with the important station of Chalcedon; the like success followed their arms in the Thracian Chersonesus. These operations were succeeded by the next year's campaign under the conduct of Mardonius,

Mardonius, the son of a sister of Darius, a young and inexperienced general ; and the check, which the power of Persia received this year by the wreck and dispersion of their fleet off the coast of Macedonia, under Mount Athos, in the Singitic bay, afforded the first seasonable respite from the ill-fortune of the war.

At length the formidable torrent, which had so long threatened Athens at a distance, seemed ready to burst upon her, and surely a more unequal contest never occupied the attention of mankind. Mardonius, who had been so unsuccessful in his first campaign, was now superseded, and the vast army of Persia was put under the joint command of Datis a Mede, and the younger Artaphernes, nephew to king Darius and son to the Prefect of Lydia. These commanders pursued a different route by sea from what Mardonius had taken, avoiding the unlucky coast of Macedonia, and falling upon Eubœa in the neighbourhood of Attica by a strait course through the Ægean Sea. Having reduced the city of Carystus, they laid siege to Eretria the capital of Eubœa; the Athenians had reinforced the garrison with four thousand troops ; but although the Eretrians for a time stood resolutely to the defence of their city, it was given up by treachery on the seventh day and pillaged and destroyed in a most barbarous manner, the very temples being involved in the common ruin and conflagration.

Having struck this stroke of terror under the very eye of Athens, the Persians embarked their troops, and passing them over the narrow channel, which separates Attica from Eubœa, landed
for

for the first time on Athenian ground, and encamped their vast army upon the sandy plain of Marathon.

Hippias, who had been now twenty years in exile, and in whose aged bosom the fires of ambition were not yet extinguished, accompanied the Persian forces into his native country, and according to the most probable accounts was slain in action. If any death can be glorious in a guilty cause, this of Hippias may be so accounted; to have brought three hundred thousand men in arms, after a career of victory, landed them on the Athenian territory, and there to have put the very existence of his country to the issue of a combat, was an astonishing effort both of mind and body, at a period of life which human nature rarely attains to. Ten thousand Greeks under the command of Miltiades discomfited this overgrown host in a pitched battle upon an open plain, where all the Persian numbers could act; but it has often happened that a small band of disciplined warriors have worsted an irregular multitude, how great soever. The army of Darius was broken and repulsed; six thousand were left on the field, and the fugitives returned into Asia overwhelmed with shame and disappointment.

This memorable day established the liberty and the glory of Athens, and from this we are to look forward to the most illuminated age in the annals of mankind. Though Hippias had several children, who survived him, yet as his descendants never gave any further disturbance to the liberties and constitution of Athens, we are henceforward

forward to consider the race of Pisistratus as historically extinct.

The friend of freedom, who reviews them as tyrants, will dismiss them with reproach; we, who have regarded them only as patrons of literature, may take leave of them with a sigh.

N^o LL

Graius ingenium ; Graius dedit ore rotundo.

Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.

(HORAT.)

THE advances, which the drama had made within the period now reviewed, were considerable; for the tragic poets Pratinas, Chærilus, Phrynichus and Æschylus were in possession of the stage, whilst Epicharmus and Phormis in Sicily, Chionides, Dinolochus, Evetes, Euxenides, Mylus and others in Attica, were writing comedy. Bacchus and his Satyrs were expelled, and a new species of composition, built upon short fables selected from the poems of Homer, succeeded to the village masque, and numbers of ingenious competitors began to apply themselves to the work.

Thespis had been acting tragedies, but *Thespis* was one of those early dramatists, who come under

der the description of *Οἱ πρὸς Διόνυσον*, *writers about Bacchus*.

Pratinus succeeded *Thespis*, and wrote fifty tragedies, if they may be so called, when two and thirty of the number were *Satyrical*, or allusive to the satyrs. He was a Peloponnesian of the celebrated city of *Phlius*, but resorted to Athens for the purpose of representing his dramas: He entered the lists with *Chærilus* and *Æschylus* about the time of *Olymp. lxx.* some years antecedent to the battle of *Marathon*: He bore away the prize from his competitors with one composition only; on all other occasions he saw the palm decreed to the superior merit or better interest of his rivals.

Plays were still exhibited upon scaffolds or in booths, where the spectators as well as the performers were placed, till upon the representation of one of *Pratinas's* tragedies the scaffolding broke down under the weight of the crowd, and much mischief ensued upon the accident: From this time the Athenians set about building a theatre in proper form and of more solid materials, and the drama, like the edifice, assumed a more dignified character and a better construction.

Pratinas struck out a considerable improvement in the orchestral part of his drama, by revoking the custom of allowing the minstrels to join in the chaunt or strain with the chorus, and suffering them only to accompany with their pipes: The recitative was by this alteration given more distinctly to the audience, and the clamorous confusion of voices avoided: The people however, not yet weaned from their old prejudice for the noisy *Bacchanalian*

chanalian songs of their village masques, opposed themselves violently against this refined innovation, and the whole theatre was thrown into confusion, when in the midst of the tumult Pratinas appeared on the stage in person, and in a kind of Salian song, accompanied with dancing, addressed his audience to the following effect.

P R A T I N A S.

WHAT means this tumult? Why this rage?
 What thunder shakes th' Athenian stage?
 'Tis frantic Bromius bids me sing,
 He tunes the pipe, he smites the string;
 The Dryads with their chief accord,
 Submit and hail the drama's lord.
 Be still! and let distraction cease,
 Nor thus prophane the Muse's peace;
 By sacred fiat I preside
 The minstrel's master and his guide;
 He, whilst the chorus-strains proceed,
 Shall follow with responsive reed;
 To measur'd notes whilst they advance,
 He in wild maze shall lead the dance:
 So generals in the front appear,
 Whilst music echoes from the rear.
 Now silence each discordant sound!
 For see, with ivy chaplet crown'd,
 Bacchus appears! He speaks in me—
 Hear, and obey the god's decree!

(EX ATHENÆO.)

Phrynichus, the tragic poet, was the son of Melanthus and the disciple of Thespis: Suidas thinks there was another of the name, son of Chorocles, who also wrote tragedies, but there is reason to think he is in an error. This *Phrynichus* first introduced the measure of tetrametres; this he did because the trochaic foot is most proper for dancing, and the drama of this age was

accompanied with dances characteristic and explanatory of the fable. There were masters professedly for the purpose of composing and teaching these dances, and in some instances the author performed in person; hence it was that the early dramatists were called ὀρχηστικοί, or *Dancers*. When tragedy was in a more improved state, and the business was no longer conducted by dance and spectacle, but committed to dialogue, they changed the tetrametres to iambics, which Aristotle observes were fit for declamation rather than singing with the accompaniment of the dance.

This author was the first who produced the female mask upon the scene; he took upon himself the task of instructing the dancers and performed in person; accordingly we find him burlesqued by Aristophanes in his last scene of *The Wasps*, on account of his extravagant gesticulations—*He strikes and flutters, says the old humourist Philocleon, like a cock; he capers into the air, and kicks up his heels to the stars*: Whilst Philocleon is capering on the stage after this fashion, the son, who is on the scene, observes—*This is not agility, it is insanity. It is either the plot of a tragedy, replies the servant, or the caprice of a madman; give him hellebore; the man's beside himself.*

Dancing was so essential a part of the first scenic spectacle, and the people were so attached to their old Bacchanalian customs, that the early reformers of the tragic drama found it no easy task to make the dance accord to the subject of the scene and weave it into the fable. This was generally understood to be done under the direction of the poet, and in many cases he was principal performer

former in person; but where an author was not competent to this part of his duty, he called in the assistance of a profest ballet-master, who formed dances upon the incidents of the drama, and instructed the chorus how to perform them. There is a very eminent professor of this art upon record, named *Telestes*, who had the honour of a statue decreed to him, which was conspicuously placed within the theatre, whilst those of the most celebrated poets were not admitted to a nearer approach than the steps or portico. These dances prevailed till after the time of *Æschylus*, when they were finally laughed out of fashion by the parody of the satyrical comedy.

Though the fate of *Phrynichus's* tragedy on the *Siege of Miletus* has been frequently mentioned, I cannot here omit the story. This beautiful city had been lately sacked by the Persian troops; it was the capital and pride of Ionia, a very antient colony of the Athenians, settled by *Neleus*, son of *Codrus*, the last and most beloved of their kings: Of its riches and renown *Strabo* tells us the account would exceed belief; it had given birth to men illustrious for science and for military fame: *Thales*, *Anaximander* and *Anaximenes* in succession had been natives of *Miletus*; *Hecataeus* the historian was born there, as were his contemporaries *Hippias* and *Aristogaras*, celebrated men, who took so great a lead in the affairs of the Ionians introductory to the invasion of the Persians, and to whose conspicuous talents even *Darius* himself, when exulting at their death, gave the honourable tribute of his applause.

Such was the city, upon whose deplorable fate *Phrynichus* founded his tragedy; the spectacle

dissolved his audience into tears ; the national and affecting scene operated on the sensibility of the Athenians in so serious a manner, that the magistracy thought it a case fit for their interference, and by public edict prohibited any author in future to touch upon that melancholy subject : Nor was this all, they put a heavy fine upon the poet. His judgment certainly wanted correction ; but it should have been the correction of an indiscretion rather than of a crime : As the tragedy, like its subject, is long since perished, we cannot properly decide upon the severity of the edict ; it must be owned the event was too recent and domestic ; the idea of such a city in flames, destruction of its temples and the massacre of its inhabitants, many of whom perhaps had friends and relations present at the spectacle, was not to be supported. It is not the province of the drama to attack the human heart with such realities ; the whole region of invention is open to its choice, free to work its moral purposes by pity or by terror ; but if a plot is to be constructed upon truth, the tragic history is to be taken from time far distant, or from scenes out of the spectator's knowledge. *Flectere non frangere* is the poet's motto ; if he terrifies, let him not rend the heart ; if he softens, let him not seduce it : The man, who is melted with pity, becomes as a child, but he is the child of his poet, and has a claim upon him for the protection of a parent.

This author exhibited a famous tragedy, entitled *Pyrrhicista*, or *the Dance of armed Soldiers* : The Athenians were charmed with the martial manner, in which he conducted this spectacle,
and

and Ælian says they made him their general, and put him at the head of their army for his skill and address in the performance: If it were so, it would seem to have been the fate of Phrynichus to be punished without mercy, and rewarded without merit; but the anecdote does not obtain with good critics, and it is clear that the poet lived in a more early period than Phrynichus the general, for the lowest date we have of him, whom we are speaking of, is the circumstance given by Plutarch in his *Themistocles*, viz. That in Olymp. lxxv. 4. Phrynichus bore away the prize with his tragedy (probably *The Phœnissæ*) in compliment to Themistocles, who was at the charge of the representation, and who in commemoration thereof set up the following inscription—*Themistocles of the parish of Phœari was at the charge; Phrynichus made the tragedy, and Adimantus was archon.*

From this play of *The Phœnissæ* Æschylus took the design of his famous tragedy of *The Persæ*.

N° LII.

*Post hunc personæ pallaque repertor honestæ
 Æschylus et modicis instravit pulpita tignis;
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.*

(HORAT.)

WE now are to speak of a poet, some of whose inestimable remains are in our hands. Æschylus was born in the last year of Olymp. lxiii. the son of Euphorion an Athenian; he was in the flower of manhood at the battle of Marathon, and served with distinguished reputation; his three brothers, Aminias, Euphorion and Cynægirus, were in the same action, and signalized themselves on that glorious day. In the sea-fight off Salamis Aminias lost an arm, and bore away the first prize for valour in that well-fought action: It so happened at the representation of one of Æschylus's plays, that the people rose against him on account of some attack he had made upon their superstitions, and were proceeding to stone him to death, when this Aminias, putting aside his mantle, exhibited his amputated arm, and turned their fury aside from the devoted poet; an anecdote, which at once demonstrates their ferocity and their magnanimity.

Æschylus, though he had just reason to value himself highly on his poetical talents, yet, like Alcæus and Archilochus, continued through life to hold his military character more at heart than
 his

his literary one, and directed to be engraved on his tomb-stone a distich in long and short verse, in which he appeals *to the field of Marathon and the long-haired Mede* to witness to his valour; by the Mede he probably means the general Datis. The personal gallantry, for which Æschylus and his brethren were so conspicuous, gives a strong and manly colouring to his compositions; it is the characteristic of his genius, and his pen, like his sword, is a weapon of terror: The spectacle, which his drama exhibits, is that of one sublime, simple scene of awful magnificence; his sentiment and stile are in unison with his subject, and though he is charged with having written his tragedies in a state of ebriety, to which he was in general addicted, still they do not betray the traces of a confused imagination, as Sophocles insinuated, though occasionally they may of an inflated one; and it was a weakness in Sophocles (to give his motive no worse a name) to pronounce of Æschylus, *that he did not know what he did, although he did things well*; as if he had written in a state of absolute intoxication and mental disability; an imputation, which convicts itself.

Æschylus's excess was the vice of his time and nation, I might add of his profession also as a soldier; and one should almost suspect that he considered it as a becoming quality in a hero, seeing that he had the hardiness to exhibit Jason drunk upon the scene, an attempt which stands recorded as the first of the sort, though afterwards he was followed in it by Epicharmus and Crates, comic poets, and in later times even by the sententious Euripides himself: In short, the literary

annals of Greece are deeply stained with this excess, and the stage at one period was far from discouraging it.

Æschylus not only instructed his chorus in the dances incidental to the piece, but superintended also and arranged the dresses of the performers with the most correct precision; and this he did in a taste so dignified and characteristic, that the priests and sacrificing ministers of the temples did not scruple to copy and adopt his fashions in their habiliments: He did not indeed perform on the stage as Phrynichus did, but he never permitted the intervention of a master, as many others did: The dances, which he composed for his tragedy of *The Seven Chiefs*, were particularly apposite to the scene, and were performed with extraordinary success and applause: He brought fifty furies at once on the stage in the chorus of his *Eumenides*, and displayed them with such accompaniments and force of effect, that the whole theatre was petrified with horror, pregnant women miscarried on the spot, and the magistracy interposed for the prevention of such spectacles in future, and limited the number of the dancers, annexing a penalty to the breach of the restriction. Aristophanes has an allusion to the *Eumenides* of Æschylus in his comedy of the *Plutus*, (Act ii. Scene 4.) where Chremylus and Blepsidemus being on the scene are suddenly accosted by *Poverty* in the person of a squalid old woman, and whilst they are questioning who she may be, Blepsidemus cries out—

- " Some fury from the scenes of Æschylus,
- " Some stage Erinnyes; look! her very face
- " Is tragedy itself.

CHREM.

CHREM.

“ But where’s her firebrand ?

BLEPS.

“ Oh ! there’s a penalty for that.”

That the poet *Æschylus* was of a candid mind appears from his well-known declaration, viz. *That his tragedies were but scraps from the magnificent repasts of Homer* ; that he was of a lofty mind is from nothing more evident, than from his celebrated appeal upon a certain occasion, when the prize was voted to his competitor evidently against justice—I appeal to posterity, says *Æschylus*, *to posterity I consecrate my works, in the assurance that they will meet that reward from time, which the partiality of my contemporaries refuses to bestow.*

Though the candour of *Æschylus* called his tragedies fragments or scraps from Homer, and seemed to think it sufficient honour to be able to wield with tolerable grace one weapon out of the armoury of this gigantic spirit, yet I would submit to the reader’s judgment, whether the tragic poem does not demand a stronger exertion of the mental faculties within the compass of its composition than the epic poem. In a drama, where every thing must be in action, where characters must be strongly marked and closely compressed, the passions all in arms, and the heart alternately seized by terror and subdued by pity, where the diction must never sleep in detail, nor languish in description, but be lofty yet not dilated, eloquent but not loquacious, I have no conception how the human genius can be strained to greater energy :

At the same time it must be admitted that the continuation of exertion, which the epic requires, inferior though it may be in force, falls heaviest on the poet of that department; the scope of his work is much more diffused, and history perhaps presents so few fit subjects to his choice, that we cannot wonder at the general predilection of the literary world for dramatic composition; least of all can we want a reason why the Greeks, an animated and ingenious race of writers, addicted to spectacle and devoted to music and dancing, should fall with such avidity upon the flowery province of the drama.

But when they made it a contest as well as a study, when they hung up wreaths and crowns as the reward of victory, and turned dramatic spectacles into a kind of Olympic games, they brought a crowd of competitors to the lists. The magistrate generally, and private citizens in particular cases, furnished the exhibition at an immense expence, and with a degree of splendor we have little conception of. The happy poet crowned with the wreath of triumph, presenting himself to the acclamations of a crowded theatre, felt such a flood of triumph, as in some instances to sink under the ecstacy and expire on the spot; whilst on the other hand disappointment operating upon susceptible and sanguine minds, has been more than once productive of effects as fatal: Such minds, though they claim our pity, do not merit our respect, and it is a consolation to reflect, that where there is a genius like that of *Æschylus*, there is generally found a concomitant magnanimity, which can disregard with conscious dignity the false misjudging decrees of the vulgar.

The

The appeal, which Æschylus made to posterity, was soon verified, for after his death the Athenians held his name in the highest veneration, and made a decree for furnishing the expence of representing his tragedies out of the public purse; he carried away many prizes during his life, and many more were decreed to his tragedies after his death: A statue was erected in memory of him at Athens, and a picture was painted descriptive of his valour in the fight at Marathon.

Amongst other reasons suggested for his leaving Athens, some assert that he retired in disgust at being superseded in a prize by Sophocles, who was a very young competitor; but a vague assertion of this invidious sort is readily confuted by the character of Æschylus, to which it is not reconcileable upon any other than the strongest authority. It is agreed that he removed to Sicily to the court of king Hiero, where he was very honourably received, and after three years residence died and was buried in a sumptuous and public manner: Then fable of the eagle dropping a tortoise on his head, and his being killed by the blow, was probably allegorical, and emblematical of his genius, age and decay. Valerius Maximus however gives the story for truth, and refers to the authorities of Aristophanes, Pliny, and Suidas, concluding his account with the following expression—*Eoque ietu origo et principium fortioris tragædiæ extinctum est.* He died at the age of sixty-nine years, after a life spent alternately in great labour and great excess. This event took place in the first year of Olymp. lxxxi. In Olymp. lxx. when he was between twenty and thirty years old, he contested
the

the prize with Pratinas and Chærilus, when Myrus was archon; *Chærilus* was an Athenian, and wrote tragedies to the amount of one hundred and fifty, of all which not even a fragment survives. At the battle of Marathon Æschylus was thirty-seven years old; twelve years after this celebrated action Xerxes passed into Greece at the head of his armies, burnt Athens, and carried off the library collected by Pisistratus and his sons. When Æschylus was turned of fifty he carried away the prizes with his tragedies of *Phineus*, *The Persæ*, *Glaucus Potniensis*, and *The Prometheus*. Three years before his death he performed his *Agamemnon* and bore away the prize with that, with *The Choephoris*, *The Eumenides* and *The Proteus*, a satyric drama, the charges of the theatre being defrayed by Xenocles Aphidneus. If he passed into Sicily therefore he must have left Athens immediately after this success, and this is another circumstance, which makes against the story of his disgust.

At the death of Æschylus, Sophocles was in his twenty-seventh year, and Euripides in his twenty-first: Chionides and Dinolochus, writers of the old comedy, flourished in his time; as did the philosophers Zeno Eleates, Anaxagoras and Parmenides: Socrates was in his twenty-second year, when Æschylus died, and Pindar died two years before him.

N^o LIII.

IN the *Frogs* of Aristophanes three entire acts are occupied by a contest between Æschylus and Euripides for the tragic chair amongst the departed spirits. The matter is put to reference before Bacchus and others, who proceed to a solemn hearing of the parties. The author evidently leans to Æschylus throughout the controversy, and in the end makes Bacchus give a full decision in his favour: The irascible proud spirit of Æschylus and the litigious talkative character of Euripides are well marked, and in a peculiar vein of comic humour: The contending poets alternately repeat passages in their respective prologues and chorusses, which the other party as constantly criticizes and turns to ridicule: Amongst the many defects, which Euripides pretends to discover in Æschylus's dramas, he urges the taciturnity of his principal character.

EURIPIDES.

- " First then, he'd muffle up his characters,
 " Some Niobe, for instance, or Achilles,
 " And bring them on the stage, their faces hid,
 " As mutes! for not a single word they utter'd.

BACCHUS.

- " Not they, by Jupiter!

EURIPIDES.

- " Meantime the chorus
 * Sang regularly four successive strains;
 " But they kept silence.

BACCHUS.

BACCHUS.

“ And that silence truly
 “ Pleas’d me as much as all our modern speeches.
 “ ——— But tell me to what purpose
 “ This fellow did it ?

EURIPIDES.

“ From impertinence,
 “ To keep the audience during the performance
 “ Waiting to hear when Niobe should speak.
 “ ——— Having play’d these tricks,
 “ Just as the piece was above half concluded,
 “ They’d speak perhaps some dozen bellowing
 “ words,
 “ Of such high-crested and terrific form,
 “ The audience truly could not comprehend
 “ them.”

(DUNSTER’S Translation.

The decree, which Aristophanes makes Bacchus pronounce in favour of *Æschylus*, is by implication as decisive against *Sophocles* as against *Euripides*, for *Sophocles* declares his acquiescence under the judgment, if it shall be given for *Æschylus*, but if otherwise he avows himself ready to contest the palm with *Euripides*: A circumstance which sufficiently discriminates the complacency of his character from the peevish disputatious temper of *Euripides*: It is at the same time an implied confirmation of the pre-eminence of these three tragic poets over all other competitors in that department of the drama, and puts *Æschylus* at the head of the triumvirate. How they ranked in the judgment of *Aristophanes* is further manifest by what he puts in the mouth of *Æschylus* after judgment is given for him: He says to *Pluto*——

“ Do

“ Do thou to Sophocles.

“ Consign my seat, to keep possession of it,

“ In case I should again return; for he

“ Doubtless comes nearest me in tragic powers.”

(DUNSTER.)

It appears therefore, that, although we have few remains of the Greek tragedy, yet they are remains of the best masters. There are authorities which say that *Æschylus* wrote above one hundred tragedies, and the titles of all these have been collected and published by *Meursius*; seven only survive; the like number of *Sophocles* and a few more of *Euripides* comprize all the remains of the Greek tragedy now in our possession: But although these are highly valuable as being specimens of the best masters, it does not follow that they are the best, or amongst the best, performances of their respective authors: At all events we can judge but in part from so small a proportion, and as these authors were in the habit of forming their dramas upon plots that were a continuation of the same story, it must be to the disadvantage of any one piece, that happens to come down to us disjunctively, as in the instance of the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus*, and more which might be named amongst the remains of the two other surviving poets.

We have now English translations of all the Greek tragedies, and without carrying my remarks any farther than appertains to the poet of whom I am speaking, I should feel it as an injustice to the merit of a very able and ingenious

nious contemporary, if I could mention *Æschylus* and overlook his translator: A work so arduous as that, which Mr. Potter has executed, might claim much more indulgence, than his performance will ever stand in need of; but these translations, could they be executed up to the spirit of their originals, can never interest an English reader like his native drama: To the poet they afford a great subject for display in odes and chorusses, and relieve him at the same time from the heaviest part of his work, the labour of the plot; but with the reader, who cannot judge of their orchestral accompaniments, they will never stand in competition with the activity of the English drama, its warm and rapid incident, transition of scene, variety of character, brevity of dialogue, busy plot and domestic fable. A man of genius, who writes for the closet, may have a curiosity to build a drama upon Greek construction, but he will hardly succeed in an attempt to naturalize it on our stage.

No translator can engage with a more difficult original than *Æschylus*: Time has thrown some sublimities out of our sight, and many difficulties in our way by the injuries of the text: The stile of his tragedy bespeaks a fiery and inflated imagination; the time in which he wrote, and his own martial habits, doubtless give a colour and character to his diction; perhaps the intemperance in which he indulged may sometimes give a heat to his fancy more than natural, and there are some passages, of so figurative and metaphorical a sort, that I
have

have been often tempted to suppose that his campaigns against the Persians might have tinged his language with something of the Oriental tone of expression

Sophocles in times more pacific has a softer versification, and a stile more sweet and feeble; of habits and education more effeminate, of a fair and comely person, we hear of him dancing naked round a trophy, erected for the victory of Salamis, his lyre in his hand, and his limbs anointed with oil to encrease their activity: he studied music and the dance under Lampus, and in both arts was an adept; he danced at the performance of his own *Nauficaa*, and he accompanied the chorusses of his *Thamyris* with his voice and harp: Devoted to the fair sex in the extreme, the softness of his natural character is conspicuous in his writings: his pictures of women are flatteringly drawn, and his stile is compared to the honey of the bee for sweetness: The sensibility of his mind was extreme; though he lived near a hundred years, old age did not deaden his feelings, for whilst judgment was passing on his *Oedipus Coloneus*, the last play he exhibited, his spirit was so agitated by the anxious suspense, that when the prize was at length decreed in his favour, the tumult of passion was too violent for his exhausted frame, and the aged poet expired with joy.

Euripides on the other hand was of mean birth, the son of a poor woman, who sold herbs, at which circumstance Æschylus points when he says in the *Frogs*—

“ O thou from rural goddess sprung !”

He

He was educated by his father to engage as an athletic in the Eleusynian and Thesean games; he was also a student in natural philosophy under Anaxagoras, in rhetoric under Prodicus, and a pupil of Socrates in moral philosophy. When he began to study tragedy he shut himself in a cave, wild and horrid and sequestered from the world, in the island of Salamis: He is charged with having a profest antipathy to women, and every feature both of nature and education, as now described, is discoverable in his writings; his sentiments breathe the air of the schools, his images are frequently vulgar, and his female characters of an unfavourable cast; he is carping, sour and disputatious, and, though he carried away only five prizes out of seventy-five plays, he is still indignant, proud and self-assuming; his life was full of contention and his death of horror; for he was set upon by mastiffs and killed. He was the friend of Socrates and grossly addicted to unnatural passion.

N^o LIV.

IN a scene between Xanthias the slave of Bacchus, and Æacus, in the comedy of the *Frogs* before mentioned, the latter upon being asked why Sophocles did not put in his claim for the tragic chair, replies——

“ Not he, by Jove !

“ When hither he came down, he instantly

“ Embrac’d Æschylus, shook him by the hand,

“ And in his favour gave up all pretensions :

“ And now, as by Clidemides I’m told,

“ He will attend the trial as third man,

“ Content if Æschylus victorious prove ;

“ But otherwise, has said he’ll try his skill

“ In contest with Euripides.”

(DUNSTER’S Translation.)

The tragedies of Æschylus have all the marks of an original genius ; his scene is cast with an awful and majestic grandeur, and he designs in the boldest stile ; in some situations his principal figures are painted with such terrible effect, that I can only liken them to a composition, where Spagnolet had drawn the persons of the damned in tortures, and Salvator Rosa had filled up the scenery of Hell in his strongest manner. No poet introduces his character on the scene with more dignity and stage-effect : He is in the practice of holding the spectator in suspense by a preparatory silence in his chief person, which is amongst the most refined arts of the dramatic poet : This was well understood by our Shakespeare.

spear and some others of the old school ; on the French stage I conceive it is very little in use.

In the introductory scene of the *Prometheus* the principal character preserves a dignified silence for a considerable space of time, during which all the tremendous machinery incidental to his tortures is going forward under the superintendence of imaginary beings, and the vengeance of almighty Jupiter in chaining him to a rock, there to languish for innumerable ages, is in actual execution. This is a prelude infinitely more dramatic, sublime and affecting, than if the scene had been interwoven with lamentations, cries and complaints, though ever so well expressed ; the picture tells its own tale and the spectacle speaks to the heart without the vehicle of words : It is well observed by Mr. Potter the translator of *Æschylus*, that, "there is a dignity and even
" sublimity in this silence of Prometheus beyond
" the expression of words ; but as soon as the instruments of tyranny have left him, he bursts
" into a strain of pathetic lamentation, and invokes all nature to attest to his undeserved
" sufferings."

" Æthereal air, and ye swift-winged winds,
" Ye rivers springing from fresh founts, ye waves,
" That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
" Your crisped smiles, thou all-producing earth,
" And thee, bright sun, I call, whose flaming orb
" Views the wide world beneath." —

(POTTER.)

The scenery and spectacle of the *Prometheus* must have been the finest that poet ever devised ;
all

all the characters are supernatural beings, and their language is not unworthy of Olympus.

The *Agamemnon* is a wonderful production, and though no other tragedy but this had come down to us from the pen of the author, it would be matter of astonishment to me that any critic should be found of such proof against its beauties, as to lower its author to a comparison with Sophocles or Euripides; yet some there have been, who have reversed the decree of Bacchus, and given their preference to Sophocles, nay even to Euripides. The same management is observable in this tragedy upon the introduction of Cassandra, as we have just now remarked in the case of *Prometheus*: Agamemnon recommends his captive to the protection of Clytemnestra; they are left upon the scene together; the Queen of Argos solicits her to descend from her car and enter the palace; the chorus second the invitation; she makes no reply; Clytemnestra doubts if she speaks the language of Greece, and calls upon her to make some acknowledgment by signs; when this draws nothing from her, she grows exasperated and exclaims——

- “ ’Tis frenzy this, the impulse of a mind
- “ Disorder’d; from a city lately taken
- “ She comes, and knows not how to bear the curb,
- “ Till she has spent her rage in bloody foam:
- “ But I no more waste words to be disdain’d.”

(POTTER.)

Cassandra still is silent; when upon the departure of the queen, this gloomy cloud that hung

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(POTTER.)

Cassandra still is silent; when upon the departure of the queen, this gloomy cloud that hung

hung upon the foreground of the prospect at once disperses, and a scene of such dazzling splendour and sublimity bursts forth upon the instant, as must have thrown the theatre into astonishment; seized with the prophetic fury she breaks out into such gusts and agonies of divination, as can no otherwise be described, but with silent wonder how any human imagination could furnish such ideas, or find words to give them utterance. The chorus I confess stand the shock with wonderful presence of mind, but the phlegm and apathy of a Greek chorus is proof against every thing; though the prophetess plainly denounces the impending murder of the king by Clytemnestra, and points out the bath as the scene of his assassination, the chorus tamely answers——

“ To unfold the obscure oracles of heav’n
“ Is not my boast.——

(POTTER.)

I need not be reminded that incredulity was annexed by Apollo to the predictions of Cassandra, and that the plot and catastrophe would not admit of precipitation; for I must still contend that incredulity itself is a good dramatic engine, and if the chorus had not stood in his way, would have been otherwise managed by the author; but I take the character of a true Greek chorus to be such, that if Apollo himself had come in person to tell them, that the earth would open and swallow them up, if they did not instantly remove from the spot on which they stood, they would have stopt to moralize, or hymn an ode,
in

in strophe and antistrophe, to Jupiter, or Venus, or the gods below to whom they were descending, though the ground was cleaving under their feet—provided, as I before premised, that they had the true spirit of a Greek chorus in them. To have a genius like this of Æschylus encumbered with a chorus, is as if a millstone was tied round the pinions of an eagle.

The *Agamemnon* was the last tragedy he wrote for the Athenian stage; the poet was then turned of sixty years: The Athenians decreed the prize to him for this inestimable performance, which has been the admiration of all ages, and will be to all posterity.

The tragedy of the *Persians*, and that also of the *Furies*, are a study for poets and painters; the imagery in both these pieces is of a wonderful and surpassing sublimity. In the former of these every reader must be struck with the introduction of the ghost of Darius, and the awful rites and incantations that are preparatory to its appearance: The sudden interruption of the unfinished hymn by the royal spectre, the attitudes of the prostrate Satraps, the situation of Atossa, and the whole disposition of the scene, are a combination in point of effect which no dramatic spectacle ever exceeded.

In the *Furies* the scene presents to the spectator the temple of the Pythian Apollo; the priestess opens the tragedy with a speech from the vestibule; the gates are drawn back and the interior of the fane is discovered, the god appears on the scene in person, Orestes is at his feet in a supplicating posture, and the furies to the
number

number of fifty are dispersed in different attitudes, but all buried in profound sleep: Aoplo addresses himself to his suppliant and points to the sleeping furies.—

——“ See this grievly troop!

- “ Sleep has oppress’d them, and their-baffled rage
- “ Shall fail, grim-visag’d hags, grown old
- “ In loath’d virginity: Nor god, nor man
- “ Approach’d their bed, nor savage of the wilds:
- “ For they were born for mischiefs, and their haunts
- “ In dreary darkness ’midst the yawning gulfs
- “ Of Tartarus beneath, by men abhorr’d
- “ And by th’ Olympian gods.”

(POTTER.)

Can there be a finer, a more tremendous picture? There can: But it is the genius of Æschylus must heighten it: The ghost of Clytemnestra rises on the scene and completes the horror; stained with the blood of her husband, and gashed with wounds inflicted by the parricidal hand of her own son, she calls out to the avenging deities—

- “ What, can you sleep? Is this a time t’indulge
- “ Your indolent repose?——
- “ Hear me, oh hear! ’tis for my soul’s repose
- “ I plead: rouse your keen sense, infernal powers!
- “ ’Tis Clytemnestra calls you in your dreams.”

(POTTER.)

The furies scream out in their sleep, the spectre again urges them to rouse—

“ ——And

“ ——— And is this all ? Awake,
 “ Arise.” ——— “ With fiery breath
 “ That snuffs the scent of blood, pursue this son,
 “ Follow him, blast him !”

(POTTER.)

What art ! what aggravation in this horrid prelude ! what preparation for effect ! with what a burst must they have sprung from their dream ! — Well may we give credit to the account of the terrors which they impressed upon the spectators : Their numbers, their attire, their temples wreathed with snakes, and their hands armed with flames, the clangor of the orchestra, the violence of their motions, their yelling screams, seem to empty the whole infernal regions on the stage. We must take into our recollection also, that this spectacle was exhibited to a people, who considered these beings as deities, at whose shrines they paid divine worship, and to whose eyes and imaginations this snaky attire was wholly new ; for it was the bold fancy of the poet, which first dressed them in this manner, and they have kept the fashion from that moment to the present.

I cannot dismiss this tragedy without observing that there is a shift of the scene from Delphi to Athens, which I take to be a single instance of the sort on the Greek stage.

The number of the chorus being limited by public edict after the exhibition of this tragedy, it is clear that the tragedy of the *Suppliants* must have been subsequent to it, inasmuch as the chorus of Danaides consisted of fifty per-

sions; and as the whole tenor of this soft and pathetic drama bears an air of atonement to the superstition of the vulgar, and is full of pious submission to the will of Jupiter and religious veneration for the gods, it seems to me very probable that the poet had a view in this tragedy of the *Supplicants*, of reconciling the people after the offence he had given them on a former occasion by making too free with the deities, and for which he narrowly escaped their resentment.

As to the tragedy of *The Seven Chiefs against Thebes*, it is said to have been the favourite of its author, and we know it has the testimony of the critic Longinus. The scenery is beautiful; the dialogue characteristic and of a martial glow; the armorial bearings charged on the shields of the armed chiefs are most fancifully devised; and the tender contrast of the persons of the chorus, composed of the daughters of Cadmus, affords every pleasing and animating contemplation that can meet within the compass of one simple drama.

I believe there is no ancient poet, that bears so close a resemblance in point of genius to any of the moderns, as *Æschylus* bears to *Shakespear*: The comparison might afford a pleasing subject to a man of learning and leisure: If I was further to compare the relation, in which *Æschylus* stands to *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, with that of *Shakespear* to any of our later dramatists, I should be inclined to put *Sophocles* in the line with *Rowe*, and *Euripides* with *Lillo*.

No LV.

*Nil intentatum nostri liquere poeta :
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
Auspi deferere, et celebrare domestica facta.*

(HORAT.)

THERE are two very striking characters delineated by our great dramatic poet, which I am desirous of bringing together under one review, and these are *Macbeth* and *Richard the Third*.

The parts, which these two persons sustain in their respective dramas, have a remarkable coincidence : Both are actuated by the same guilty ambition in the opening of the story ; both murder their lawful sovereign in the course of it ; and both are defeated and slain in battle at the conclusion of it : Yet these two characters, under circumstances so similar, are as strongly distinguished in every passage of their dramatic life by the art of the poet, as any two men ever were by the hand of nature.

Let us contemplate them in the three following periods ; viz. The premeditation of their crime ; the perpetration of it ; and the catastrophe of their death.

Duncan the reigning king of Scotland has two sons : Edward the fourth of England has also two sons ; but these kings and their respective heirs do not affect the usurpers Macbeth and Richard

in the same degree, for the latter is a prince of the blood royal, brother to the king and next in consanguinity to the throne after the death of his elder brother the Duke of Clarence : Macbeth on the contrary is not in the succession—

And to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief.

His views therefore being further removed and more out of hope, a greater weight of circumstances should be thrown together to tempt and encourage him to an undertaking so much beyond *the prospect of his belief*. The art of the poet furnishes these circumstances, and the engine, which his invention employs, is of a preternatural and prodigious sort. He introduces in the very opening of his scene a troop of sybills or witches, who salute Macbeth with their divinations, and in three solemn prophetic gratulations hail him *Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and King hereafter !*

*By Sinel's death I know I'm thane of Glam
But how of Cawdor ?*

One part of the prophecy therefore is true ; the remaining promises become more deserving of belief. This is one step in the ladder of his ambition, and mark how artfully the poet has laid it in his way : No time is lost ; the wonderful machinery is not suffered to stand still, for behold a verification of the second prediction, and a courtier thus addresses him from the king—

And

*And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee Thane of Cawdor.*

The magic now works to his heart, and he cannot wait the departure of the royal messenger before his admiration vents itself aside—

*Glamis, and thane of Cawdor !
The greatest is behind.*

A second time he turns aside, and unable to repress the emotions, which this second confirmation of the predictions has excited, repeats the same secret observation—

*Two truths are told
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the Imperial theme.*

A soliloquy then ensues, in which the poet judiciously opens enough of his character to shew the spectator that these præternatural agents are not superfluously set to work upon a disposition prone to evil, but one that will have to combat many compunctious struggles before it can be brought to yield even to oracular influence. This alone would demonstrate (if we needed demonstration) that Shakespear, without resorting to the antients, had the judgment of ages as it were instinctively. From this instant we are apprised that Macbeth meditates an attack upon our pity as well as upon our horror, when he puts the following question to his conscience—

*Why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature.*

Now let us turn to *Richard*, in whose cruel heart no such remorse finds place; he needs no tempter: There is here no *dignus vindice nodus*, nor indeed any *knot* at all, for he is already practised in murder: Ambition is his ruling passion, and a crown is in view, and he tells you at his very first entrance on the scene—

I am determined to be a villain.

We are now presented with a character full formed and compleat for all the savage purposes of the drama: —

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

The barriers of conscience are broken down, and the soul, hardened against shame, avows its own depravity—

*Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other.*

He observes no gradations in guilt, expresses no hesitation, practises no refinements, but plunges into blood with the familiarity of long custom, and gives orders to his assassins to dispatch his brother Clarence with all the unfeeling tranquillity of a Nero or Caligula. Richard, having no longer

longer any scruples to manage with his own conscience, is exactly in the predicament, which the dramatic poet *Diphilus* has described with such beautiful simplicity of expression—

Ὅς γὰρ αὐτὸς αὐτὸν ἐκ αἰσχυνεται,
 Συνιδὼς αὐτῷ φαῦλα διαπεπραγμένῳ,
 Πῶς τὸν γε μηδὲν ἐδίτ' αἰσχυνθήσεται?

The wretch who knows his own vile deeds, and yet fears not himself, how should he fear another, who knows them not?

It is manifest therefore that there is an essential difference in the developement of these characters, and that in favour of Macbeth: In his soul cruelty seems to dawn, it breaks out with faint glimmerings, like a winter-morning, and gathers strength by slow degrees: In Richard it flames forth at once, mounting like the sun between the tropics, and enters boldly on its career without a herald. As the character of Macbeth has a moral advantage in this distinction, so has the drama of that name a much more interesting and affecting cast: The struggles of a soul naturally virtuous, whilst it holds the guilty impulse of ambition at bay, affords the noblest theme for the drama, and puts the creative fancy of our poet upon a resource, in which he has been rivalled only by the great father of tragedy *Æschylus* in the prophetic effusions of *Cassandra*, the incantations of the Persian Magi for raising the ghost of *Darius*, and the imaginary terrific forms

of his furies ; with all which our countryman probably had no acquaintance, or at most a very obscure one.

When I see the names of these two great luminaries of the dramatic sphere, so distant in time but so nearly allied in genius, casually brought in contact by the nature of my subject, I cannot help pausing for a while in this place to indulge so interesting a contemplation, in which I find my mind balanced between two objects, that seem to have equal claims upon me for my admiration. *Æschylus* is justly stiled the father of tragedy, but this is not to be interpreted as if he was the inventor of it : *Shakespear* with equal justice claims the same title, and his originality is qualified with the same exception : The Greek tragedy was not more rude and undigested when *Æschylus* brought it into shape, than the English tragedy was when *Shakespear* began to write : If therefore it be granted that he had no aids from the Greek theatre (and I think this is not likely to be disputed) so far these great masters are upon equal ground. *Æschylus* was a warrior of high repute, of a lofty generous spirit, and deep as it should seem in the erudition of his times : In all these particulars he has great advantage over our countryman, who was humbly born, of the most menial occupation, and, as it is generally thought, unlearned. *Æschylus* had the whole epic of *Homer* in his hands, the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and that prolific source of dramatic fable, the *Ilias Minor* ; he had also a great fabulous creation to resort to amongst his own divinities, characters ready defined, and an audience, whose superstition was prepared

prepared for every thing he could offer ; he had therefore a firmer and broader stage, (if I may be allowed the expression) under his feet, than Shakespear had : His fables in general are Homeric, and yet it does not follow that we can pronounce for Shakespear that he is more original in his plots, for I understand that late researches have traced him in all, or nearly all : Both poets added so much machinery and invention of their own in the conduct of their fables, that whatever might have been the source, still their streams had little or no taste of the spring they flowed from. In point of character we have better grounds to decide, and yet it is but justice to observe that it is not fair to bring a mangled poet in comparison with one who is entire : In his divine personages *Æschylus* has the field of heaven, and indeed of hell also, to himself ; in his heroic and military characters he has never been excelled ; he had too good a model within his own bosom to fail of making those delineations natural : In his imaginary beings also he will be found a respectable, though not an equal, rival of our poet ; but in the variety of character, in all the nicer touches of nature, in all the extravagancies of caprice and humour, from the boldest feature down to the minutest foible, Shakespear stands alone ; such persons as he delineates never came into the contemplation of *Æschylus* as a poet ; his tragedy has no dealing with them ; the simplicity of the Greek fable, and the great portion of the drama filled up by the chorus, allow of little variety of character, and the most which can be said of *Æschylus* in this particular is, that he never offends

against nature or propriety, whether his cast is in the terrible or pathetic, the elevated or the simple. His versification with the intermixture of lyric composition is more various than that of Shakespear; both are lofty and sublime in the extreme, abundantly metaphorical and sometimes extravagant :

—————*Nubes et inania captat.*

This may be said of each poet in his turn; in each the critic, if he is in search for defects, will readily enough discover—

In scena missus magno cum pondere versus.

Both were subject to be hurried on by an uncontrollable impulse, nor could nature alone suffice for either: Æschylus had an apt creation of imaginary beings at command—

He could call spirits from the vasty deep,

and they *would come*—Shakespear, having no such creation in resource, boldly made one of his own; if Æschylus therefore was invincible, he owed it to his armour, and that, like the armour of Æneas, was the work of the gods; but the unassisted invention of Shakespear seized all and more than superstition supplied to Æschylus.

Nº LVI.

*ILLE profecto**Reddere persona scit convenientia cuique.*

(HORAT.)

WE are now to attend *Macbeth* to the perpetration of the murder, which puts him in possession of the crown of Scotland; and this produces a new personage on the scene, his accomplice and wife: She thus develops her own character—

*Come, all you spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe topful
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief: Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!*

Terrible invocation! Tragedy can speak no stronger language, nor could any genius less than
Shakespear's

Shakespear's support a character of so lofty a pitch, so sublimely terrible at the very opening.

The part which Lady Macbeth fills in the drama has a relative as well as positive importance, and serves to place the repugnance of Macbeth in the strongest point of view; she is in fact the auxiliary of the witches, and the natural influence, which so high and predominant a spirit asserts over the tamer qualities of her husband, makes those witches but secondary agents for bringing about the main action of the drama. This is well worth a remark; for if they, which are only artificial and fantastic instruments, had been made the sole or even principal movers of the great incident of the murder, nature would have been excluded from her share in the drama, and Macbeth would have become the mere machine of an uncontrollable necessity, and his character, being robbed of its free agency, would have left no moral behind: I must take leave therefore to anticipate a remark, which I shall hereafter repeat, that when Lady Macbeth is urging her Lord to the murder, not a word is dropt by either of the witches or their predictions. It is in these instances of his conduct that Shakespear is so wonderful a study for the dramatic poet. But I proceed——

Lady Macbeth in her first scene, from which I have already extracted a passage, prepares for an attempt upon the conscience of her husband, whose nature she thus describes——

*Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way.*

He

He arrives before she quits the scene, and she receives him with consummate address—

*Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
Greater than both by the All-hail hereafter !*

These are the very gratulations of the witches; she welcomes him with confirmed predictions, with the tempting salutations of ambition, not with the softening caresses of a wife—

Macb. *Duncan comes here to-night.*

Lady. *And when goes hence ?*

Macb. *To-morrow, as he purposes.*

Lady. *Oh never*

Shall sun that morrow see !

The rapidity of her passion hurries her into immediate explanation, and he, consistently with the character she had described, evades her precipitate solicitations with a short indecisive answer—

We will speak further—

His reflections upon this interview and the dreadful subject of it are soon after given in soliloquy, in which the poet has mixed the most touching strokes of compunction with his meditations : He reasons against the villany of the act, and honour jointly with nature assails him with an argument of double force—

*He's here in double trust ;
First as I am his kinsman and his subject,*

Strong

*Strong both against the deed ; then as his host,
Who should against the murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife himself.*

This appeal to nature, hospitality and allegiance, was not without its impression ; he again meets his lady, and immediately declares—

We will proceed no further in this business.

This draws a retort upon him, in which his tergiversation and cowardice are satirized with so keen an edge, and interrogatory reproaches are pressed so fast upon him, that catching hold in his retreat of one small but precious fragment in the wreck of innocence and honour, he demands a truce from her attack, and with the spirit of a combatant, who has not yet yielded up his weapons, cries out—

Pr'ythee, peace!

The words are no expletives ; they do not fill up a sentence, but they form one: They stand in a most important pass ; they defend the breach her ambition has made in his heart ; a breach in the very citadel of humanity ; they mark the last dignified struggle of virtue, and they have a double reflecting power, which in the first place shews that nothing but the voice of authority could stem the torrent of her invective, and in the next place announces that something, worthy of the solemn audience he had demanded, was on the point to follow—and worthy it is to be a standard sentiment of moral truth expressed with proverbial simplicity,

simplicity, sinking into every heart that hears it—

*I dare do all, that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.*

How must every feeling spectator lament that a man should fall from virtue with such an appeal upon his lips !

Οὐκ ἔστιν κ' αὖτις δειλός, ὁ διδοικῶς νόμον.

(PHILONIDES.)

A man is not a coward because he fears to be unjust, is the sentiment of an old dramatic poet.

Macbeth's principle is honour ; cruelty is natural to his wife ; ambition is common to both ; one passion favourable to her purpose has taken place in his heart ; another still hangs about it, which being adverse to her plot, is first to be expelled, before she can instil her cruelty into his nature. The sentiment above quoted has been firmly delivered, and was ushered in with an apostrophe suitable to its importance ; she feels its weight ; she perceives it is not to be turned aside with contempt, or laughed down by ridicule, as she had already done where weaker scruples had stood in the way ; but, taking sophistry in aid, by a ready turn of argument she gives him credit for his sentiment, erects a more glittering though fallacious logic upon it, and by admitting his objection cunningly confutes it—

*What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me ?*

Where

*When you durst do it, then you were a man,
And to be more than what you were, you wou'd
Be so much more than man.*

Having thus parried his objection by a sophistry calculated to blind his reason and inflame his ambition, she breaks forth into such a vaunting display of hardened intrepidity, as presents one of the most terrific pictures that was ever imagined—

*I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me ;
I wou'd, whilst it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dasht its brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.*

This is a note of horror, screwed to a pitch that bursts the very sinews of nature ; she no longer combats with human weapon, but seizing the flash of the lightning extinguishes her opponent with the stroke : Here the controversy must end, for he must either adopt her spirit, or take her life : He sinks under the attack, and offering nothing in delay of execution but a feeble hesitation, founded in fear—if *we should fail*—he concludes with an assumed ferocity, caught from her and not springing from himself—

*I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.*

The strong and sublime strokes of a master impressed upon this scene make it a model of dramatic

matic composition, and I must in this place remind the reader of the observation I have before hinted at, that no reference whatever is had to the auguries of the witches: It would be injustice to suppose that this was other than a purposed omission by the poet; a weaker genius would have resorted back to these instruments; Shakespear had used and laid them aside for a time; he had a stronger engine at work, and he could proudly exclaim—

We defy auguries !——

Nature was sufficient for that work, and to shew the mastery he had over nature, he took this human agent from the weaker sex.

This having passed in the first act, the murder is perpetrated in the succeeding one. The introductory soliloquy of Macbeth, the chimæra of the dagger, and the signal on the bell, are awful preludes of the deed. In this dreadful interim Lady Macbeth the great superintending spirit enters to support the dreadful work. It is done; and he returns appalled with sounds; he surveys his bloody hands with horror; he starts from her proposal of going back to besmear the guards of Duncan's chamber, and she snatches the reeking daggers from his trembling hands to finish the imperfect work—

*Infirm of purpose,
Give me the daggers.!*

She

She returns on the scene, the deed which he revolted from is performed, and with the same unshaken ferocity she vauntingly displays her bloody trophies, and exclaims—

*My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white.*

Fancied noises, the throbbings of his own quailing heart, had shaken the constancy of Macbeth; real sounds, the certain signals of approaching visitors, to whom the situation of Duncan must be revealed, do not intimidate her; she is prepared for all trials, and coolly tells him—

*I hear a knocking
At the south entry: Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then!*

The several incidents thrown together in this scene of the murder of Duncan are of so striking a sort as to need no elucidation; they are better felt than described, and my attempts point at passages of more obscurity, where the touches are thrown into shade, and the art of the author lies more out of sight.

Lady Macbeth being now retired from the scene, we may in this interval, as we did in the conclusion of the former paper, permit the genius of Æschylus to introduce a rival murderers on the stage.

Clytemnestra has received her husband Agamemnon, on his return from the capture of Troy, with

with studied rather than cordial congratulations. He opposes the pompous ceremonies she had devised for the display of his entry, with a magnanimous contempt of such adulation—

*Sooth me not with strains
Of adulation, as a girl; nor raise
As to some proud barbaric king, that loves
Loud acclamations echoed from the mouths
Of prostrate worshippers, a clamorous welcome :
Spread not the streets with tapestry ; 'tis invidious ;
These are the honours we shou'd pay the gods ;
For mortal men to tread on ornaments
Of rich embroidery—no ; I dare not do it :
Respect me as a man, not as a god.*

(POTTER'S ÆSCHYLUS.)

These are heroic sentiments, but in conclusion the persuasions of the wife overcome the modest scruples of the hero, and he enters his palace in the pomp of triumph; when soon his dying groans are echoed from the interior scene, and the adultress comes forth besprinkled with the blood of her husband to avow the murder—

*I struck him twice, and twice
He groan'd; then died: A third time as he lay
I gor'd him with a wound; a grateful present
To the stern god, that in the realms below
Reigns o'er the dead: There let him take his seat.
He lay; and spouting from his wounds a stream
Of blood, bedew'd me with these crimson drops.
I glory in them, like the genial earth,
When the warm showers of heav'n descend, and wake
The flowrets to unfold their vermeil leaves.*

Come

*Come then, ye reverend senators of Argos,
Joy with me, if your hearts be turn'd to joy,
And such I wish them.*

(POTTER.)

N^o LVII.

*Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

(HORAT.)

RICHARD perpetrates several murders, but as the poet has not marked them with any distinguishing circumstances, they need not be enumerated on this occasion. Some of these he commits in his passage to power, others after he has seated himself on the throne. Ferociousness and hypocrisy are the prevailing features of his character, and as he has no one honourable or humane principle to combat, there is no opening for the poet to develop those secret workings of conscience, which he has so naturally done in the case of Macbeth.

The murder of Clarence, those of the queen's kinsmen and of the young princes in the Tower
are

are all perpetrated in the same stile of hardened cruelty. He takes the ordinary method of hiring ruffians to perform his bloody commissions, and there is nothing which particularly marks the scenes, wherein he imparts his purposes and instructions to them; a very little management serves even for Tirrel, who is not a professional murderer, but is reported to be—

——a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.

With such a spirit Richard does not hold it necessary to use much circumlocution, and seems more in dread of delay than disappointment or discovery—

R. *Is thy name Tirrel?*

T. *James Tirrel, and your most obedient subject.*

R. *Art thou indeed?*

T. *Prove me, my gracious lord.*

R. *Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?*

T. *Please you, I had rather kill two enemies.*

R. *Why then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
 Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
 Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
 Tirrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.*

If the reader calls to mind by what circum-
 spect and flow degrees King John opens himself
 to Hubert under a similar situation with this of
 Richard, he will be convinced that Shakespear
 considered preservation of character too impor-
 tant to sacrifice on any occasion to the vanity of
 fine

fine writing; for the scene he has given to John, a timorous and wary prince, would ill suit the character of Richard. A close observance of nature is the first excellence of a dramatic poet, and the peculiar property of him we are reviewing.

In these two stages of our comparison, Macbeth appears with far more dramatic effect than Richard, whose first scenes present us with little else than traits of perfidiousness, one striking incident of successful hypocrisy practised on the Lady Anne, and an open unreserved display of remorseless cruelty. Impatient of any pause or interruption in his measures, a dangerous friend and a determined foe:—

*Effera torquent avaræ præcordia curæ
Effugeret ne quis gladios
Crescebat scelerata sitis; prædaque recentis
Incaustus flagrabat amor, nullusque petendi
Cogendive pudor: crebris perjuria necit
Blanditiis; sociat perituro fœdere dextras:
Si semel e tantis poscenti quisque negasset,
Effera prætumido quatibat corda furore.*

(CLAUDIAN.)

*The sole remorse his greedy heart can feel
Is if one life escapes his murdering steel:
That, which should quench, inflames his craving thirst,
The second draught still deepens on the first:
Shameless by force or fraud to work his way,
And no less prompt to flatter than betray:
This hour makes friendships which he breaks the next,
And every breach supplies a vile pretext*

Bosely

*Basely to cancel all concessions past,
If in a thousand you deny the last.*

Macbeth has now touched the goal of his ambition—

*Thou hast it now ; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
The weyward sisters promis'd—*

The auguries of the witches, to which no reference had been made in the heat of the main action, are now called to mind with many circumstances of galling aggravation, not only as to the prophecy, which gave the crown to the posterity of Banquo, but also of his own safety from the gallant and noble nature of that general—

*Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which wou'd be fear'd.*

Assassins are provided to murder Banquo and his son, but this is not decided upon without much previous meditation, and he seems prompted to the act more by desperation and dread, than by any settled resolution or natural cruelty. He convenes the assassins, and in a conference of some length works round to his point, by insinuations calculated to persuade them to dispatch Banquo for injuries done to them, rather than from motives which respect himself ; in which scene we discover a remarkable preservation of character in *Macbeth*, who by this artifice strives to blind his own conscience and throw the guilt upon

upon theirs : In this as in the former action there is nothing kingly in his cruelty ; in one he acted under the controuling spirit of his wife, here he plays the fycophant with hired assassins, and confesses himself under awe of the superior genius of Banquo—

—Under him

*My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Antony's was by Cesar.*

There is not a circumstance ever so minute in the conduct of this character, which does not point out to a diligent observer how closely the poet has adhered to nature in every part of his delineation: Accordingly we observe a peculiarity in the language of Macbeth, which is highly characteristic; I mean the figurative turn of his expressions, whenever his imagination strikes upon any gloomy subject—

Oh ! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !

And in this state of self-torment every object of solemnity, though ever so familiar, becomes an object of terror; night, for instance, is not mentioned by him without an accompaniment of every melancholy attribute, which a frightened fancy can annex—

Ere the bat hath flown

*His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung Night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.*

It

It is the darkness of his soul that makes the night so dreadful, the *scorpions in his mind* convoke these images—but he has not yet done with it—

Come, sealing Night!
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whilst Night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

The critic of language will observe that here is a redundancy and crowd of metaphors, but the critic of nature will acknowledge that it is the very truth of character, and join me in the remark which points it out.

In a tragedy so replete with murder, and in the display of a character so tortured by the *scorpions of the mind*, as this of Macbeth, it is naturally to be expected that a genius like Shakespear's will call in the dead for their share in the horror of the scene. This he has done in two several ways; first, by the apparition of Banquo, which is invisible to all but Macbeth; secondly, by the spells and incantations of the witches, who raise spirits, which in certain ænigmatical predictions shadow out his fate; and these are followed by a train of unborn revelations, drawn by the power of magic from the womb of futurity before their time.

It appears that Lady Macbeth was not a party in the assassination of Banquo, and the ghost, though twice visible to the murderer, is not seen by her. This is another incident highly worthy a particular remark; for by keeping her free from any participation in the horror of the sight, the poet is enabled to make a scene aside between Macbeth and her, which contains some of the finest speakings in the play. The ghost in Hamlet, and the ghost of Darius in Æschylus are introduced by preparation and prelude, this of Banquo is an object of surprize as well as terror, and there is scarce an incident to be named of more striking and dramatic effect: it is one amongst various proofs, that must convince every man, who looks critically into Shakespear, that he was as great a master in art as in nature: How it strikes me in this point of view I shall take the liberty of explaining more at length.

The murder of Duncan is the main incident of this tragedy; that of Banquo is subordinate: Duncan's blood was not only the first so shed by Macbeth, but the dignity of the person murdered, and the aggravating circumstances attending it, constitute a crime of the very first magnitude: For these reasons it might be expected that the spectre most likely to haunt his imagination, would be that of Duncan; and the rather because his terror and compunction were so much more strongly excited by this first murder, perpetrated with his own hands, than by the subsequent one of Banquo, palliated by evasion and committed to others. But when we recollect that Lady Macbeth was not only his accomplice, but in fact the

the first mover in the murder of the king, we see good reason why Duncan's ghost could not be called up, unless she, who so deeply partook of the guilt, had also shared in the horror of the appearance; and as visitations of a peculiar sort were reserved for her in a later period of the drama, it was a point of consummate art and judgment to exclude her from the affair of Banquo's murder, and make the more susceptible conscience of Macbeth figure this apparition in his mind's eye without any other witness to the vision.

I persuade myself these will appear very natural reasons, why the poet did not raise the ghost of the king in preference, though it is reasonable to think it would have been a much more noble incident in his hands, than this of Banquo. It now remains to examine whether this is more fully justified by the peculiar situation reserved for Lady Macbeth, to which I have before adverted.

The intrepidity of her character is so marked, that we may well suppose no waking terrors could shake it, and in this light it must be acknowledged a very natural expedient to make her vent the agonies of her conscience in sleep. Dreams have been a dramatic expedient ever since there has been a drama; Æschylus recites the dream of Clytemnestra immediately before her son Orestes kills her; she fancies she has given birth to a dragon—

*This new-born dragon, like an infant child,
Laid in the cradle seem'd in want of food;*

*And in her dream she held it to her breast :
The milk he drew was mixt with clotted blood.*

(POTTER.)

This which is done by Æschylus, has been done by hundreds after him ; but to introduce upon the scene the very person, walking in sleep, and giving vent to the horrid fancies, that haunt her dream, in broken speeches expressive of her guilt, uttered before witnesses, and accompanied with that natural and expressive action of washing the blood from her defiled hands, was reserved for the original and bold genius of Shakespear only. It is an incident so full of tragic horror, so daring and at the same time so truly characteristic, that it stands out as a prominent feature in the most sublime drama in the world, and fully compensates for any sacrifices the poet might have made in the previous arrangement of his incidents.

N^o LVIII.

*Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*
(HORAT.)

MACBETH now approaches towards his catastrophe : The heir of the crown is in arms, and he must defend valiantly what he has usurped villainously.

villainously. His natural valour does not suffice for this trial; he resorts to the witches; he conjures them to give answer to what he shall ask, and he again runs into all those pleonasm of speech, which I before remarked: The predictions he extorts from the apparitions are so couched as to seem favourable to him, at the same time that they correspond with events, which afterwards prove fatal. The management of this incident has so close a resemblance to what the poet Claudian has done in the instance of Ruffinus's vision the night before his massacre, that I am tempted to insert the passage—

*Ecce videt diras alludere protinus umbras,
Quas dedit ipse neci; quarum quæ clarior una
Visa loqui—Proh! surge toro; quid plurima volvis
Anxius? hæc requiem rebus, finemque labori
Allatura dies: Omni jam plebe redibis
Altior, et læti manibus portabere vulgi—
Has canit ambages. Occulto fallitur ille
Omine, nec capitis fixi præsagia sensit.*

*A gashy vision in the dead of night
Of mangled, murder'd ghosts appall his sight;
When hark! a voice from forth the shadowy train
Cries out—Awake! what thoughts perplex thy brain?
Awake, arise! behold the day appears,
That ends thy labours, and dispels thy fears:
To loftier heights thy tow'ring head shall rise,
And the glad crowd shall lift thee to the skies—
Thus spake the voice: He triumphs, nor beneath
Th' ambiguous omen sees the doom of death.*

Confiding in his auguries Macbeth now prepares for battle : by the first of these he is assured—

*That none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.*

By the second prediction he is told—

*Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam-wood to Lunfinane's high hill
Shall come against him.*

These he calls *sweet boadments!* and concludes—

To sleep in spite of thunder.

This play is so replete with excellencies, that it would exceed all bounds, if I were to notice every one; I pass over therefore that incomparable scene between Macbeth, the physician and Seyton, in which the agitations of his mind are so wonderfully expressed, and, without pausing for the death of Lady Macbeth, I conduct the reader to that crisis, when the messenger has announced the ominous approach of Birnam-wood—A burst of fury, an exclamation seconded by a blow is the first natural explosion of a soul so stung with *scorpions* as Macbeth's: The sudden gust is no sooner discharged, than nature speaks her own language, and the still voice of conscience, like reason in the midst of madness, murmurs forth these mournful words—

*I pall in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth.*

With

With what an exquisite feeling has this darling son of nature here thrown in this touching, this pathetic sentence, amidst the very whirl and eddy of conflicting passions! Here is a study for dramatic poets; this is a string for an actor's skill to touch; this will discourse sweet music to the human heart, with which it is finely unisoned when struck with the hand of a master.

The next step brings us to the last scene of Macbeth's dramatic existence: Flusht with the blood of Siward he is encountered by Macduff, who crosses him like his evil genius—Macbeth cries out—

Of all men else I have avoided thee.

To the last moment of character the faithful poet supports him: He breaks off from single combat, and in the tremendous pause, so beautifully contrived to hang suspense and terror on the moral scene of his exit, the tyrant driven to bay, and panting with the heat and struggle of the fight, vauntingly exclaims—

Macb. *As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.*

Macd. *Despair thy charm!
And let the Angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.*

Macb. *Accursed be that tongue that tells me so!
For it hath cow'd my better part of man.*

'There sinks the spirit of Macbeth—

*Behold! where stands
Th' usurper's cursed head!*

How completely does this coincide with the passage already quoted!

*Occulto fallitur ille
Omine, nec CAPITIS FIXI præsagia sentit.*

Let us now approach the tent of *Richard*. It is matter of admiration to observe how many incidents the poet has collected in a small compass, to set the military character of his chief personage in a brilliant point of view. A succession of scouts and messengers report a variety of intelligence, all which, though generally of the most alarming nature, he meets not only with his natural gallantry, but sometimes with pleasantry and a certain archness and repartee, which is peculiar to him throughout the drama.

It is not only a curious, but delightful task to examine by what subtle and almost imperceptible touches Shakespear contrives to set such marks upon his characters, as give them the most living likenesses that can be conceived. In this, above all other poets that ever existed, he is a study and a model of perfection: The great distinguishing passions every poet may describe; but Shakespear gives you their humours, their minutest foibles, those little starts and caprices, which nothing but the most intimate familiarity brings to light: Other authors write characters like historians; he like the

the bosom friend of the person he describes. The following extracts will furnish an example of what I have been saying.

Ratcliff informs Richard that a fleet is discovered on the western coast, supposed to be the party of Richmond—

K. Rich. *Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk ;*

Ratcliff, thyself ; or Catesby——Where is he ?

Cates. *Here, my good lord.*

K. Rich. *Catesby, fly to the Duke.*

Cates. *I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.*

K. Rich. *Ratcliffe, come hither ; post to Salisbury ;*

When thou com'st thither—Dull, unmindful villain !

(To Catesby.)

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke ?

Cates. *First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,*

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. *Oh, true, good Catesby !*

I am persuaded I need not point out to the reader's sensibility the fine turn in this expression, *Good Catesby !* How can we be surprized if such a poet makes us in love even with his villains ?—Ratcliff proceeds—

Rat. *What may it please you shall I do at Salisbury ?*

K. Rich. *Why, what wou'dst thou do there before I go ?*

Rat. *Your highness told me I shou'd post before.*

K. Rich. *My mind is chang'd.*

These fine touches can escape no man, who has an eye for nature. Lord Stanley reports to Richard—

Stanl. *Richmond is on the seas.*

K. Rich. *There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?*

This reply is pointed with irony and invective: There are two causes in nature and character for this; first, Richard was before informed of the news; his passion was not taken by surprize, and he was enough at ease to make a play upon Stanley's words—*on the seas*—and retort—*be the seas on him!*—Secondly, Stanley was a suspected subject; Richard was therefore interested to shew a contempt of his competitor before a man of such doubtful allegiance. In the spirit of this impression he urges Stanley to give an explicit answer to the question—*What doth he there?* Stanley endeavours to evade by answering that he *knows not but by guess*: The evasion only strengthens Richard's suspicions, and he again pushes him to disclose what he only guesses—*Well, as you guess*—Stanley replies—

He makes for England, here to cluim the crown.

K. Rich. *Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?*

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then tell me what makes he upon the sea?

What a cluster of characteristic excellencies are here before us? All these interrogatories are *ad hominem*; they fit no man but Stanley, they can be uttered by no man but Richard, and they can flow from the conceptions of no poet but the poet of nature.

Stanley's

Stanley's whole scene ought to be investigated, for it is full of beauties, but I confess myself exhausted with the task, and language does not suffice to furnish fresh terms of admiration, which a closer scrutiny would call forth.

Other messengers succeed Lord Stanley, Richard's fiery impatience does not wait the telling, but taking the outset of the account to be ominous, he strikes the courier, who proceeding with his report concludes with the good tidings of Buckingham's dispersion—Richard instantly retracts and says—

Oh! I cry thee mercy.

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.

This is another trait of the same cast with that of *Good Catesby*.

Battles are of the growth of modern tragedy; I am not learned enough in the old stage to know if Shakespear is the inventor of this bold and bustling innovation; but I am sure he is unrivall'd in his execution of it, and this of Bosworth-field is a master-piece. I shall be less particular in my present description of it, because I may probably bring it under general review with other scenes of the like sort.

It will be sufficient to observe, that in the catastrophe of Richard nothing can be more glowing than the scene, nothing more brilliant than the conduct of the chief character: He exhibits the character of a perfect general, in whom however ardent courage seems the ruling feature; he performs every part of his office with minute attention,

tion, he enquires if certain alterations are made in his armour, and even orders what particular horse he intends to charge with: He is gay with his chief officers, and even gracious to some he confides in: His gallantry is of so dazzling a quality, that we begin to feel the pride of Englishmen, and, overlooking his crimes, glory in our courageous king: Richmond is one of those civil, conscientious gentlemen, who are not very apt to captivate a spectator, and Richard, loaded as he is with enormities, rises in the comparison, and I suspect carries the good wishes of many of his audience into action, and dies with their regret.

As soon as he retires to his tent the poet begins to put in motion his great moral machinery of the ghosts. Trifles are not made for Shakespear; difficulties, that would have plunged the spirit of any other poet, and turned his scenery into inevitable ridicule, are nothing in his way; he brings forward a long string of ghosts, and puts a speech into each of their mouths without any fear of consequences. Richard starts from his couch, and before he has shaken off the terrors of his dream, cries out—

*Give me another horse!—Bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream—
O coward conscience—&c.*

But I may conclude my subject; every reader can go on with the soliloquy, and no words of mine can be wanted to excite their admiration.

N^o LIX.

AMONGST the various orders and ranks of men in civilized society, some are entitled to our respect for the dignity and utility of their profession; but as there are many more than merely natural wants to be provided for in a state of high refinement, other arts and occupations will occur, which though not so highly to be respected for their utility, will yet be valued and cared for for the pleasures they bestow. In this light there is perhaps no one order of men who contribute more largely to the pleasing and moral amusements of the age, than our actors. As I mean to devote this paper to their use and service, I shall begin it with a short passage extracted from Mr. Dow's History of Hindostan.

“ During all these transactions the gates of Delhi were kept shut. Famine began to rage every day more and more; but the Shaw was deaf to the miseries of mankind. The public spirit of *Tucki, a famous actor*, deserves to be recorded upon this occasion. He exhibited a play before Nadir Shaw, with which that monarch was so well pleased, that he commanded Tucki to ask, and what he wished should be done for him. Tucki fell upon his face, and said, *O King, command the gates to be opened, that the poor may not perish!* His request was granted, and half the city poured into the country; and the place was supplied in a few days with plenty of provisions.”

Though

Though it is not every actor's lot to save a city, yet it is his province to drive an enemy out of it, almost as formidable as famine.

There is such a combination of natural gifts requisite to the formation of a compleat actor, that it is more a case of wonder how so many good ones are to be found, than why so few instances of excellence can be produced. Every thing, that results from nature alone, lies out of the province of instruction, and no rules that I know of will serve to give a fine voice, or even those fine feelings, which are amongst the first properties of an actor. These in fact are the tools and materials of his trade, and these neither his own industry, nor any man's assistance can bestow. But the right use and application of them is another question, and there he must look for his directions from education, industry and judgment.

A classical education, if it be not insisted on as indispensable to a great actor, is yet so advantageous to him in every branch of his art, that it is a most happy circumstance in their lot, who can avail themselves of it.

Be this as it may, it behoves him in the very first place to be thoroughly versed in all the chief dramatic writers of his own country. Of all these Shakespear is so out of sight the principal, that for distinction sake I will confine myself to him only. This author therefore must be studied in the most critical and scrutinizing manner; not by parts, but in the whole; for it is the veriest folly in any young student for the stage to read by *character*, or attach himself to any one predominant part, in which he aims at a display, until
he

he has possess himself in the compleatest manner of the whole drama, in which he is to stand. Every movement of the author's mind should be unravelled, all those small but delicate incidents, which serve to announce or discriminate a leading character, every thing said to him, or of him, as well as by him, are to be carefully gathered up; for Shakespear in particular paints so very close to nature, and with such marking touches, that he gives the very look an actor ought to wear, when he is on his scene.

When an actor has done this, he will find his understanding so enlightened by the task, and his mind possess with such a passion for what is natural, that he will scorn the sorry practice of tricks, and that vain study of setting himself off by this or that preconcerted attitude, in which some handicraft-men, who were more like tumblers than tragedians, have in times past disgraced their profession: In short, if he studies his author he will have no need to study his looking-glass: Let him feel and he will be sure to express; Nature, that gave him limbs and organs of speech, will be sure to give him action, and he need not measure the board he is to fall upon, as if he was to make his exit down a trap.

There is one thing in particular I would wish him to avoid, which is a repugnance against appearing in characters of an unamiable sort; (the ladies will observe I address myself to both sexes throughout :) It is a narrow notion to suppose that there can be any adhesion either of vice or virtue to the real character; or that revenge, cruelty, perfidiousness or cowardice can be transposed into
a man's

a man's nature, because he professionally represents these evil qualities. If I had not determined against particularizing any person in this paper, I should here quote the example of an actor, whose untimely death every friend of the drama must deplore, and whose good sense I might appeal to in confirmation of my advice.

Of this above all things every actor may assure himself, that there is no calling or profession in life, that can less endure the distractions of intemperance and dissipation. A knowledge of the world no doubt is necessary to him, and he must therefore take his share in society, but there is no other introduction into the best company, but by meriting a place in it; and as for vulgar fellowships and connections, where a man is to act the *pleasant fellow* and set the table in a roar, if he has not the spirit and discretion to decline them, he will soon find his professional talents sacrificed to his convivial ones; if he does not reserve all his exertions for his art, nature must sink under double duty, and the most that he can obtain in return will be pity.

An eminent actor should resolve to fortify himself against the many personal attacks, which in the present times he is to expect from friends as well as foes: by the former I mean those friends, whose ill-judged applauses are as dangerous to his repose as calumny itself. That proper sense of himself, which holds a middle place between diffidence and arrogance, is what he must oppose to these attacks of extravagant applause or illiberal defamation; for gentlemen of wit and pleasantry find so much amusement in sporting with the feelings

feelings of actors, that they will write; and there is a figure called *hyperbole* much in fashion amongst them, the excellent property of which figure is that it cuts both ways—*virtus ejus ex diverso par augendi atque minuendi*—Now although the *hyperbole* is a figure of freedom, and has certain privileges, that go beyond credibility, yet I have the authority of *Quintilian* to say that it has bounds; on the outside of truth, I confess, but still within reason—*Quam vis enim est omnis hyperbole ultra fidem; non tamen esse debet ultra modum*—An actor therefore will do wisely to put no faith in such a double-tongued figure, nor form any acquaintance with those who are in the daily use of it.

If he would have better authority for the advice I give him, let him turn to his books, and he will not find a writer of eminence, either ancient or modern, that will not tell him slander is a tax on merit. I shall instance only one of each, because I will not burthen him with quotations. The first of these is *Tacitus*, a writer of unquestionable authority, and one who has left as good receipts for wholesome judgment in all worldly affairs as any man whatever: His maxim indeed is short, for he makes no waste of words on any occasion; speaking of certain libellous publications, he observes—*Spreta exolescunt; si irascere, agnita videntur*:—Which may be thus rendered—*Contempt disarms abuse; resent, and you adopt it*—The other which I shall adduce, is the judicious and amiable Mr. *Addison*, who is rather more diffusive on the subject, but concludes his opinion with this recommendation of the prescription above mentioned—*That it is a piece of fortitude,*
which

which every man owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty. (Spect. N^o 355).

When I have said this, I am free to own, that it is an act of aggravated cruelty to attack a man, whose profession lays him so continually at mercy, and who has fewer defences than other men to resort to. An actor has a claim upon the public for their protection, whose servant he is; and he ought to be dear to every man in particular, whose heart he has dilated with benevolence, or lightened with festivity; if we are grateful to the surgeon who assuages the pain of a festering sore, or draws even a thorn from our flesh, should we not remember him with kindness, who heals our heart of its inquietude, and cheers those hours with gaiety and innocence, which we might else have devoted to gloominess or guilt?

If an actor has these claims upon the world at large, what ought he not to expect from the poet in particular? The poet's arms should be his natural asylum, a shield from the arrows of envy and detraction. An actor is in the capacity of a steward to every living muse, and of an executor to every departed one: The poet digs up the ore; he sifts it from the dross, refines and purifies it for the mint; the actor sets the stamp upon it, and makes it current in the world.

N^o LX.

THERE is no period of antient history would afford a more useful study to a young prince, than an accurate delineation of the whole life of Tiberius : This ought to be done with great care and ability, for it is a character extremely difficult to develope, and one that by a continued chain of incidents furnishes a lesson in every link of its connexion highly interesting to all pupils, but most to those who are on the road to empire. To trace the conduct of Tiberius from his first appearance in history to his death, is as if we should begin with the last acts of Augustus and read his story backwards to its commencement in the civil wars : each narration would then begin with honour and conclude with infamy. If Augustus had never attained to empire, he would have had a most disgraceful page in history ; on the other hand, had Tiberius died with Germanicus, he would have merited a very glorious one : It should seem therefore that he was by nature a better man than his predecessor. The cautious timid character of Augustus kept him under constant awe of those he governed, and he was diligent to secure to himself the opinions of mankind ; but there are rents and fissures enough in the veil, which adulation has thrown over him, through which to spy out the impurities and meannesses of his natural disposition. Tiberius

berius seems on his part also to have had a jealous holding and respect towards Germanicus, which had an influence over the early part of his reign; but it was a self-restraint, founded in emulation, not in fear. It is hinted that Augustus had in mind to restore the commonwealth, and give back her liberties to Rome; and these may very possibly have been his meditations; but they never arose in his mind till he found his life in the last stage of decay, when, having no heir of his own body, he would willingly have had the empire cease with him, and left posterity to draw the conclusion, that no successor could be found fit to take it after him; this I can readily believe he would have done in his last moments, if he could, and even before his last moments if he dared; but the shock, which such a resolution might possibly have occasioned, alarmed his fears, and he was too tenacious of power to quit it upon any other motives than those of absolute conviction that he could hold it no longer. This is so much in character, that I think it very probable he might have tried it upon Tiberius in his long death-bed conversation with him at Nola—*Revocatum ex itinere Tiberium diu secreto sermone detinuit, neque post ulli majori negotio animum accommodavit. (Suetonius.)* This passage is very curious, and some important conjectures may fairly be grounded upon it. Suetonius says that the conference was *long*, and also that it was *private*; and he adds that Augustus, after his conversation with his successor, never turned his thoughts to any important business, or in other words, any matter of state whatever. The secrecy
of

of this conference very much favours my conjecture, that he made an attempt to dissuade Tiberius from holding on the empire, and the *length* of time it took up corroborates the probability of that conjecture; and I further incline to think it likely that it might make serious impressions on Tiberius's mind, as to the measure proposed; for I can never believe that the repugnance, with which Tiberius took the charge of the government upon him, was wholly feigned, though historians agree in giving it that turn; his long and voluntary exile in the island of Rhodes, where he seemed for a time to have renounced all desire of succeeding to the empire, might be a reason with Augustus for making this experiment upon a man of his cold and sequestered habits. At all events I think it highly natural to suppose that Augustus would not have closetted him in this manner, if it were only for the purpose of giving him lessons and instructions in the arts of government; for in that case his vanity, which made him act a part for applause even in his expiring moments, would have opened his doors to his family and attendants, that they might have been present to record his sayings; and we should have had as many fine maxims in his dying speech, as Socrates uttered in his prison, or Seneca in his bath: Add to this, that he certainly bore no good-will to Tiberius, who was not a successor to his mind, nor could he wish to elevate the Claudian family to the throne: It is not likely however that he altogether succeeded with Tiberius, or brought him to make any absolute promise of abdication; for in that case he would
not

not have failed to have taken credit with the people about him, for having been the means of restoring the liberties of his country, and he would have made as great a parade of patriotism, as would have become a Cato or a Solon ; but the author above quoted says he took no further account of public business, and therefore we may conclude the conference, if it took that turn, did not come to any satisfactory conclusion on the point.

Tiberius on his accession found the empire in a critical situation, for besides the movements which Clemens on one part and Scribonius Libo on another were making, the Pannonian and German armies were in absolute revolt. This was no time for making any change in the constitution of the imperial power, had he been so disposed ; as he was a man of deep measures, he held himself on the reserve with the senate, and suffered them to solicit his acceptance of the sovereign power upon their knees : He wished to have assessor in the government ; he would take his share, and whatever department in the state they should recommend to his charge, he would readily undertake. Had he persisted in refusing the empire, or had he attempted to throw the constitution back to its first principles of freedom, the mutinous legions would have forced the sovereignty upon Germanicus ; but by this suggestion of a partition he artfully founded the temper of the senate, where there were some leading men of very doubtful characters, whom Augustus had marked out in his last illness ; from

two of these, Asinius Gallus and L. Aruntius, Tiberius's proposal drew an answer, in which they demanded of him to declare what particular department of the state he would chuse to have committed to him. This was opening enough for one of his penetration, and he drew his conclusions upon the spot, evading for the time the snare that was laid for him.

The servile and excessive adulation of the senate soon convinced him, that the Roman spirit had suffered a total change under the reign of Augustus, and that the state might indeed be thrown into convulsions by any attempt at a change in favour of freedom, but that slavery and submission under a despotic master was their determined choice, and if the alternative was to lie between himself and any other there was little room for hesitation: Who more fit than the adopted heir of Augustus, and a descendant of the Claudian house, which ranked so high in the Patrician nobility, and so superior in pretensions of ancestry and merit to the Julian and Octavian gentry, from whom his predecessors were ignobly descended?

When the German and Pannonian mutinies were appeased, there seems to have been a period of repose, when he might have new modelled the constitution, had he been so disposed; but this I take to be appearance only, for those mutinies had been quelled by Germanicus and Drusus, and both these princes were in the adoption; and the latter of a very turbulent and ambitious spirit.

For

For the space of two compleat years Tiberius never stirred out of the doors of his palace, devoting his whole time to the affairs of government. In this period he certainly did many excellent things, and though his manners were not calculated for popularity, yet his reputation through the empire was universal; he regulated all domestic matters with consummate prudence, and on some occasions with a liberal and courteous spirit: In the distant provinces, where wars and disturbances were more frequent, public measures were more indebted for their success to the good policy of his instructions, than to the courage and activity of his generals, though Germanicus was of the number.

The death of that most amiable and excellent prince, which was imputed to the machinations of Cneius Piso, involved Tiberius in some degree in the same suspicion; but as Tacitus in his account of the event gives admission to an idle story of forceries and incantations practised by Piso for compassing the death of Germanicus, and states no circumstance that can give any reasonable ground for belief that he actually poisoned him, I am not inclined to give credit to the transaction, even in respect to Piso's being guilty of the murder, much less with regard to Tiberius. Tacitus indeed hints at secret orders supposed by some to have been given by the Emperor to Piso; but this, which at best is mere matter of report, does not go to the affair of the poisoning, but only to some private intimations, in which the empress was chief mover, for mortifying the pride of Agrippina. It is not to be supposed, when Piso
openly

openly returned to Rome, and stood a public trial, that these orders, had any such existed, could have been so totally suppressed, that neither the guilty person should avail himself of them, nor any one member of so great and numerous a family produce them in vindication of him when yet living, or of his memory after death; and this in no period of time, not even when the Claudian family were superseded in the empire, and anecdotes were industriously collected to blacken the character of Tiberius.

The death of Drusus followed that of Germanicus, and the same groundless suspicions were levelled at the emperor; but these are rejected by Tacitus with contempt, and the words he uses, which are very strong, are a proper answer to both imputations—*Neque quisquam scriptor tam infensus exstitit, ut Tiberio objectarat, cum omnia conquirerent, intenderentque.*

It would have been most happy for the memory of Tiberius had his life been terminated at this fatal period; henceforward he seems to have been surrendered to desperation and disgust; he retired to the Campania, and devolved the government upon his minister Sejanus; there were times, in which some marks of his former spirit appeared, but they were short and transient emanations; the basest of mankind had possession of his soul, and whether he was drugged by Sejanus and his agents, or that his brain was affected by a revulsion of that scrophulous humour, which broke out with such violence in his face and body, it seems highly natural to conjecture, that he was never in his sound mind during his secession in the island

of Caprea. A number of circumstances might be adduced in support of this conjecture ; it is sufficient to instance his extraordinary letter to the senate ; can words be found more expressive of a distracted and desperate state of mind than the following ?——*Quid scribam vobis, Patres Conscripti, aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino scribam hoc tempore, Dii me deaque pejus perdant, quam perire quotidie sentio, si scio.*

I beg leave now to repeat what I advanced in the outset of this paper, and which alone led me to the subject of it, that a detail comprising all the great and interesting events within the life of Tiberius, with reasonings and remarks judiciously interspersed, as these occurrences arise in the course of the narration, would compound such a body of useful precepts and instructions, as would apply to every species of example, which a prince should be taught either to imitate or avoid ; and these lessons would carry the greater force and recommendation with them, and have an advantage over all fabulous morals, by being incorporated with a real history of the most interesting sort.

N^o LXI.

*Primum Graius homo mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus——*

(LUCRETIVS.)

*At length a mighty man of Greece began
T' assert the natural liberty of man.*

(CREECH.)

THERE are so many young men of fortune and spirit in this kingdom, who, without the trouble of resorting to the founder of their philosophy, or giving themselves any concern about the *Graius homo* in my motto, have nevertheless fallen upon a practice so consentaneous to the doctrines, which he laid down by system, that I much question if any of his profest scholars ever did him greater credit, since the time he first struck out the popular project of driving all religion out of the world, and introducing pleasure and voluptuousness in his stead.

*Quare religio pedibus subjecta vicissim
Obteritur, nos exæquat victoria cælo.*

“ We tread religion under foot and rise
“ With self-created glory to the skies.”

So far from meaning to oppose myself to such a host of gay and happy mortals, I wish to gain
I 2 a merit

a merit with them by adding to their stock of pleasures, and suggesting some hints of enjoyments, which may be new to them; a discovery which they well know was considered by the kings of Persia, (who practised their philosophy in very antient times) as a service of such importance to all the sect, (who had even then worn out most of their old pleasures) that a very considerable reward was offered to the inventor of any new one. How the stock at present stands with our modern voluptuaries I cannot pretend to say, but I suspect from certain symptoms, which have fallen under my observation, that it is nearly run out with some amongst them; to such in particular I flatter myself my discoveries will prove of value, and I have for their use composed the following meditation, which I have put together in the form of a soliloquy, solving it step by step as regularly as any proposition in Euclid, and I will boldly vouch it to be as mathematically true. If there is any one *postulatum* in the whole, which the truest voluptuary will not admit to be orthodox Epicurism, I will consent to give up my system for nonsense and myself for an impostor; I condition only with the pupil of pleasure, that whilst he reads he will reflect, that he will deal candidly with the truth, and that he will once in his life permit a certain faculty called reason, which I hope he is possessed of, to come into use upon this occasion; a faculty, which though he may not hitherto have employed it, is yet capable of supplying him with more true and lasting pleasures, than any his philosophy can furnish.

I now

I now recommend him to the following meditation, which I have entitled—

“ THE VOLUPTUARY’S SOLILOQUY.

“ I FIND myself in possession of an estate, which has devolved upon me without any pains of my own : I have youth and health to enjoy it, and I am determined so to do : Pleasure is my object, and I must therefore so contrive as to make that object lasting and satisfactory : If I throw the means away, I can no longer compass the end ; this is self-evident ; I perceive therefore that I must not game ; for though I like play, I do not like to lose that, which alone can purchase every pleasure I propose to enjoy ; and I do not see that the chance of winning other people’s money can compensate for the pain I must suffer if I lose my own : An addition to my fortune can only give superfluities ; the loss of it may take away even necessities ; and in the mean time I have enough for every other gratification but the desperate one of deep play : It is resolved therefore that I will not be a gamester : There is not common sense in the thought, and therefore I renounce it.

“ But if I give up gaming, I will take my swing of pleasure ; that I am determined upon. I must therefore ask myself the question, what is pleasure ? Is it high living and hard drinking ? I have my own choice to make, therefore I must take some time to consider of it. There is nothing very elegant in it I must confess ; a glutton is but a sorry fellow, and a drunkard is a beast : Besides
I am

I am not sure my constitution can stand against it : I shall get the gout, that would be the devil ; I shall grow out of all shape ; I shall have a red face full of blotches, a foul breath and be loathsome to the women : I cannot bear to think of that, for I doat upon the women, and therefore adieu to the bottle and all its concomitants ; I prefer the favours of the fair sex to the company of the foakers, and so there is an end to all drinking ; I will be sober, only because I love pleasure.

“ But if I give up wine for women, I will repay myself for the sacrifice ; I will have the finest girls that money can purchase—Money, did I say ? What a found has that !—Am I to buy beauty with money, and cannot I buy love too ? for there is no pleasure even in beauty without love. I find myself gruelled by this unlucky question : Mercenary love ! that is nonsense ; it is flat hypocrisy ; it is disgusting. I should loath the fawning caresses of a dissembling harlot, whom I pay for false fondness : I find I am wrong again : I cannot fall in love with a harlot ; she must be a modest woman ; and when that befalls me, what then ? Why then, if I am terribly in love indeed, and cannot be happy without her, there is no other choice left me ; I think I must even marry her ! nay I am sure I must ; for if pleasure leads that way, pleasure is my object, and marriage is my lot : I am determined therefore to marry, only because I love pleasure.

“ Well ! now that I have given up all other women for a wife, I am resolved to take pleasure enough in the possession of her ; I must be cautious therefore that nobody else takes the same pleasure
sure

sure too ; for otherwise how have I bettered myself ? I might as well have remained upon the common. I should be a fool indeed to pay such a price for a purchase, and let in my neighbours for a share ; therefore I am determined to keep her to myself, for pleasure is my only object, and this I take it is a sort of pleasure, that does not consist in participation.

“ The next question is, how I must contrive to keep her to myself.—Not by force ; not by locking her up ; there is no pleasure in that notion ; compulsion is out of the case ; inclination therefore is the next thing ; I must make it her own choice to be faithful : It seems then to be incumbent upon me to make a wise choice, to look well before I fix upon a wife, and to use her well, when I have fixed ; I will be very kind to her, because I will not destroy my own pleasure ; and I will be very careful of the temptations I expose her to, for the same reason. She shall not lead the life of your fine town ladies ; I have a charming place in the country ; I will pass most of my time in the country ; I will pass most of my time in the country ; there she will be safe and I shall be happy. I love pleasure, and therefore I will have little to do with that curst intriguing town of London ; I am determined to make my house in the country as pleasant as it is possible.

“ But if I give up the gaieties of a town life, and the club, and the gaming-table, and the girls, for a wife and the country, I will have the sports of the country in perfection ; I will keep the best pack of hounds in England, and hunt every day in the week.—But hold a moment there ! what will

will become of my wife all the while I am following the hounds? Will she follow nobody; will nobody follow her? A pretty figure I shall make to be chasing a stag and come home with the horns. At least I shall not risque the experiment; I shall not like to leave her at home, and I cannot take her with me, for that would spoil my pleasure; and I hate a horse-dog woman; I will keep no whipper-in in petticoats. I perceive therefore I must give up the hounds, for I am determined nothing shall stand in the way of my pleasure.

“ Why then I must find out some amusements that my wife can partake in; we must ride about the park in fine weather; we must visit the grounds, and the gardens, and plan out improvements, and make plantations; it will be rare employment for the poor people—That is a thought that never struck me before; methinks there must be a great deal of pleasure in setting the poor to work—I shall like a farm for the same reason; and my wife will take pleasure in a dairy; she shall have the most elegant dairy in England; and I will build a conservatory, and she shall have such plants and such flowers!—I have a notion I shall take pleasure in them myself—And then there are a thousand things to do within-doors; it is a fine old mansion that is the truth of it: I will give it an entire repair; it wants new furniture; that will be very pleasant work for my wife: I perceive I could not afford to keep hounds and to do this into the bargain. But this will give me the most pleasure all to nothing, and then my wife will partake of it—And we will have music and books—I recollect that I have got an excellent library—

library—There is another pleasure I had never thought of—And then no doubt we shall have children, and they are very pleasant company, when they can talk and understand what is said to them; and now I begin to reflect, I find there are a vast many pleasures in the life I have chalked out, and what a fool should I be to throw away my money at the gaming-table, or my health at any table, or my affections upon harlots, or my time upon hounds and horses, or employ either money, health, affections, or time, in any other pleasures or pursuits, than these, which I now perceive will lead me to solid happiness in this life, and secure a good chance for what may befall me hereafter!”

Nº LXII.

*Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere satius esse credo, quam metu.*
(TERENT.)

*Better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleness and modesty than fear.*
(COLMAN.)

GEMINUS and Gemellus were twin-sons of a country gentleman of fortune, whom I shall call Euphorion; when they were of age to begin
I 5 their

their grammar learning, Euphorion found himself exceedingly puzzled to decide upon the best mode of education; he had read several treatises on the subject, which instead of clearing up his difficulties had encreased them; he had consulted the opinions of his friends and neighbours, and he found these so equally divided, and so much to be said on both sides, that he could determine upon neither; unfortunately for Euphorion he had no partialities of his own, for the good gentleman had little or no education himself: The clergyman of the parish preached up the moral advantages of private tuition, the lawyer, his near neighbour, dazzled his imagination with the connections and knowledge of the world to be gained in a public school. Euphorion perceiving himself in a streight between two roads, and not knowing which to prefer, cut the difficulty by taking both; so that Geminus was put under private tuition of the clergyman above mentioned, and Gemellus was taken up to town by the lawyer to be entered at Westminster school.

Euphorion having thus put the two systems fairly to issue waited the event, but every time that Gemellus came home at the breaking-up, the private system rose and the public sunk on the comparison in the father's mind, for Gemellus's appearance no longer kept pace with his brother's; wild and ragged as a colt, battered and bruised and dishevelled he hardly seemed of the same species with the spruce little master in the parlour; Euphorion was shocked to find that his manners were no less altered than his person, for he herded with the servants in the stable, was
for

for ever under the horses' heel, and foremost in all games and sports with the idle boys of the parish; this was a fore offence in Euphorion's eyes, for he abhorred low company, and being the first gentleman of his family seemed determined to keep up to the title: Misfortunes multiplied upon poor Gemellus, and every thing conspired to put him in complete disgrace, for he began to corrupt his brother, and was detected in debauching him to a game at cricket, from which Geminus was brought home with a bruise on the shin, that made a week's work for the surgeon; and what was still worse, there was conviction of the blow being given by a ball from Gemellus's batt; this brought on a severe interdiction of all further fellowship between the brothers, and they were effectually kept apart for the future.

A suspicion now took place in the father's mind, that Gemellus had made as little progress in his books, as he had in his manners; but as this was a discovery he could not venture upon in person, he substituted his proxy for the undertaking. Gemellus had so many evasions and *alibis* in resource, that it was long before the clergyman could bring the case to a hearing, and the report was not very favourable in any sense to the unlucky school-boy, for Gemellus had been seized with a violent fit of sneezing in the crisis of examination, to the great annoyance of the worthy preceptor, who was forced to break up the conference *re infecta* and in some disorder, for amongst other damages, which had accrued to his person and apparel, he presented himself to the wondering eyes of Euphorion with a huge black
bush

bush wig stuck full of paper darts, and as thickly spiked as the back of a porcupine. The culprit was instantly summoned and made no other defence, than that *they* *slipt out of his hand, and he did not go to do it.* “Are these your Westminster tricks, firrah?” cried the angry father, and aiming a blow at his scull with his crutch, brought the wrong person to the ground; for the nimble culprit had slipped out of the way, and Euphorion, being weak and gouty, literally followed the blow and was laid sprawling on the floor: Gemellus flew to his assistance, and jointly with the parson got him on his legs, but his anger was now so enflamed, that Gemellus was ordered out of the room under sentence of immediate dismissal to school; Euphorion declared he was so totally spoiled, that he would not be troubled with him any longer in his family, else he would instantly have reversed his education; it was now too late, (he observed to the parson, whilst he was drawing the paper darts from his wig) and therefore he should return to the place from whence he came, and order was given for passing him off by the stage next morning.

A question was asked about his holiday-task, but Geminus, who had now entered his father's chamber, in a mild and pacifying tone assured Euphorion that his brother was provided in that respect, for that he himself had done the task for him: This was pouring oil upon flame, and the idle culprit was once more called to the bar to receive a most severe reprimand for his meanness in imposing on his brother's good-nature, with many dunces and blockheads cast in his teeth,
for

for not being able to do his own business. Gemellus was nettled with these reproaches, but more than all with his brother for betraying him, and, drawing the task out of his pocket, rolled it in his hand and threw it towards the author, saying "he was a shabby fellow; and for his part he scorned to be obliged to any body, that would do a favour and then boast of it."—Recollecting himself in a moment afterwards, he turned towards his father, and begged his pardon for all offences; "he hoped he was not such a block-head, but he could do his task, if he pleased, and he would instantly set about it and send it down, to convince him, that he could do his own business without any body's help." So saying, he went out of the room in great haste, and in less time than could be expected brought down a portion of *sacred exercise* in hexameter verse, which the parson candidly declared was admirably well performed for his years, adding, that although it was not without faults, there were some passages, that bespoke the dawning of genius—"I am obliged to you, Sir," said Gemellus, "it is more than I deserve, and I beg your pardon for the impertinence I have been guilty of"—The tears started in his eyes as he said this, and he departed without any answer from his father.

He had no sooner left the room than he perceived Geminus had followed him, and, being piqued with his late treatment, turned round and with a disdainful look said—"Brother Geminus, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; if you was at Westminster, there is not a boy in the school
would

would acknowledge you after so scandalous a behaviour."—"I care neither for you nor your school," answered the domestic youth, "it is you and not I should be ashamed of such reprobate manners, and I shall report you to my father."—"Do so," replied Gemellus, "and take that with you into the bargain."—This was immediately seconded with a sound slap on the face with his open hand, which however drew the blood in a stream from his nostrils, and he ran screaming to Euphorion, who came out upon the alarm with all the speed he could muster. Gemellus stood his ground, and after a severe caning was ordered to ask pardon of his brother: This he peremptorily refused to do, alledging that he had been punished already, and to be beaten and beg pardon too was more than he would submit to. No menaces being able to bring this refractory spirit to submission, he was sent off to school penniless, and a letter was written to the master, setting forth his offence, and in strong terms censuring his want of discipline for not correcting so stubborn a temper and so idle a disposition.

When he returned to school the master sent for him to his house, and questioned him upon the matter of complaint in his father's letter, observing that the charge being for offences out of school he did not think it right to call him publicly to account; but as he believed him to be a boy of honour, he expected to hear the whole truth fairly related: This drew forth the whole narrative, and Gemellus was dismissed with a gentle admonition, that could hardly be construed into a rebuke.

When

When the next holidays were in approach, Gemellus received the following letter from his brother.

“ BROTHER GEMELLUS,

“ If you have duly repented of your behaviour to me, and will signify your contrition, asking pardon as becomes you for the violence you have committed, I will intercede with my father, and hope to obtain his permission for your coming home in the ensuing holidays: If not, you must take the consequences and remain where you are, for on this condition only I am to consider myself,

Your affectionate brother,

GEMINUS.”

To this letter Gemellius returned an answer as follows.

“ DEAR BROTHER,

“ I am sorry to find you still bear in mind a boyish quarrel so long past; be assured I have entirely forgiven your behaviour to me, but I cannot recollect any thing in mine to you, which I ought to ask your pardon for: Whatever consequences may befall me for not complying with your condition, I shall remain

Your affectionate brother,

GEMELLUS.”

N^o LXIII.

Naturâ tu illi pater es, consiliis ego.

(TERENT.)

By nature you're his father ; I by counsel.

(COLMAN.)

THIS letter fixed the fate of Gemellus : Regiments are not easily dislodged from narrow minds ; Euphorion had not penetration to distinguish between the characters of his children ; he saw no meanness in the sly insidious manners of his homebred favourite, nor any sparks of generous pride in the steady inflexibility of Gemellus ; he little knew the high principle of honour, which even the youngest spirits communicate to each other in the habits and manners of a public school. He bitterly inveighed against his neighbour the lawyer for persuading him to such a fatal system of education, and whenever they met in company their conversation was engrossed with continual arguings and reproachings ; for neither party receded from his point, and Gemellus's advocate was as little disposed to give him up, as his father was to excuse him. At last they came to a compromise, by which Euphorion agreed to charge his estate with an annuity for the education and support of Gemellus, which annuity during his nonage was to be received and administered

administered by the said lawyer, and Geminus left heir of the whole fortune, this moderate encumbrance excepted.

The disinterested and proscribed offender was now turned over to the care of the lawyer, who regularly defrayed his school expences, and never failed to visit him at those periods, when country practitioners usually resort to town. The boy, apprized of his situation, took no further pains to assuage his father's resentment, but full of resources within himself, and possessed of an active and aspiring genius, pressed forward in his business, and soon found himself at the head of the school, with the reputation of being the best scholar in it.

He had formed a close friendship, according to the custom of great schools, with a boy of his own age, the son of a nobleman of high distinction, in whose family Gemellus was a great favourite, and where he never failed to pass his holidays, when the school adjourned. His good friend and guardian the lawyer saw the advantages of this early connection in their proper light, and readily consented to admit his ward of the same college in the university, when Gemellus and his friend had compleated their school education. Here the attachment of these young men became more and more solid, as they advanced nearer to manhood, and after a course of academical studies, in which Gemellus still improved the reputation he brought from Westminster, it was proposed that he should accompany his friend upon his travels, and a proper governor was engaged for that service. This proposal
rather

rather staggered Gemellus's guardian on the score of expence, and he now found it necessary for the first time to open himself to Euphorion. With this intent he called upon him one morning, and taking him aside, told him, he was come to confer with him on the subject of Gemellus—"I am sorry for it," interposed Euphorion. "Hold, Sir," answered the lawyer, "interrupt me not, if you please; tho' Gemellus is my ward, he is your son; and if you have the natural feelings of a father, you will be proud to acknowledge your right in him as such."—As he was speaking these words, an awkward servant burst into the room, and staring with fright and confusion, told his master there was a great lord in a fine equipage had actually driven up to the hall door, and was asking to speak with him. Euphorion's surprise was now little less than his servant's, and not being in the habit of receiving visits from people of distinction, he early demanded of the lawyer who this visitor could possibly be, and casting an eye of embarrassment upon his gouty foot—"I am not fit to be seen," said he, "and cannot tell how to escape; for heaven's sake! go and see who this visitor is, and keep him from the sight of me, if it be possible."

Euphorion had scarce done speaking, when the door was thrown open, and the noble stranger, who was no less a person than the father of Gemellus's friend, made his approach, and having introduced himself to Euphorion, and apologized for the abruptness of his visit, proceeded to explain the occasion of it in the following words:—
"I wait upon you, Sir, with a request, in which
I flatter

I flatter myself I shall be seconded* by this worthy gentleman here present : You have the honour to be father to one of the most amiable and accomplished young men I ever knew ; it may not become me to speak so warmly of my own son as perhaps I might with truth, but I flatter myself it will be some recommendation of him to your good opinion, when I tell you that he is the friend and intimate of your Gemellus : They have now gone through school and college together, and according to my notions of the world such early connections, when they are well chosen, are amongst the chief advantages of a public education ; but as I now purpose to send my son upon his travels, and in such a manner as I flatter myself will be for his benefit and improvement, I hope you will pardon this intrusion, when I inform you that the object of it is to solicit your consent that Gemellus may accompany him."

Euphorion's countenance, whilst this speech was addressed to him, underwent a variety of changes ; surprize at hearing such an unexpected character of his son was strongly exprest ; a gleam of joy seemed to break out, but was soon dispelled by shame and vexation at the reflection of having abandoned him ; he attempted to speak, but confusion choaked him ; he cast a look of embarrassment upon the lawyer, but the joy and triumph, which his features exhibited, appeared to him like insult, and he turned his eyes on the ground in silence and despair. No one emotion had escaped the observation of Gemellus's patron, who, turning to the lawyer, said he believed he need not affect to be ignorant of Gemellus's

lus's situation, and then addressing himself again to Euphorion—"I can readily understand," said he, "that such a proposal as I have now opened to you, however advantageous it might promise to be to your son, would not correspond with your ideas in point of expence, nor come within the compass of that limited provision, which you have thought fit to appoint for him: This is a matter, of which I have no pretensions to speak; you have disposed of your fortune between your sons in the proportions you thought fit, and it must be owned a youth, who has had a domestic education, stands the most in need of a father's help, from the little chance there is of his being able to take care of himself: Gemellus has talents that must secure his fortune, and if my services can assist him, they shall never be wanting; in the mean time it is very little for me to say that my purse will furnish their joint occasions, whilst they are on their travels, and Gemellus's little fund, which is in honest and friendly hands, will accumulate in the interim."

The length of this speech would have given Euphorion time to recollect himself, if the matter of it had not presented some unpleasant truths to his reflection, which incapacitated him from making a deliberate reply; he made a shift however to hammer out some broken sentences, and with as good a grace as he could, attempted to palliate his neglect of Gemellus by pleading his infirm state of health, and retirement from the world—he had put him into the hands of his friend, who was present, and as he best knew what answer to give to the proposal in question, he

he referred his lordship to him and would abide by his decision—he was glad to hear so favourable an account of him—it was far beyond his expectations; he hoped his lordship's partiality would not be deceived in him, and he was thankful for the kind expressions he had thrown out of his future good offices and protection.—The noble visitor now desired leave to introduce his son, who was waiting in the coach, and hoped Gemellus might be allowed to pay his duty at the same time. This was a surprize upon Euphorion, which he could not parry, and the young friends were immediately ushered in by the exulting lawyer.—Gemellus commanded himself with great address; but the father's look, when he first discovered an elegant and manly youth in the bloom of health and comeliness, with an open countenance, where genius, courage and philanthropy were characterized, is not to be described: It was a mixed expression of shame, conviction, and repentance; nature had her shame in it; parental love seemed to catch a glance, as it were, by stealth; he was silent, and his lips quivered with the supprest emotions of his heart. Gemellus approached and made an humble obeisance; Euphorion stretched forth his hand; he seized it between his, and reverently pressed it to his lips. Their meeting was not interrupted by a word, and the silence was only broken by my lord, who told Gemellus in a low voice, that his father had consented to his request, and he had no longer cause to apprehend a separation from his friend: The honest lawyer now could no longer express his ecstasy, but running to Gemellus, who met his embrace with open

open arms, showered a flood of tears upon his neck, and received the tribute of gratitude and affection in return upon his own.

When their spirits were a little composed, Gemellus requested to see his brother; a summons was accordingly issued, and Geminus made his entrance. The contrast which this meeting exhibited, spoke in stronger terms than language can supply, the decided preference of a public and liberal system of education, to the narrow maxims of private and domestic tuition. On Gemellus's part all was candour, openness and cordiality; he hoped all childish differences were forgiven; for his share, if he called them to remembrance, it was only to regret, that he had been so long separated from a brother, who was naturally so dear to him; for the remainder of their lives he persuaded himself they should be twins in affection, as well as birth. On the side of Geminus there was some acting, and some nature; but both were specimens of the worst sort; hypocrisy played his part but awkwardly, and nature gave a sorry sample of her performances.

A few words will suffice to wind up their histories, so far at least as they need be explained: Euphorion died soon after this interview; Geminus inherited his fortune, and upon his very first coming to London was cajoled into a disgraceful marriage with a cast-off mistress, whom he became acquainted with; duped by a profligate and plundered by sharpers, he made a miserable waste both of money and reputation, and in the event became a pensioner of his brother.—

Gemellus

Gemellus with great natural talents, improved by education and experience, with an excellent nature and a laudable ambition, seconded by a very powerful connection, soon rose to a distinguished situation in the state, where he yet continues to act a conspicuous part, to the honour of his country, and with no less reputation to himself.

No LXIV.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

(LUCRETIVS.)

Such cruelties religion could persuade.

(CREECH.)

I REMEMBER to have read an account in a foreign Gazette of a dreadful fire, which broke out so suddenly in a house, where a great many people were assembled, that five hundred persons perished miserably in the flames: The compiler of this account subjoins at the foot of the above melancholy article, that it is with satisfaction he can assure his readers, *all the above persons were Jews.*

These poor people seem the butt, at which all sects and persuasions level their contempt: They are sojourners and aliens in every kingdom on earth,

earth, and yet few have the hospitality to give them a welcome. •I do not know any good reason why these unhappy wanderers are so treated, for they do not intrude upon the labourer or manufacturer; they do not burthen the state with their poor, and here at least they neither till the earth, nor work at any craft, but content themselves in general to hawk about a few refuse manufactures, and buy up a few cast-off clothes, which no man methinks would envy them the monopoly of.

It is to the honour of our nation, that we tolerate them in the exercise of their religion, for which the Inquisition would tie them to a stake and commit them to the flames. In some parts of the world the burning of a few makes a festival for all good Christians; it brings rain and plenty in seasons of drought and famine; it makes atonement for the sins of the people, and mitigates the wrath of an avenging Providence.—Wherever they are obliged to conceal their religion, they generally overact their hypocrisy, and crowd their houses with saints and virgins; whilst crucifixes, charms and relicks are hung in numbers round their necks. The son of Jewish parents is brought up in the most rigid exercises of mortification and penance, and when the destined moment is in near approach, when the parent must impart the dreadful secret of his faith, every contrivance is put in practice to disgust and weary him with the laborious functions of their ostensible religion: When this preparatory rigour is perceived to take effect, and the age of the son is ripe for the occasion, the father takes him into the

L

inmost

inmost chamber of his house, fastens all the doors, surveys every avenue with the most mysterious attention, and drawing his sword with great solemnity, throws himself on his knees at his feet, and laying open his breast, invites him to thrust the point to his heart—*For know, my son, he cries, I am a Jew, as all my fathers were: Kill me therefore on the spot, or conform to the religion of your ancestors, for you are damned as a catholic, if, knowing what you know, you neglect to betray me!* This, as I have reason to believe, is no feigned anecdote, but a true account of those secret measures, which many Jewish families to this hour pursue for continuing the practice of their religion and securing themselves from discovery, where the consequences would be so fatal.

Having thus, by way of prelude, briefly informed my readers what these miserable people are suffering in some countries, where they are secretly settled, I shall now proceed to lay before them a letter, which I have lately received from one of that persuasion, complaining of certain indignities and vexations from the humours of our common people, which, although they are but trifles compared to what I have been describing, are nevertheless unbecoming the character of so illuminated and benevolent a nation as we have the honour to belong to.

SIR,

I AM a man, who stick close to my business, and am married to a sober industrious woman, whom I should be glad now and then to treat with

VOL. II.

K

a play,

a play, which is the only public amusement she has ever expressed a wish to be indulged in; but I am really under such difficulties, that I dare not carry her thither, and at the same time do not like to discover my reasons for it, as I should be sorry to give her a dislike to the country she is in.

You must know, Sir, I am a Jew, and probably have that national cast of countenance, which a people so separate and unmixed may well be supposed to have: The consequence of this is, that I no sooner enter a playhouse, than I find all eyes turned upon me; if this were the worst, I would strive to put as good a face upon it as I could; but this is sure to be followed up with a thousand scurrilities, which I should blush to repeat, and which I cannot think of subjecting my wife to hear.

As I should really take great pleasure in a good play, if I might be permitted to sit it out in peace, I have tried every part of the house, but the front boxes, where I observe such a line of bullies in the back, that even if I were a Christian I would not venture amongst them; but I no sooner put my head into an obscure corner of the gallery, than some fellow or other roars out to his comrades—*Smoke the Jew!*—*Smoke the cunning little Isaac!*—*Throw him over*, says another, *hand over the smutch!*—*Out with Shylock*, cries a third, *out with the pound of man's flesh*—*Buckles and buttons!* *Spectacles!* bawls out a fourth—and so on through the whole gallery, till I am forced to retire out of the theatre, amongst hootings and hissings, with a shower of rotten apples and chewed oranges vollied at my head, when all the offence

fence I have given is an humble offer to be a peaceable spectator, jointly with them, of the same common amusement.

I hope I shall not incur your displeasure if I venture to say this is not very manly treatment in a great and generous people, which I always took the English to be; I have lodged my property, which is not inconsiderable, in this country, and having no abiding-place on this earth, which I could call my own, I have made England my choice, thinking it the safest asylum that a wanderer and an alien could fly to; I hope I have not been mistaken in my opinion of it: It has frequently fallen in my way to shew some kindnesses to your countrymen in foreign parts, and some are yet living, who, if they could speak the truth, must confess that their best friend in life is a Jew: But of these things I scorn to boast; however, Sir, I must own it gave me some pain the other night to find myself very roughly handled by a seafaring fellow, whom I remembered well enough in a most piteous condition at Algiers, where I had the good will to relieve him and set him at liberty with my own money: I hope he did not recollect me; I say I hope not for the honour of human nature, but I am much afraid he did: This I am sure would be called ingratitude even in a heathen.

I observe with much concern that your great writers of plays take delight in hanging us out to public ridicule and contempt on all occasions: If ever they are in search of a rogue, an usurer or a buffoon, they are sure to make a Jew serve the turn: I verily believe the odious character of Shylock has brought little less persecution upon

us poor scattered sons of Abraham, than the Inquisition itself. As I am interested to know if this blood-thirsty villain really existed in nature, and have no means to satisfy my curiosity but your favour, I take the liberty humbly to request that you will tell me how the case truly stands, and whether we must of necessity own this Shylock; also I should be glad to know of what tribe this fellow was, for if such a monster did exist, I have strong suspicion he will turn out a Samaritan. As I cannot doubt but a gentleman of your great learning knows all these things correctly, I shall wait your answer with the most anxious impatience; and pray be particular as to the tribe of Judah, for if nothing less than half my fortune could oust him there, I would pay it down to be rid of such a rascal.

Your compliance with the above will be the greatest obligation you can confer upon, Sir,

Your most devoted

humble servant,

ABRAHAM ABRAHAMS.

P. S. I hope I shall not give offence by adding a postscript, to say, that if you could persuade one of the gentlemen or ladies, who write plays (with all of whom I conclude you have great interest) to give us poor Jews a kind lift in a new comedy, I am bold to promise we should not prove ungrateful on a third night.

A. A.

If I had really that interest with my ingenious contemporaries, which *Mr. Abrahams* gives me credit for, I would not hesitate to exert it in his service; but as I am afraid this is not the case, I have taken the only method in my power of being useful to him, and have published his letter.

As for Shylock, who is so obnoxious to my correspondent, I wish I could prove him the son of a Samaritan as clearly as Simon Magus; but I flatter myself the next best thing for his purpose is to prove him the son of a poet, and that I will endeavour to do in my very next paper, with this further satisfaction to *Mr. Abrahams*, that I do not despair of taking him down a step in his pedigree, which for a poetical one is, as it now stands, of the very first family in the kingdom.

As for the vulgar fun of *smoaking a Jew*, which so prevails amongst us, I am persuaded that my countrymen are much too generous and good-natured to sport with the feelings of a fellow-creature, if they were once fairly convinced that a Jew is their fellow-creature, and really has fellow-feelings with their own: Satisfy them in this point, and their humanity will do the rest: I will therefore hope that nothing more is wanting in behalf of my correspondent, (who seems a very worthy man) than to put the following short questions to his persecutors—*Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you prick them, do they not bleed? If you tickle them, do they not laugh?*

If you poison them, do they not die?—The man, who can give a serious answer to these questions, and yet persist in persecuting an unoffending being, because he is a Jew, whatever country he may claim, or whatever religion he may profess, has the soul of an inquisitor, and is fit for nothing else but to feed the fires of an *Auto da Fe*.

When I turn my thought to the past and present situation of this peculiar people, I do not see how any Christian nation according to the spirit of their religion can refuse admission to the Jews, who, in completion of those very prophecies, on which Christianity rests, are to be scattered and disseminated amongst all people and nations over the face of the earth. It seems therefore a thing as inconsistent with the spirit of those prophecies for any one nation to attempt to expel them, as it would be to incorporate them.

The sin and obduracy of their forefathers are amongst the undoubted records of our gospel, but I doubt if this can be a sufficient reason, why we should hold them in such general odium through so many ages, seeing how naturally the son follows the faith of the father, and how much too general a thing it is amongst mankind to profess any particular form of religion, that devolves upon them by inheritance, rather than by free election and conviction of reason founded upon examination.

Let me put the case of a man born a Jew and settled in a kingdom, where the Inquisition is in force; can he reconcile his natural feelings to a conversion in favour of that church, which denounces everlasting damnation against him, if he
does

does not betray the secrets of his parents, and impeach them to the Inquisition for the concealed religion, which he knows they practise, though they do not profess?

If we as Christians owe some respect to the Jews as the people chosen by God to be the keepers of those prophetic records, which announce the coming of the Messiah we owe it also to the truth of history to confess, that the hope indulged by them that his coming would bring temporal as well as spiritual salvation, was general to all the nation. Their ancient sages had united the military with the prophetic character; some had headed their armies; all had gone forth with them, and even their women had contributed to the downfall of their enemies and oppressors: They had been delivered from their Egyptian and Babylonish thralldom by the arm of God; the yoke of Rome laid no less heavy on their necks; and they regarded their former deliverance as types and forerunners of the greater deliverance to come, when the Son of God should descend upon earth in the plenitudes of his power to rid them from their enemies and oppressors.

In place of this glittering but delusive vision they beheld a meek and humble man, a teacher of peaceful doctrines, who went about preaching forgiveness of injuries and submission to authorities. They asked him (and the question was a proving one) whether he would have them render tribute unto Cæsar: He told them in reply they should render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, tribute to whom tribute was due: Mortifying reply! extinguishing at once their

hopes and their ambition. Still there was something about him that converted many and staggered all; never man spoke as he spoke, never man did what he did; he had evident power of working miracles; the hand of God was with him, and the operations of nature were under his controul: His power was great, but was not great to their purposes, and therefore they denied that it was derived from God; they charged him with being a magician, and casting out devils by the aid of the prince of the devils: A likely intercourse between the representatives of light and of darkness; a notable collusion between heaven and hell; if Beelzebub was to be charged with conspiring to cast out Beelzebub, it was at least incumbent on the abettors of the charge to prove that any being, endowed with such power, could be so devoid of intelligence.

Conviction and rebuke only rendered them more furious and inveterate; despairing at length of employing his power against Rome, they resolved upon turning the power of Rome against him: They impeached him before Pilate the Roman procurator; Pilate unwillingly at their urgent requisition sentenced him to ignominious execution; disavowing in the strongest terms his share in the act, and by the figurative exculpation of washing his hands in public view, purifying, (as far as such a ceremony could purify) his tribunal from the guilt of spilling innocent blood.

Can it be a wonder with us at this hour that the Jews should persist in avowing their unbelief in the Messias? If they admit the evidences of the Christian religion, do they not become their
own

own accusers ? And this, although it be no reason why a man should shut his eyes against the truth, will yet be a motive, allowing for the imperfection of human nature, why he should not seek for it.

N^o LXV.

I SLIGHTLY hinted in my former paper that the Jew of Venice would not turn out to be the proper offspring of Shakespear, and as the researches of his commentators settled this point so clearly against the legitimacy of Shylock, I may leave it with the reader's judgment to decide whether he formed his drama immediately from the *Pecorone* of *Fiorentina*, borrowing the incident of the caskets from Boccace ; or at second hand, as some suppose, from an old ballad formed upon that story.

But I had a further object in the hint I then dropt, suggested to me by the perusal of a very curious old novel written by *Thomas Nashe*, and published in 1594, intituled *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jacke Wilton*. The hero is described to be one of the court-pages belonging to Henry the Eighth, and is made to play a number of roguish pranks in the camp of that monarch before Tournay. He travels to Munster in Ger-

many, where he falls in with John of Leyden the famous fanatic, and is present at his defeat by the Imperialists; here he meets Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Surry, and accompanies him to Venice, passing through Wittenberg, where he has an interview with Luther and Carlostadius; from thence he repairs to Rome, where he relates a series of strange adventures, by which he is thrown into the hands of a Jew named Zadock, physician to Pope Clement VIII. and having forfeited his life to him by the law, the Jew gets the person of Jack Wilton in limbo with an intent to anatomize him, and whilst he is dieting and bleeding him for that purpose, the Marchioness of Mantua, the Pope's mistress, spies him out from her balcony, and being smitten with his appearance, contrives to get him out of Zadock's hands, by persuading his holiness to banish all the Jews from Rome and confiscate their effects, upon a charge she sets up against them.

With this intelligence Zadock is accosted by a brother Jew called Zachary, "who comes running to him in sackcloth and ashes, presently after his goods were confiscated, and tells him how he is served and what decree is coming out against them all."

I have made an extract of this interview between Zadock and Zachary, which the reader will observe by the date was published before Shakespear wrote his Merchant of Venice, and as the critics seem agreed that he was conversant in other works of Nashe, it is highly probable that this history of *Jacke Wilton* had also been in his hands: I do not mean to infer that Shakespear took

took his character of Shylock from this of Nashe's Zadock, for there is nothing that can warrant such an inference; but I shall submit the following dialogue as an extraordinary specimen of strong empassioned writing, which though it will not stand by Skakespear's scene between Shylock and Tubal in dramatic terseness, has nevertheless a force of expression, that will bear a comparison with that or any other passage in our old dramatic writers.

Zachary having made his report as above, the author thus proceeds to the introduction of his chief speaker—"Descriptions stand by! here is to be expressed the fury of Lucifer, when he was turned over heaven's bar for a wrangler: There is a toad-fish, which taken out of the water swells more than one would think his skin could hold, and bursts in his face that touches him; so swelled Zadock, and was ready to burst out of his skin, and shoot his bowels like chain-shot full in Zachary's face, for bringing him such baleful tidings; his eyes glared and burned like brimstone and aqua vitæ set on fire in an egg-shell; his very nose lightened glow-worms; his teeth cracked and grated together like the joints of a high building rocking like a cradle, when as a tempest takes her full-butt against her broadside: He swore and curst, and said—

"These be they that worship that crucified God of Nazareth; here is the fruits of their new-found gospel; sulphur and gunpowder carry them all quick to Gehennah! I would spend my soul willingly to have this triple-headed Pope,
with

with all his sin-absolved whores, and oil-greased priests, born like a black faint on the devil's backes in procession to the pit of perdition. Would I might sink presently into the earth, so I might blow up this Rome, this whore of Babylon into the air with my breath! If I must be banished, if these heathen dogs will needs rob me of my goods, I will poison their springs and conduit-heads, whence they receive their water all about the city. I will 'tise all the young children into my house, that I can get, and cutting throats, barrel them up in powdering beef tubs, and so send them to victual the Pope's gallies. Ere the officers come to extend, I will bestow an hundred pounds on a dole of bread, which I will cause to be kneaded with scorpion's oil, that may kill more than the plague. I will hire them that make their wafers, or sacramentary Gods, to mix them after the same sort, so in the zeal of their superstitious religion shall they languish and drop like carrion. If there be ever a blasphemous conjurer, that can call the winds from their brazen caves, and make the clouds travel before their time, I will give him the other hundred pounds to disturb the heavens a whole week together with thunder and lightning, if it be for nothing but to sower all the wines in Rome, and turn them to vinegar: As long as they have either oil or wine, this plague feeds but pinchingly upon them."

"Zadock, Zadock," said Zachary cutting him off, 'thou threatenest the air, whilst we perish here on earth: It is the countess Juliana, the Marquis of Mantua's wife, and no other, that hath

bath plotted our confusion; ask not how, but insist on my words, and assist in revenge.'

"As how, as how?" said Zadock, shrugging and shrubbing; 'More happy than the patriarchs were I, if crushed to death with the greatest torments Rome's tyrants have tried, there might be quintessenced out of me one quart of precious poison. I have a leg with an issue, shall I cut it off, and from this fount of corruption extract a venom worse than any serpent's? If thou wilt, I will go to a house that is infected, where catching the plague, and having got a running sore upon me, I will come and deliver her a supplication, and breathe upon her, when I am perfected with more putrefaction."

Zadock in conclusion is taken up and executed, and the description of his tortures is terrible in the extreme; every circumstance attending them is minutely delineated in colours full as strong as the above.

I persuade myself the reader will not be displeased, if I lay before him one extract more, in which he ridicules the affected dress and manners of the travelled gentlemen of his day: If we contemplate it as a painting of two hundred years standing, I think it must be allowed to be a very curious sketch.

"What is there in France to be learned more than in England, but falsehood in friendship, perfect slovenry and to love no man, but for my pleasure? I have known some that have continued there by the space of half a dozen years, and when they come home, they have hid a little weerish lean face under a broad French hat, kept a terrible coil with the dust in the street in
their

their long cloaks of grey paper, and spoken English strangely. Nought else have they profited by their travel, but to distinguish the true Bourdeaux grape, and know a cup of neat Gascoigne wine from wine of Orleans; yea and peradventure this also, to esteem of the p—x as a pimple, to wear a velvet patch on their face, and walk melancholy with their arms folded.

“ From Spain what bringeth our traveller? A scull-crowned hat of the fashion of an old deep porringer; a diminutive alderman’s ruff with short strings, like the droppings of a man’s nose; a close-bellied doublet coming down with a peake behind as far as the crupper, and cut off before by the breast-bone like a partlet or neckercher; a wide pair of gascoynes, which ungathered would make a couple of women’s riding-kirtles; huge hangers, that have half a cow-hide in them; a rapier that is lineally descended from half a dozen dukes at the least: Let his cloak be as long or as short as you will; if long, it is faced with Turkey grogeran ravelled; if short, it hath a cape like a calf’s tongue, and is not so deep in his whole length, nor so much cloth in it I will justify as only the standing cape of a Dutchman’s cloak. I have not yet touched all, for he hath in either shoe as much taffaty for his tyings, as would serve for an ancient; which serveth him (if you would have the mystery of it) of the own accord for a shoe-rag. If you talk with him, he makes a dish-cloth of his own country in comparison of Spain; but if you urge him particularly wherein it exceeds, he can give no instance, but in Spain they have better bread than any we have;

have; when (poor hungry slaves!) they may crumble it into water well enough and make misons with it, for they have not a good morsel of meat, except it be salt pilchers, to eat with it, all the year long; and, which is more, they are poor beggars, and lie in foul straw every night.

“Italy, the paradise of the earth, and the epicure’s heaven, how doth it form our young master? It makes him to kiss his hand like an ape, cringe his neck like a starveling, and play at *Hey-pass-repass-come-aloft*, when he salutes a man: From thence he brings the art of atheism, the art of epicurizing, the art of whoring, the art of poisoning, the art of sodomitry: The only probable good thing they have to keep us from utterly condemning it, is, that it maketh a man an excellent courtier, a curious carpet-knight; which is by interpretation a fine close lecher, a glorious hypocrite: It is now a privy note amongst the better sort of men, when they would set a singular mark or brand on a notorious villain, to say he hath been in Italy.”

I hope I need not observe that these descriptions are not here quoted for the truth they contain, but for the curiosity of them. Thomas Nashe was the bitterest satirist and controversialist of the age he lived in.

No LXVI.

I WAS some nights ago much entertained with an excellent representation of Mr. Congreve's comedy of *The Double Dealer*. When I reflected upon the youth of the author and the merit of the play, I acknowledged the truth of what the late Dr. Samuel Johnson says in his life of this poet, that *amongst all the efforts of early genius, which literary history records, I doubt whether any one can be produced that more surpasses the common limits of nature than the plays of Congreve.*

The author of this comedy in this dedication informs us, that he *designed the moral first, and to that moral invented the fable*; and does not know that he has borrowed one hint of it any where.—I made the plot, says he, *as strong as I could*; because it was single; and I made it single because I would avoid confusion, and was resolved to preserve the three unities of the drama. As it is impossible not to give full credit to this assertion, I must consider the resemblance which many circumstances in *The Double Dealer* bear to those in a comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, intitled *Cupid's Revenge*, as a casual coincidence; and I think the learned biographer above quoted had good reason to pronounce of Congreve, *that he is an original writer, who borrowed neither the models of his plot, nor the manner of his dialogue.*

Mellafont,

Mellafont, the nephew and heir of Lord Touchwood, being engaged to Cynthia, daughter of Sir Paul Pliant, the traversing this match forms the object or the plot, on which this comedy of *The Double Dealer* is constructed; the intrigue consists in the various artifices employed by Lady Touchwood and her agents for that purpose.

That the object is (as the author himself states it to be) *singly* this, will appear upon considering, that although the ruin of Mellafont's fortune is for a time effected by these contrivances, that are employed for traversing his marriage, yet it is rather a measure of necessity and self-defence in Lady Touchwood, than of original design; it springs from the artifice of incident, and belongs more properly to the intrigue, than to the object of the plot.

The making or obstructing marriages is the common hinge, on which most comic fables are contrived to turn, but in this match of Mellafont's, which the author has taken for the groundwork of his plot, I must observe that it would have been better to have given more interest to an event, which he has made the main object of the play: He has taken little pains to recommend the parties to his spectators, or to paint their mutual attachment with any warmth of colouring. Who will feel any concern whether Mellafont marries Cynthia or not, if they themselves appear indifferent on the occasion, and upon the eve of their nuptials converse in the following strain?

Mel.

Mel. *You seem thoughtful, Cynthia.*

Cyn. *I am thinking, tho' marriage makes man and wife one flesh, it leaves them still two fools, and they become more conspicuous by setting off one another.*

Mel. *That's only when two fools meet, and their follies are opposed.*

Cyn. *Nay, I have known two wits meet, and by the opposition of their wit, render themselves as ridiculous as fools. 'Tis an odd game we are going to play at; what think you of drawing stakes, and giving over in time?*

Mel. *No, hang it, that's not endeavouring to win, because it is possible we may lose—&c. &c.*

This scene, which proceeds throughout in the same strain, seems to confirm Dr. Johnson's remark, that Congreve formed a peculiar idea of comic excellence, which he supposed to consist in gay remarks and unexpected answers—that his scenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery or passion; his personages are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every sentence is to ward or strike; the contest of smartness is never intermitted; and his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate coruscations.

There is but one more interview between Cynthia and Mellafont, which is the opening of the fourth act, and this is of so flat and insipid a sort, as to be with reason omitted in representation: I think therefore it may be justly observed, that this match, for the prevention of which artifices of so virulent and diabolical a nature are practised by Lady Touchwood and *The Double Dealer*, is not pressed upon the feelings of the spectators in so interesting a manner, as it should and might have been.

Having

Having remarked upon the object of the plot, I shall next consider the intrigue; and for this purpose we must methodically trace the conduct of Lady Touchwood, who is the poet's chief engine, and that of her under-agent Maskwell.

The scene lies in Lord Touchwood's house, but whether in town or country does not appear.—Sir Paul Pliant, his lady and daughter, are naturally brought thither, upon the day preceding Cynthia's marriage, to adjust the settlement: Lord and Lady Froth, Careless and Brisk, are visitors on the occasion; Mellafont and Maskwell are inmates: This disposition is as happy as can be devised. The incident related by Mellafont to Careless, of the attempt upon him made by Lady Touchwood, artfully prepares us to expect every thing that revenge and passion can suggest for frustrating his happiness; and it is judicious to represent Mellafont incredulous as to the criminality of Maskwell's intercourse with Lady Touchwood; for if he had believed it upon Careless's suggestion, it would have made his blindness to the character of Maskwell not only weak, (which in fact it is) but unnatural and even guilty.

Maskwell in the first act makes general promises to Lady Touchwood that he will defeat Mellafont's match—*You shall possess and ruin him too.*—The lady presses him to explain particulars; he opens no other resource but that of possessing Lady Pliant with an idea that Mellafont is fond of her—*She must be thoroughly persuaded that Mellafont loves her.*—So shallow a contrivance as this cannot escape the lady's penetration, and she naturally answers—*I don't see what you can propose from*

from so trifling a design; for her first conversing with Mellafont will convince her of the contrary. In fact, the author's good sense was well aware how weak this expedient is, and it seems applied to no other purpose than as an incident to help on the under-plot, by bringing forward the comic effect of Lady Pliant's character, and that of Sir Paul: Maskwell himself is so fairly gravelled by the observation, that he confesses he *does not depend upon it*; but he observes that it will *prepare something else, and gain him leisure to lay a stronger plot*; if I gain a little time, says he, I *shall not want contrivance*.

In the second act this design upon Lady Pliant is played off, and Maskwell in an interview with Mellafont avows the plot, and says—*to tell you the truth, I encouraged it for your diversion*. He proceeds to say, that in order to gain the confidence of Lady Touchwood, he had pretended to have been *long secretly in love with Cynthia*; that thereby he had drawn forth the secrets of her heart, and that *if he accomplish'd her designs, she had engaged to put Cynthia with all her fortune into his power*: He then discloses by soliloquy that his motive for double dealing was founded in his passion for Cynthia, and observes that *the name of rival cuts all its ties asunder and is a general acquittance*. This proceeding is in nature and is good comedy.

The third act opens with a scene between Lord and Lady Touchwood, which is admirably conceived and executed with great spirit; I question if there is any thing of the author superior to this dialogue. The design of alarming the jealousy and resentment of Lord Touchwood now appears.

appears to have originated with the lady, although Maskwell was privy to it, and *ready for a cue to come in and confirm all, had there been occasion*; he proposes to her to say that he was *privy to Mellafont's design, but that he used his utmost endeavours to dissuade him from it*; and on the credit, he thinks to establish by this proof of his honour and honesty, he grounds another plot, which he keeps as his ultimate and most secret resource, that of *cheating her [Lady Touchwood] as well as the rest*. He now reveals to Mellafont a criminal assignation with Lady Touchwood in her chamber at eight, and proposes to him to come and surprize them, together, and then, says he, *it will be hard if you cannot bring her to any conditions*.

This appears to me to be a very dangerous experiment, and scarce within the bounds of nature and probability. If Maskwell, under cover of the proposal, had in view nothing more than the introduction of Mellafont into Lady Touchwood's bedchamber, there to put them together, and then to bring Lord Touchwood secretly upon them in the moment of their interview, his contrivance could not have been better laid for the purpose of confirming the impresson, which that lord had received against his nephew; in which Maskwell had nothing more to do than to apprise the lady of his design, and she of course could have managed the interview to the purposes of the plot, and effectually have compleated the ruin of Mellafont: This, it should seem, would have answered his object compleatly, for he would have risen upon the ruin of Mellafont, possessed himself of Lord Touchwood's favour, bound Lady Touchwood

wood to concealment of his villainy, and been as able to lay his train for the possession of Cynthia, as by any other mode he could chuse, for obtaining her; but if he put it to the issue of a surprize upon Lady Touchwood, when she was not prepared for the management of that surprize, what was he to expect from the introduction of Lord Touchwood, but discovery and defeat? Was it not natural to suppose Mellafont would seize the opportunity of reproaching her with her criminality with Maskwell? It was for that very purpose he brings him thither; he tells him *it will be hard if he cannot then bring her to any conditions*;—and if this was to pass under the terror of his reproaches, how could Maskwell set Lord Touchwood upon listening to their conversation and not apprehend for a consequence apparently so unavoidable? He puts every thing to risque by proposing to Mellafont to conceal himself in Lady Touchwood's bedchamber, whilst she is in the closet; he then meets Lord Touchwood, appoints him to come to the lobby by the bed-chamber in a quarter of an hour's time; he keeps his assignation with the lady, Mellafont starts from his hiding-place, and Maskwell escapes, but soon returns, secretly introducing Lord Touchwood to listen to the dialogue between his lady and nephew: She accidentally discovers him without his being seen by Mellafont, and turns that accidental discovery against Mellafont. What a combination of improbabilities is here fortuitously thrown together to produce this lucky incident! Could Maskwell reasonably presume upon a chance so beyond expectation? Every thing is made to turn

turn upon the precarious point of a minute : If Lord Touchwood, who was appointed for a quarter of an hour, had anticipated that appointment, if Lady Touchwood had been less punctual to her assignation, if Mellafont had happened to have dropt one word in his uncle's hearing, charging her with his discovery, as had been agreed, or if either she had happened not to have seen Lord Touchwood, or Mellafont had seen him ; in short, if any one thing had turned up, which ought to have come to pass, or otherwise than it was made to come to pass by the greatest violence to probability, Maskwell was inevitably undone : It must be owned he laid a train for his own destruction, but stage incident rescued him ; and this, with the lady's adroitness, effaces the improbability, when it passes in representation, and keeps nature out of sight. Had Mellafont told the plain story to his uncle, after Lady Touchwood had so unexpectedly turned it against him, it would at least have put the plot to risque, and of this the author seems so conscious, that he does not suffer him to attempt a single word in his defence ; to save his villain, he is compelled to sacrifice his hero.

It is not sufficient to say that a poet has his characters in his power, and can fashion incidents according to his own discretion ; he must do no violence to nature and probability for the purposes of his plot.

Maskwell having in this manner escaped with success, begins next to put in execution his plot for obtaining Cynthia, and this constitutes the intrigue and catastrophe of the fifth act : His plan

plan is as follows—Having imparted to Lord Touchwood his love for Cynthia by the vehicle of a soliloquy, which is to be overheard by his lordship, he proposes to himself to carry off Cynthia to St. Alban's with the chaplain in the coach, there to be married; this she is to be trepanned into by persuading her that the chaplain is Mellafont, and Mellafont is brought to co-operate, by a promise that he shall elope with Cynthia under that disguise, and that the chaplain shall be made to follow on the day after and then marry him to Cynthia; with this view Mellafont is appointed to meet Maskwell in one chamber, and Cynthia in another; the real chaplain is to be passed upon the lady for Mellafont, and Mellafont is to be left in the lurch; this plot upon Cynthia Maskwell confides to Lord Touchwood, telling him there is no other way to possess himself of her but by surprise.

Though the author undoubtedly meant his villain should in the end outwit himself, yet he did not mean him to attempt impossibilities, and the absurdities of this contrivance are so many, that I know not which to mention first. How was Maskwell to possess himself of Cynthia by this scheme? By what force or fraud is he to accomplish the object of marrying her? We must conclude he was not quite so desperate as to sacrifice all his hopes from Lord Touchwood by any violence upon her person; there is nothing in his character to warrant the conjecture. It is no less unaccountable how Mellafont could be caught by this project, and induced to equip himself in the chaplain's gown to run off with a lady, who had pledged

pledged herself to him never to marry any other man : There was no want of consent on her part ; a reconciliation with Lord Touchwood was the only object he had to look to, and how was that to be effected by this elopement with Cynthia ?

The jealousy of Lady Touchwood was another rock on which Maskwell was sure to split : It would have been natural for him to have provided against this danger by binding my lord to secrecy, and the lady's pride of family was a ready plea for that purpose ; when he was talking to himself for the purpose of being overheard by Lord Touchwood, he had nothing to do but to throw in this observation amongst the rest to bar that point against discovery.

The reader will not suppose I would suggest a plan of operation for *The Double Dealer* to secure him against discovery ; I am only for adding probability and common precaution to his projects : I allow that it is in character for him to grow wanton with success ; there is a moral in a villain outwitting himself ; but the catastrophe would in my opinion have been far more brilliant, if his schemes had broke up with more force of contrivance ; laid as they are, they melt away and dissolve by their own weakness and inconsistency ; Lord and Lady Touchwood, Careless and Cynthia, all join in the discovery ; every one but Mellafont sees through the plot, and he is blindness itself.

Mr. Congreve, in his dedication above mentioned, defends himself against the objection to soliloquies ; but I conceive he is more open to criticism for the frequent use he makes of listen-

ing; Lord Touchwood three times has recourse to this expedient.

Of the characters in this comedy Lady Touchwood, though of an unfavourable cast, seems to have been the chief care of the poet, and is well preserved throughout; her elevation of tone, nearly approaching to the tragic, affords a strong relief to the lighter sketches of the episodical persons, Sir Paul and Lady Pliant, Lord and Lady Froth, who are highly entertaining, but much more loose than the stage in its present state of reformation would endure: Nothing more can be said of Careless and Brisk, than that they are the young men of the theatre, at the time when they were in representation. Of Maskwell enough has been said in these remarks, nor need any thing be added to what has been already observed upon Mellafont and Cynthia. As for the moral of the play, which the author says he designed in the first place and then applied the fable to it, it should seem to have been his principal object in the formation of the comedy, and yet it is not made to reach several characters of very libertine principles, who are left to reform themselves at leisure; and the plot, though subordinate to the moral, seems to have drawn him off from executing his good intentions so compleatly as those professions may be understood to engage for.

No LXVII.

Ulcera animi sananda magis quam corporis.

(EX SENTENT.)

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?

(MACBETH.)

IT seems as if most of the antient writers of history thought no events worth recording to posterity but accounts of battles and sieges and the overthrow of empires; as if men were to be celebrated only in proportion to the devastation they had made of the human species. As my respect, on the contrary, is directed chiefly to those peaceable characters, who have been the benefactors of mankind, it is with pleasure I discovered an anecdote of an antient king of Egypt of this description, named *Osymanduas*: This good prince, amongst other praise-worthy actions, has the credit of making the first public library in that learned nation, before books were collected at Athens by Pisistratus: *Osymanduas* made no scruple to convert one of the chief temples to this generous use, and gave it in charge to the priests belonging to it to digest and arrange his collection; when this was done, he laid it open to the public, and by a very apposite and ingenious device, which he

caused to be inscribed upon the front of the edifice, invited all his subjects to enter in and partake of his benefaction : He considered it as the duty of a good king to provide against the mental as well as bodily ailments of his people ; it appeared to him that books were the best medicines for the mind of man, and consequently that a collection of books, such as his library contained, might well be intitled *a magazine or warehouse of medicines for the mind* ; with this idea he directed the following words to be engraved over the door of his library in conspicuous characters—*Ὁυχὴς ἰατρῆς ἰσιν*. There is a beautiful simplicity in the thought, which seems to give an insight into the benevolent design of the donor ; and as I hold it a more noble office to preserve the mind in health, than to keep the body after death from corruption, I cannot hesitate to give *Osymanduas* more credit for this benefaction of a library, than if he had been founder of the pyramids.

As the distempers of the mind may be figuratively classed under the several characters of those maladies, which are incidental to the body, so the several descriptions of books may very well be sorted into the various *genera* of medicines, which practice has applied to those respective distempers. A library, thus pharmaceutically disposed, would have the appearance of a dispensatory, and might be properly enough so called ; and when I recollect how many of our eminent collectors of books have been of the medical faculty, I cannot but think it probable that those great benefactors to literature, Ratcliffe, Mead, Sloane, Hunter and others have had this very idea of *Osymanduas* in their

their minds, when they founded their libraries. If therefore it should be thought agreeable to the will of the donors, and a proper mark of respect to their memories, so to arrange their collections, now in the repositories of Oxford and the British Museum, it will be necessary to find out a different set of titles, and instead of sorting them as they now are into the compartments of *The Historians*; *The Poets*; *The Divines*, it will be right to set up new inscriptions in their places, and intitle them, *The Alteratives*; *the Stimulatives*; *The Narcotics*. I need not point out to the learned keepers of these libraries how to proceed in an arrangement, to which their own judgments are so fully competent; nothing more will be required of them, but to ascertain the particular species of disease, which the mind of the patient is affected with, and send him forthwith to the proper class of authors for his cure.

For instance; if the complaint arises from cold humours and a want of free perspiration by a stoppage and constipation of the pores of the mind, by which the feelings are rendered inert, and deprived of that proper emanation and expansion, which the health of the soul requires; let such a one be shut into the warm bath of *the Sudorifics*, which I need not explain to be *the Satyrists*, and they will soon open his pores and disperse all obstructions. If the mental disease be of the inflammatory and feverish sort, attended with fits and paroxysms of anger, envy, revenge, and other atrabilious symptoms, which cannot be mistaken, it will be proper to turn the patient into the cell of the *Moralists*, who will naturally be

found under the title of *The Coolers and Sedatives* : On the contrary, where the complaint is of the lethargic nature, in which *Irritation* is necessary, the *Controversialists* will furnish him a remedy : In short, we need only say, that when the several authors are properly arranged, every case may find its cure. The comic writers will act as *Carminatives* to dispel the vapours ; books of travels as *Cathartics* to procure a motion ; memoirs and novels will operate as *Provocatives*, politics as *Corrosives*, and panegyrics as *Emetics*. Two compartments should be kept apart and specially distinguished, viz. the sacred writings under the title of *Restoratives*, and the works of the infidels under the denominations of *deadly Poisons* : The former will be sovereign in all galloping consumptions of dissipation, and the latter will be resorted to by none but suicides and desperadoes.

I should now dismiss the subject, but that I had forgotten to speak of the *Essayists*, who from their miscellaneous properties certainly come under the class of *Compounds*, and cannot therefore be so precisely specified ; as they are applicable to chronic diseases rather than acute ones, they may very well stand in the list of *Correctors*, which taken in a regular course and under proper regimen are found very efficacious in all cases, where the constitution is impaired by excess and bad habits of living : They seem most to resemble those medicinal springs, which are impregnated with a variety of properties, and, when critically analyzed, are found to contain salt, nitre, steel, sulphur, chalk and other calcareous particles : When the more respectable names of *Bath, Spa, Pyrmont,*

Pyrmont, Seltzer, and others, are disposed of, I am not without hopes these humbler essays, which my candid readers are now in the course of taking, may be found to have the wholesome properties of *Tunbridge Waters*.

It is supposed that this library of the venerable *Osymanduas* descended to the Ptolemies, augmented probably by the intermediate monarchs, and ultimately brought to perfection by the learned and munificent *Philadelphus*, son of *Ptolemy Lagus*, so well known for his Greek translation of the Hebrew Septuagint.

Little attention was paid to literature by the Romans in the early and more martial ages: I read of no collections antecedent to those made by *Æmilius Paulus* and *Lucullus*, the latter of whom, being a man of great magnificence, allowed the learned men of his time to have free access to his library, but neither in his life-time, nor at his death, made it public property. *Cornelius Sylla* before his dictatorship plundered Athens of a great collection of books, which had been accumulating from the time of the tyranny, and these he brought to Rome, but did not build or endow any library for public use. This was at last undertaken by *Julius Cæsar* upon an imperial scale not long before his death, and the learned *M. Varro* was employed to collect and arrange the books for the foundation of an ample library; its completion, which was interrupted by the death of *Julius* and the civil wars subsequent thereto, was left for *Augustus*, who assigned a fund out of the *Dalmatian* booty for this purpose, which he put into the hands of the celebrated

A finius Pollio, who therewith founded a temple to Liberty on Mount Aventine, and with the help of Sylla's and Varro's collections in addition to his own purchases, opened the first public library in Rome in an apartment annexed to the temple above mentioned. Two others were afterwards instituted by the same emperor, which he called the *Octavian* and *Palatine Libraries*; the first, so named in honour of his sister, was placed in the temple of Juno; the latter, as its title specifies, was in the imperial palace: These libraries were royally endowed with establishments of Greek and Latin librarians, of which C. Julius Hyginus the grammarian was one.

The emperor Tiberius added another library to the palace, and attached his new building to that front which looked towards the *Via sacra*, in which quarter he himself resided. Vespasian endowed a public library in the temple of peace. Trajan founded the famous *Ulpian Library* in his new forum, from whence it was at last removed to the *Collis Viminalis* to furnish the baths of Dioclesian. The *Capitoline Library* is supposed to have been founded by Domitian, and was consumed, together with the noble edifice to which it was attached, by a stroke of lightning in the time of Commodus. The emperor Hadrian enriched his favourite villa with a superb collection of books, and lodged them in a temple dedicated to Hercules. These were in succeeding times so multiplied by the munificence and emulation of the several emperors, that in the reign of Constantine, Rome contained no less than twenty-nine public libraries,

ries, of which the principal were the *Palatine* and *Ulpian*.

Though books were then collected at an immense expence, several private citizens of fortune made considerable libraries. Tyrannio the grammarian even in the time of Sylla was possessed of three thousand volumes; Epaphroditus, a grammarian also, had in later times collected thirty thousand of the most select and valuable books; but Sammonicus Serenus bequeathed to the emperor Gordian a library containing no less than sixty-two thousand volumes. It was not always a love of literature that tempted people to these expences, for Seneca complains of the vanity of the age in furnishing their banquetting rooms with books, not for use, but for shew, and in a mere spirit of profusion. Their baths, both hot and cold, were always supplied with books to fill up an idle hour amongst the other recreations of the place; in like manner their country houses and even public offices were provided for the use and amusement of their guests or clients.

The Roman libraries in point of disposition much resembled the present fashion observed in our public ones, for the books were not placed against the walls, but brought into the area of the room in separate cells and compartments, where they were lodged in presses: The intervals between those compartments were richly ornamented with inlaid plates of glass and ivory, and marble basso-relievos. In these compartments, which were furnished with desks and couches for the accommodation of readers, it was usual to place the statues of learned men, one in each; and this we

may observe is one of the few elegancies, which Rome was not indebted to Greece for, the first idea having been started by the accomplished Pollio, who in his library on Mount Aventine set up the statue of his illustrious contemporary Varro, even whilst he was living : It was usual also to ornament the press, where any considerable author's works were contained, with his figure in brass or plaister of a small size.

There is one more circumstance attending these public libraries, which ought not to be omitted, as it marks the liberal spirit of their institution : It was usual to appropriate an adjoining building for the use and accommodation of students, where every thing was furnished at the emperor's cost ; they were lodged, dieted and attended by servants specially appointed, and supplied with every thing, under the eye of the chief librarian, that could be wanting, whilst they were engaged in their studies and had occasion to consult the books : This establishment was kept up in a very princely stile at Alexandria in particular, where a college was endowed and a special fund appointed for its support, with a president, and proper officers under him, for the entertainment of learned strangers, who resorted thither from various parts to consult those invaluable collections, which that famous library contained in all branches of science.

N^o LXVIII.

PEOPLE have a custom of excusing the enormities of their conduct by talking of their passions, as if they were under the controul of a blind necessity, and sinned because they could not help it. Before any man resorts to this kind of excuse it behoves him to examine the justice of it, and to be sure that these passions, which he thus attempts to palliate, are strictly natural, and do not spring either from the neglect of education or the crime of self-indulgence.

Of our infancy, properly so called, we either remember nothing, or few things faintly and imperfectly; some passions however make their appearance in this stage of human life, and appear to be born with us, others are born after us; some follow us to the grave, others forsake us in the decline of age.

The life of man is to be reviewed under three periods, infancy, youth, and manhood; the first includes that portion of time before reason shews itself; in the second it appears indeed, but being incompetent to the proper government of the creature, requires the aid, support and correction of education; in the third it attains to its maturity.

Now as a person's responsibility bears respect to his reason, so do human punishments bear respect
to

to his responsibility: Infants and boys are chastised by the hand of the parent or the master; rational adults are amenable to the laws, and what is termed mischief in the first case becomes a crime in the other. It will not avail the man to plead loss of reason by temporary intoxication, nor can he excuse himself by the plea of any sudden impulse of passion. If a prisoner tells his judge that it is his nature to be cruel, that anger, lust or malice are inherent in his constitution, no human tribunal will admit the defence; yet thus it is that all people deal with God and the world, when they attempt to palliate their enormities, by pleading the uncontrollable propensity of their natural desires, as if the Creator had set up a tyrant in their hearts, which they were necessitated to obey.

This miserable subterfuge is no less abject than impious; for what can be more degrading to a being, whose inherent attribute is free agency and whose distinguishing faculty is reason, than to shelter himself from the dread of responsibility under the humiliating apology of mental slavery? It is as if he should say—*Excuse the irregularities of my conduct, for I am a brute and not a man; I follow instinct and renounce all claim to reason; my actions govern me, not I my actions;*—and yet the people, to whom I allude, generally set up this plea in excuse for those passions in particular, which have their origin in that stage of life, when the human mind is in the use and possession of reason; an imposition so glaring that it convicts itself; notwithstanding this it is too often seen, that whilst the sensualist is avowing the irresistible violence

violence of his propensities, vanity shall receive it not only as an atonement for the basest attempts, but as an expected tribute to the tempting charms of beauty; nay such is the perversion of principle in some men, that it shall pass with them as a recommendation even of that sex, the purity of whose minds should be their sovereign grace and ornament.

The passion of fear seems coæval with our nature; if they, who have our infancy in charge, suffer this passion to fix and increase upon us; if they augment our infant fears by invented terrors, and present to our sight frightful objects to scare us; if they practise on our natural and defenceless timidity by blows and menaces, and crush us into absolute subjection of spirit in our early years, a human creature thus abused has enough to plead in excuse for cowardice; and yet this, which is the strongest defence we can make upon the impulse of passion, is perhaps the only one we never resort to: In most other passions we call that constitution, which is only habit.

When we reflect upon the variety of passions, to which the human mind is liable, it should seem as if reason, which is expressly implanted in us for their correction and controul, was greatly overmatched by such a host of turbulent insurgents; but upon a closer examination we may find that reason has many aids and allies, and though her antagonists are also many and mighty, yet that they are divided and distracted, whilst she can in all cases turn one passion against another, so as to counterbalance any power by its opposite, and make evil instruments in her hands conducive

conducive to moral ends: Avarice for instance will act as a counterpoise to lust and intemperance, whilst vanity on the other hand will check avarice; fear will keep a bad man honest, and pride will sometimes make a coward brave.

Observe the manners of *Palpatius* in company with his patron; assiduous, humble, obliging; for ever smiling, and so supple and obsequious, you would think he had no will of his own, and was born for the uses and occasions of others: Follow *Palpatius* to his house, see him with his wife and children, hear him dictate to his servants and the needy dependants, who make suit through him to his principal, you will find all things reversed; the sycophant turns out a tyrant, and he is only indebted to his hypocrisy for keeping his insolence out of sight.

Procax is one of the most dissolute men living; he is handsome, impudent, and insinuating, qualifications that ensure his success with the ladies: He professes the most vehement passion for *Fulvia*; but *Fulvia* was on the point of marrying *Vetulus*, a rich old man, who wanted an heir, and till that event took place she held out against *Procax* upon motives of convenience only: *Fulvia* soon became the wife of *Vetulus*; she had no longer any repugnance to be the mistress of *Procax*; but the same man, who had pleaded the irresistible violence of his desires before marriage, now pretended conscience, and drew back from her advances; nay he did more, he put *Vetulus* upon his guard, and *Fulvia's* virtue was too closely watched to be in any future danger: What sudden change was this in *Procax*?

Vetulus

Vetulus had no heirs, and Procax had a contingent interest in the entail of his estate.

Splendida, in one of her morning airings, was solicited for charity by a poor woman with an infant in her arms.—*It is not for myself, madam,* said the wretched creature, *it is for my husband, who lies under that hedge tormented with a fever, and dying for want of relief.*—*Splendida* directed her eyes towards the spot, and saw a sickly object stretched upon the ground, clad in the tattered regimental of a foot soldier: Her heart was touched, and she drew out her purse, which was full of guineas: The blood rushed into the beggar's meagre visage at the sight; *Splendida* turned over the gold; her hand delayed for a moment, and the impulse was lost; unhappily for the suppliant, *Splendida* was alone and without a witness: She put her hand once more into her pocket, and taking out a solitary shilling, dropt it into the shrivelled palm that was stretched out to receive it, and drove on. *Splendida* returned home, dressed herself, and went to a certain great lady's assembly; a subscription was put about for the benefit of a celebrated actress; the lady condescended to receive subscriptions in person, and delivered a ticket to each contributor: *Splendida* drew forth the same purse, and wrapping twenty guineas in a paper, put them into the hand of the noble beggar: The room rang with applauses of her charity—*I give it, says she, to her virtues, rather than to her talents; I bestow it on the wife and mother, not upon the actress.* *Splendida* on her return home took out her account-book, and set down twenty-one pounds one shilling

shilling to the article of charity; the shilling indeed Heaven audited on the score of alms, the pounds were posted to the account of vanity.

N^o LXIX.

Favete linguis! (HORAT.)

AN ingenious author, who some years ago published a volume under the title of *Maxims, Characters, and Reflections*, has the following remark:—*You would know how a man talks to judge of his understanding, and yet possibly (however great the paradox) the very contrary method might be less fallible; the knowing how he hears might shew it you much better.* As I had not seen this book when I gave my account of *Mr. Jedediah Fish's Academy for Hearing*, it gave me great pleasure to fall in with the sentiment of a contemporary, who whilst he mixes with the world as a man of fashion, reviews the living manners with the sagacity of a philosopher. I transcribed the whole article, from which the above passage is extracted, and sent it to *Mr. Fish*: It will be found in the author's volume, N^o LXXI. and is aptly illustrated by two sketches of character; one of which, called *Cleon*, is a talker, and *Theocles*, the other, is a hearer.

I have

I have been favoured with the following answer from *Mr. Fish*.

SIR,

Your's is received : I approve of the extract, and like the author's manner well : He deals in ideas rather than in words ; some men talk more than they hear ; others write more than they read : As benevolence should act without display, so good advice should be given in few words.

I send you the following cases according to desire.

A young man, known to his familiars by the name of *Jack Charter*, came under my hands : The symptoms of his disorder may be thus described—*Garrulitas vix intermissa cum cachinno tantum non continuo*.—Garrulity, attended with immoderate fits of laughing, is no uncommon case, when the provocation thereunto springs from jokes of a man's own making ; but there was this peculiarity in *Mr. Charter's* disease, that he would laugh where no jest was, or even at the jests of other people, rather than not laugh at all. I soon perceived this to be occasioned by exceedingly weak intellects, and an even row of very white teeth. As his malady would not yield to the ordinary prescriptions, I was forced to throw him into a regimen of *skating*, for which the season was then favourable : The operation succeeded to my warmest wishes, and the patient was effectually silenced by a happy dislocation of two of his fore-teeth from a fall on the ice.

Miss Kitty Scandal was put into my hands by her acquaintance

acquaintance in a very deplorable condition ; it was the *Cacoëthes defamationis scabiosum* : The common antidotes had no effect upon her ; I administered *detergents* out of Miss Carter's Epictetus and Mrs. Chapone's Letters, but the dose would not stay upon her stomach ; I tried the *Pythagorean pill*, but with no better success. As the patient had a remarkable swelling about the waist, which I conceived might arise from an overflowing of the spleen ; I called in my excellent friend Dr. Ford : The Doctor delivered her of her swelling, and *Miss Kitty Scandal* has not been known to open her lips since.

Tom Belfry was the nuisance of society ; he applied to me when he was far gone indeed ; he had been black-balled by all the clubs in town, and sent to Coventry by the other half. I examined his case, and found it under the following class—*Vox stentoria, sempiterna, cum cerebello vacuo, necnon auribus obtusis admodum ac inertibus*.—As his organs of speech seemed in want of immediate modulation, I tried the pitch-pipe upon him repeatedly, but the vehemence of his complaint baffled all my efforts ; I could never bring him down within a full octave of sound health. I was unwilling to proceed to extremities, till I had done all that my more regular practice could suggest for his relief ; but when I found none but desperate remedies could save him, I caused a vein to be opened in his right arm, and drew out fourteen ounces of blood : This was in the month of March last, and the wind was then in the east with fleet and rain : I immediately ordered the patient to take boat at Black-friars, and he rowed to Chelsea-Reach and back.

back again in an open wherry : The expected consequence ensued ; a total deprivation of voice took place, and *Mr. Belfry*, being no longer able to articulate, is become a very companionable man, and is now in as much request with his club, as heretofore he was in disgrace with it.

Counsellor Clack is a young man of quick parts, ready wit, and strong imagination, but sorely troubled with the disease called *Lingua volubilis cum sui ipsius amore nimio et pręgravante*.—This patient was radically cured by a strong dose of his own praises, which I took from his mouth, and made him swallow grain for grain as he had uttered them : The *nausea*, occasioned by this dose, operated so strongly on his constitution, as totally to eradicate all seeds of self-consequence, and the counsellor is become one of the modestest men, and best hearers in his profession.

Captain Swagger was continually talking of battles, and sieges, and campaigns, though he had never seen either : He arraigned the conduct of every enterprize ; and proved to demonstration, by the force of oaths, how much better it would have been managed, had he been the commander : The symptoms were too apparent to be mistaken—*Os grandiloquum, rotundum, cum dextrâ bello frigidâ*.—In this state of his disorder he was recommended to my care by the officers of his mess.—I found the tumefaction so vehement, that I prescribed an opening by incision. The captain was accordingly sent out by the commanding officer upon a scouting-party, and suffered a surprize, which effectually repelled the tumefaction : *Mr. Swagger* threw up his commission, and has been
a very

a very silent member of the civil community ever since.

I have sent you these cases out of many, as being peculiar; in common cases, the general method I take to bring any gentleman to a patient hearing, is to entertain him with his own commendations: If this simple medicine will not serve, I am forced to dash it with a few drops of slander, which is the best appeaser I know; for many of my patients will listen to that, when nothing else can silence them. This recipe however is not palatable, nor ought it to be used but with caution and discretion; I keep it therefore in reserve like laudanum for special occasions. When a patient is far advanced towards his cure, I take him with me to the gallery of the House of Commons, when certain orators, whom I have in my eye, are upon their legs to harangue; and I have always found if a convalescent can hear that, he can hear any thing.

I am, Sir, your's to command,

JEDEDIAH FISH.

I am not so partial to my correspondent, as to defend him in all his proceedings, and I suspect, that, whilst he is labouring to restore his patients to their ears, he may chance to take away their lives. Men, who act upon system, are apt to strain it too far; and as prevention is always to be preferred to remedy, I could wish that parents would take early care to instruct their children in the art of *hearing*, if it were only to guard them against falling into *Mr. Fish's* hands, when the malady may become stubborn.

I shall

I shall suggest one hint in the way of advice to fathers and mothers, which, if they are pleased to attend to it, may perhaps save some future trouble and vexation.

I would wish all parents to believe that the human character begins to fix itself much earlier in life, than they are generally aware of. There is something very captivating in the dawning ideas of our children; we are apt to flatter and caress them for their early vivacity; we tell their smart sayings and repartees with a kind of triumph even in their presence, and the company we tell them to are always polite enough to applaud and admire them. By these means we instil our own vanity into their infant minds, and push their genius into prematurity. The forwardness, which this practice of our's is sure to create, passes off agreeably for a time; but, when infancy ceases, it begins to annoy us, and Miss or Master appear insupportably pert. The parent then finds himself obliged to turn the other side of his countenance upon the witticisms of his child; this is not only a painful task, but probably a fruitless one; for the child by this time has made its party, and can find its admirers elsewhere: Every obliging visitor makes interest with the clever little creature; the nursery, the kitchen, the stables echo with applause; it can chatter, or mimic, or act its tricks before the servants, and be sure of an audience: The mischief is done, and the parent may snub to no purpose.

Let parents therefore first correct themselves, before they undertake that office for their children: Education is incompatible with self-indulgence,

gence, and the impulse of vanity is too often mistaken for the impulse of nature : When Miss is a wit, I am apt to suspect that her mother is not over-wise.

No. LXX.

— *Mutato nomine de te*

Fabula narratur—

(HORAT.)

— “ *The story sily points at you.* ”

PRIDE is never more offensive, than when it condescends to be civil ; whereas vanity, whenever it forgets itself, naturally assumes good-humour. Nothing was ever more agreeable than Vanessa t’other night, when I found her in a small circle over her fire-side, where a certain gentleman had taken the whole task of talking on himself, and left Vanessa nothing else to do, but to shew him just as much attention as served to make him believe she was listening, and left her at liberty to rest her own imagination in the meantime.

I found this gentleman at the close of a pathetic narrative he had been giving of some adventure, which he had met with in his travels, and which he wound up with saying—“ I am afraid, “ ladies, this story has made you melancholy.” If he had said *weary*, he had been nearer to the truth :

Methought

Methought Vanessa once in her life forgot her usual politeness, when she answered him—"Oh! no; not at all"—but she was thinking of something else, and the story I should guess had been very circumstantial; so that I heartily forgave her. The talking gentleman however was not disposed to take her word, but stuck to his opinion, and had so much consideration for the company, as to promise them another story, which should be altogether as diverting, as the former one had been mournful. There was an effort in the countenance of Vanessa, which convinced me of her good-humour; she strove to welcome this promise with a smile; but it was a smile, that cost her some pains to produce, and if the talker had possessed but one grain of intuition, he must have discovered that all such promises cut up performance, and that no story will endure a preface. I felt at that moment all the awkward embarrassment of his situation, as if it had been my own; and it was a sensible relief to me, when Vanessa gave a little hitch to her chair, as if drawing nearer to the story-teller, and at the same time stooping forward, put herself into a listening attitude. She never appeared so amiable in my eyes, and I began to take heart—*What pains and trouble, thought I, does this poor man take to make himself agreeable, when every struggle carries him further from his point! And how little does he know what an easy thing it is to those, who have the secret of succeeding without any effort at all!*—I use almost the very words of a contemporary author, and I am obliged to him for them.

As

As for the story, which now followed, there is no occasion to repeat it; if it had made its entrance without a herald; if it had grown out of the conversation naturally, and not been grafted in against nature; and if it had been less prolix, or told with more point, the story had not been amiss; it was a good one in its own country, but it was lamed in its journey, and Vanessa did not seem exactly to know when it was finished, until the relater made a second apostrophe, hoping he had now repaired all former damages, and reinstated the ladies in their usual good spirits. Vanessa now found it necessary to say something, and well knowing, without doubt, that people like to be treated as if they had sensibility, although they have none, she passed a few compliments upon the story very neatly turned; when an elderly gentleman (who, as I afterwards found out, was father to the talking gentleman) observed to him that as he had made us grave, and made us merry, nothing now remained but to make us wise.—“And who so fit for that purpose,” added he, “as the lady of the house herself?” Vanessa very aptly replied, that she knew but one way to impose that belief on the company, and that was by keeping silence.—“And what is so edifying,” resumed he, “as to keep silence? What is so good a lesson of wisdom, as to see one, who can talk so well, forbear to do it, until other tongues have run their course?”—I stole a glance at the talkative gentleman, and to my utter surprise he was so far from being sensible of the rebuff, that he was actually preparing for another onset.—“What you remark upon silence,”
cried

cried he, “ puts me in mind of an admirable story.”—“ That may well be,” answered the old gentleman; “ but give me leave first to tell you “ a story, that may put you in mind of silence.”—

“ Jupiter and Apollo came down from Olympus upon a visit to king Midas: Mercury had been dispatched to apprise him of the guests he was to entertain, and to signify to him, that it was the pleasure of the gods to be received with no extraordinary honours, but to be considered only as travellers, who came to pay a visit to his court, and take a view of his capital. On the day appointed, Jupiter, in the person of an elderly Athenian gentleman, and Apollo as his son, presented themselves in the great saloon of the palace: Midas, surrounded by his courtiers, and glittering in his richest robes, received the gods habited in this simple attire, and unattended.—The injunctions of Mercury were neglected, for the feast was the most sumptuous that art and luxury could devise; and the gods were disgusted with the vanity of their host, and the profusion of his entertainment. When Midas had thus contrived to display the wealth and splendor of his court to the celestial guests, his next study was to impress them with an opinion of his talents and accomplishments: He discoursed to Jupiter, without ceasing, upon his maxims and rules of government; he treated him with innumerable anecdotes and events, calculated to set off his own wisdom, consequence, and good policy, and of every tale he made himself the hero. The courtiers kept silence through fear, the deities through contempt; no voice was heard but the voice of

Midas. He had not the sense to discern the impropriety of his being an incessant talker, when he ought only to have been a respectful hearer; and so consummate was his vanity, that having possessed Jupiter with impressions, as he foolishly imagined, of his wisdom and science, he flattered himself nothing was wanting but to recommend himself to Apollo by a specimen of his accomplishments in music and poetry. A band of minstrels were summoned, who performed a kind of prelude on their harps by way of flourish before the master-artist began, when Midas, starting from his seat as if with sudden inspiration, seized his lyre, and struck up a strain, which he accompanied with his voice, whilst his self-conceit inspired him to believe he could rival Apollo himself in harmony, and even provoke him to envy.

As soon as Midas laid down his lyre, the gods rose up to depart; when instead of those applauses which he looked for, and expected as a tribute due to his art even from the immortals themselves, Jupiter, turning towards him with a frown, which brought into his countenance the inherent majesty of the thunderer, thus accosted him—‘Had you entertained us, O Midas, in the manner I prescribed, and met the condescension of the gods with the modesty that becomes a mortal, we had left a blessing with our host, instead of a reproof: But when you affected to dazzle me, who am myself the dispenser of all mortal attainments, with the vain display of your wealth and wisdom; and when you rashly assailed the ears of Apollo himself, who presides over music and poetry, with the barbarous jingle of your lyre, and
the

the hoarse untuneable dissonance of your voice, you foolishly forgot both yourself and us; and by talking and singing without intermission, when you should rather have listened to us with attention, you reverse the application of those faculties I have bestowed upon you, not considering that when I gave to man two organs of hearing, and only one of speech, I marked out the use, he was to make of those dispensations: To remind you therefore of my design, and your duty, I shall curtail your tongue, and lengthen your ears.'—Jupiter ceased speaking; and whilst the deities reascended to Olympus, the ears of the monarch sprouted up in the ears of an ass."

The moral of the fable, and the personal application of it, were too obvious to be mistaken by any of the company. Vanessa's sensibility suffered visibly on the occasion; but she soon broke the painful silence, and addressing herself to the old gentleman—"I am obliged to you for your fable," says she, "and shall edify by the moral; but still I cannot help the weakness of woman, and must feel a compassion for poor Midas, whose trespass, being of a good-humoured sort, deserved more mercy than it met with.—I confess the art of being agreeable, frequently miscarries through the ambition which accompanies it.—Wit, learning, wisdom—what can more effectually conduce to the profit and delight of society? Yet I am sensible that a man may be too invariably wise, learned or witty, to be agreeable: And I take the reason of this to be, that pleasure cannot be bestowed by the simple and unmixed exertion of any one faculty or accomplishment;

if every word a man speaks is to be wit or wisdom, if he is never to relax either in look or utterance from his superiority of character, society cannot endure it : The happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist not in one, but in an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight ; and how many are there, who by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without any visible effort, without the aids of wit, wisdom or learning, nay, as it should seem, in their defiance ; and this without appearing even to know that they possess it ? Whilst another, by labouring to entertain us too well, entertains us as poor Midas did his visitors."

When Vaneffa had done speaking, the hour reminded me that I ought to take my leave, which I did with regret, repeating to myself as I walked homewards—*This lady should never be seen in a circle.*

N^o LXXI.

AS I was turning over a parcel of old papers some time ago, I discovered an original letter from Mr. Caswell; the mathematician, to the learned Dr. Bentley, when he was living in Bishop Stillingfleet's family, inclosing an account of an apparition taken from the mouth of a clergyman who saw it: In this account there are some curious particulars, and I shall therefore copy the whole narrative without any omission, except of the name of the deceased person who is supposed to have *appeared*, for reasons that will be obvious.

"To the Rev. Mr. Richard Bentley, at my Lord Bishop of Worcester's House in Park-Street, in Westminster, London.

"S I R,

"When I was in London, April last, I fully intended to have waited upon you again, as I said, but a cold and lameness seized me next day; the cold took away my voice, and the other my power of walking, so I presently took coach for Oxford. I am much your debtor, and in particular for your good intentions in relation to Mr. D. though that, as it has proved, would not have turned to my advantage: However, I am obliged to you upon that and other accounts, and if I

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had

had opportunity to shew it, you should find how much I am your faithful servant.

“ I have sent you inclosed a relation of an apparition; the story I had from two persons, who each had it from the author, and yet their accounts somewhat varied, and passing through more mouths has varied much more; therefore I got a friend to bring me to the author at a chamber, where I wrote it down from the author's mouth; after which I read it to him, and gave him another copy; he said he could swear to the truth of it, as far as he is concerned: He is the Curate of Warblington, Batchelor of Arts of Trinity College in Oxford, about six years standing in the University; I hear no ill report of his behaviour here: He is now gone to his Curacy; he has promised to send up the hands of the tenant and his man, who is a smith by trade, and the farmer's men, as far as they are concerned. Mr. Brereton, the Rector, would have him say nothing of the story, for that he can get no tenant, though he has offered the house for ten pounds a year less. *Mr. P.* the former incumbent, whom the apparition represented, was a man of a very ill report, supposed to have got children of his maid, and to have murdered them; but I advised the Curate to say nothing himself of this last part of *P.* but leave that to the parishioners, who knew him. Those who who knew this *P.* say he had exactly such a gown, and that he used to whistle.

Your's,

J. CASWELL.”

I desire

I desire you not to suffer any copy of this to be taken, lest some Mercury news-teller should print it, till the Curate has sent up the testimony of others and self.

H. H. Dec. 15, 1695.

NARRATIVE.

“ At Warblington, near Havant in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the parsonage house dwelt Thomas Perce the tenant, with his wife and a child, a man-servant Thomas . . . and a maid-servant. About the beginning of August, Anno 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed, except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen, and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand, and the child in the other arm, and turning about saw one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard: Upon this the maid, hastening up stairs, having recovered but two steps, cried out; on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand, she grasping the child about its neck with the other arm: She told them the reason of her crying out; she would not that night tarry in the house, but removed to another belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer; where she cried out all the night from the terror she was in, and she could not be persuaded to go any more to the house upon any terms.

“ On the morrow, (i. e. Tuesday) the tenant's wife came to me, lodging then at Havant, to de-

fire my advice, and have consult with some friends about it ; I told her I thought it was a flam, and that they had a mind to abuse Mr. Brereton the Rector, whose house it was ; she desired me to come up ; I told her I would come up and sit up or lie there, as she pleased ; for then as to all stories of ghosts and apparitions I was an infidel : I went thither and sate up the Tuesday night with the tenant and his man-servant : About twelve or one o'clock I searched all the rooms in the house to see if any body were hid there to impose upon me : At last we came into a lumber-room, there I smiling told the tenant that was with me, that I would call for the apparition, if there was any, and oblige him to come : The tenant then seemed to be afraid, but I told him I would defend him from harm ! and then I repeated *Barbara, celarent Darii*, &c. jestingly ; on this the tenant's countenance changed, so that he was ready to drop down with fear : Then I told him I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated *Baralippton*, &c. then he recovered his spirits pretty well and we left the room and went down into the kitchen, where we were before, and sate up there the remaining part of the night and had no manner of disturbance.

“ Thursday night the tenant and I lay together in one room and the man in another room, and he saw something walk along in a black gown and place itself against a window, and there stood for some time, and then walked off. Friday morning the man relating this, I asked him why he did not call me, and I told him I thought that was a trick or flam ; he told me the reason why
he

he did not call me was, that he was not able to speak or move. Friday night we lay as before, and Saturday night, and had no disturbance either of the nights.

“ Sunday night I lay by myself in one room (not that where the man saw the apparition) and the tenant and his man in one bed in another room; and betwixt twelve and two the man heard something walk in their room at the bed’s foot, and whistling very well; at last it came to the bed’s side, drew the curtain and looked on them; after some time it moved off; then the man called to me, desired me to come, for that there was something in the room: went about whistling: I asked him whether he had any light or could strike one, he told me no; then I leapt out of bed, and, not staying to put on my clothes went out of my room and along a gallery to the door, which I found locked or bolted; I desired him to unlock the door, for that I could not get in; then he got out of bed and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately to bed again; I went in three or four steps, and, it being a moon-shine night, I saw the apparition move from the bed side, and clap up against the wall that divided their room and mine: I went and stood directly against it within my arm’s length of it, and asked it in the name of God what it was that made it come disturbing of us; I stood some time expecting an answer, and receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to fright me, *I put out my arm to feel it, and my hand seemingly went through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance, till it came to the*

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wall;

wall; then I drew back my hand, and still it was in the same place: Till now I had not the least fear, and even now had very little; then I adjured it to tell me what it was: When I had said those words, it, keeping its back against the wall, moved gently along towards the door: I followed it, and it, going out at the door, turned its back toward me: I went a little along the gallery; I followed it a little into the gallery, and it disappeared, where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery, where was the stairs. Then I found myself very cold from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in great fear; I went into the bed betwixt the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceedingly cold. The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed, and saw me stretch out my hand towards the apparition, and heard me speak the words; the tenant also heard the words. The apparition seemed to have a morning gown of darkish colour, no hat nor cap, short black hair, a thin meagre visage of a pale swarthy colour, seemed to be of about forty-five or fifty years old; the eyes half shut, the arms hanging down; the hands visible beneath the sleeve; of a middle stature. I related this description to Mr. John Lardner, rector of Havant, and to Major Battin of Langstone in Havant parish; they both said the description agreed very well to Mr. P. a former rector of the place, who had been dead above twenty years: Upon this the tenant and his wife left the house, which has remained void since.

“ The

“ The Monday after last Michaelmas-day, a man of Chodson in Warkwickshire having been at Havant fair, passed by the foresaid parsonage-house about nine or ten at night, and saw a light in most of the rooms of the house; his pathway being close by the house; he, wondering at the sight, looked into the kitchen window, and saw only a light, but turning himself to go away, he saw the appearance of a man in a long gown; he made haste away; the apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land of several acres, to a lane, which he crossed, and over a little meadow, then over another lane to some pales which belong to farmer Henry Salter my landlord, near a barn, in which were some of the farmer’s men and some others; this man went into the barn, told them how he was frightened and followed from the parsonage-house by an apparition, which they might see standing against the pales, if they went out; they went out, and saw it scratch against the pales, and make a hideous noise; it stood there some time and then disappeared; their description agreed with what I saw. This last account I had from the man himself, whom it followed, and also from the farmer’s men.

“ THO. WILKINS, Curate of W.

Dec. 11, 1695, Oxon.”

I shall make no remark upon this genuine account, except as to the passage which I have put in italics: If Mr. Wilkins was thoroughly possessed of himself at that moment, as he deposes, and is strictly correct in his fact, the narrative is established.

No LXXII.

N^o LXXII.

I SHALL now proceed to lay before the public, such an account as I have been enabled to collect of the several Greek writers of comedy.

The learned reader needs not to be informed, how little is to be found in Aristotle's Poetics on the subject of comedy; that treatise by no means answers to the general profession of its title; if it had come down to us as perfect and entire, as it probably was when the author put the last hand to it, and presented a correct copy of his work to Alexander, we might conclude otherwise of it; but to speak of it as it is, we can call it nothing more than a dissertation upon tragedy, in which many things are evidently out of place and order, some no doubt lost, and others mutilated: It is thus considered by the learned commentator Daniel Heinsius, who in his supplementary treatise annexed to his edition, professedly speaks only of the construction of tragedy, and endeavours with diligence and perspicuity to methodize the whole work, and dispose his author's system into some order and regularity.

With the exception of a few obvious remarks upon the epic, as tending to illustrate the drama, and two or three passages where comedy is spoken of only as contrasted with tragedy, the whole of this celebrated dissertation is nothing more than

than a set of rules for the drama, which are mere transcripts from the compositions of the great writers of the Homeric tragedy, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides : He analyzes and defines a poem, then actually carried to its perfection ; but gives no new lights, no leading instructions, for the furtherance and improvement of what had not arrived to the like state of maturity.

With the remains of the three tragic poets above mentioned in our hands, I profess I do not see how we are edified by Aristotle's dissertation, which offers nothing but what occurs upon the reading of their dramas ; unless posterity had seen fit to abide by the same laws, which they observed, and the modern tragedy had been made exactly to conform to the Greek model.

Aristotle, as we have before remarked, speaks of no comedy antecedent to the comedy of Epicharmus : There is reason to think that this author did not fall in with the personal comedy in the licentious manner it prevailed upon the Athenian stage, even to the time of Aristotle ; for it was not reformed there, till the personal satirists were awed into better respect by the Macedonian princes, who succeeded to Alexander ; whereas Epicharmus wrote for the court of an absolute prince.

Now it is remarkable, that Aristotle makes no strictures upon the licentiousness of the Athenian comedy, nor offers any rules for the correction of the stage, though the schools proscribed it, and the tribunals were at open hostility with it. It is plain he states things as they were, not as they ought to have been ; for he pronounces of comedy

—*that*

—that it is a picture of human nature, worse and more deformed than the original.

I cannot hold this to be a just character of comedy, as it stood at the time when Aristotle pronounced it: The only entire comedies we have to refer to, are a contradiction to the assertion; for no one will contend that the corrupt and abominable manners of the times in which Aristophanes wrote, did not fully warrant the severity of his satire, or that his characters of depravity are in general overcharged, and his pictures of human nature more deformed than their originals. As for the rest of the comic fraternity, their fragments only can plead for them; but they are fragments of such a nature, as prove them to have been moralists of the sublimest sort, and they have been collected, translated, and applauded, by the gravest and most sententious of the Christian writers for many ages. I will venture to say, that in these scattered reliques of the comic stage, more useful knowledge and good sense, better maxims for right conduct in life, and a more generous display of benevolence, justice, public spirit, and all the moral virtues of natural religion are to be found, than in all the writings of the philosophers, which are so much more entire.

Socrates, it is true, could hardly be prevailed upon to enter the comic theatre, but I infer very little against the poets on that account; Plato, I am aware, though an intimate of Aristophanes, banished the drama out of his visionary republic; but what is that more than to say, that if all men were virtuous there would be no need of satirists? The comic poets in return lashed the philosophers
over

over the stage, and they had what they merited, the public applause on their side ; the schools and academies of sophists furnished an inexhaustible fund for wholesome ridicule ; their contradictory first principles, the dæmons and clouds, and water and fire, with all their idle systems and hypotheses, their fabulous conceits, dreams and devices to catch the vulgar, and the affected rigour of their manners, whilst in secret they were addicted to the grossest debauchery and impurity, were continual subjects of satire ; and if hypocrisy is not the comic poet's lawful game, what is ? There is not a play of Aristophanes to be named, in which these sanctified sinners have not their share in the ridicule ; and amongst the fragments above mentioned, a very large proportion falls to their lot.

Aristotle, who had very little feeling for Plato and his academy, or indeed for practical philosophy in general (which he seems to have professed only in opposition to Xenocrates) concerned himself no further about the state of the stage, than to comment and remark upon the tragedies of the three chief writers above mentioned ; and it is humiliating enough to the pride of criticism to observe, that tragedy, after all his pains to hold it up to the standard of Sophocles and Euripides, sunk with those authors, and was no more heard of ; whilst comedy, without his help, and in defiance of his neglect, rose in credit with the world, till it attained perfection under the auspices of Menander.

I have spoken of tragedy as a *written poem* before comedy of the same description, because I think that Sufarion did not *write* comedy, though
he

he acted it so early as the fiftieth Olympiad; and I also think that Thespis did *write* tragedy in the sixty-first Olympiad, if not sooner; in other words, although the complexion of the original drama was comic in the most extravagant degree, yet it appears probable that tragedy had the start in point of publication. The nature of the first comedy, compared with that of the first tragedy, seems to warrant this opinion; for it is easy to suppose that the raillery and satire of the village masques, which would pass off at a lawless festival, spoken off-hand and without the malice of premeditation, would not so readily have been committed to writing by the poet, as the tragic drama; which being composed in honour of deceased heroes, or on religious and grave subjects, not only called for greater deliberation on the part of the author, but would also be made public without danger or offence.

It now remains to enquire into the chronology of the *written* comedy.

I have already observed, that Aristotle ascribes the first written comedy to Epicharmus.

Both Aristotle and Horace call him a *Sicilian*, but in what particular place he was born is not agreed; some contend that he was a Syracusan, some that he was a native of Craftum, others of Megara in Sicily: Diomedes the grammarian says he was born in Cos, and derives the word comedy from the name of that island, a derivation that sets aside his authority altogether. The father of Epicharmus was named Chimarus, or according to others Tityrus, and his mother Sicida. Cicero in his Tusculans calls him, *acutum nec insulsum hominem*;

hominem : Demetrius Phaleræus celebrates him for the elegant and apposite choice of his epithets, on which account the Greeks gave the name of *Epicharmion* to his stile, making it proverbial for its beauty and purity. It is difficult to fix the precise time when he began to write comedy, especially as he lived to the great age of ninety-seven : It is certain however he was still writing in the reign of Hiero, in or about Olymp. LXXIV. at which time Phormis also wrote comedy in Sicily ; and Chionides, Dinolochus and Magnes, comic poets, flourished at Athens.

Suidas's chronology does not agree with Aristotle's, for he makes Chionides antecedent to Epicharmus, and calls him the first writer of comedy ; adding, that Evetes, Euxenides and Mylus, all Athenians, were his contemporaries ; he allows, however, that Epicharmus and Phormis were the first writers in the island of Sicily ; but this is in the vague manner of his dates, and not to be relied upon : He takes no notice of Aristotle's express assertion, that Epicharmus was long senior to Chionides ; and yet he might have recollected, that facts are so far in favour of Aristotle's chronology of these poets, that there is a title upon record of one of Chionides's plays called *The Persians*, which must have been posterior to the Persian æra, when it is on all hands agreed that Epicharmus was living.

Amongst the epigrams of Theocritus, published by Henry Stevens in 1579, there are some lines upon Epicharmus, which appear to have been inscribed upon the pedestal of a statue of brass, which the Syracusans had set up in his honour

honour as their fellow-citizen : It consists of ten lines in the Doric dialect, which he used ; it settles the point of his birth, expressly saying he was a Syracusan, and ascribes to him the invention of Comedy—

— καὶ νῦν, ὁ τὰν Κωμῶδιαν

Εὐρὺν Ἐπίχαρμος.

“ Epicharmus, the man who invented Comedy.”

In the conclusion, it celebrates him for the many useful maxims which he gave for the instruction of youth ; but this I am disposed to think may apply to the circumstance of his having been a schoolmaster at Syracuse ; for if we are to take our judgment of Epicharmus's drama from his imitator Plautus, perhaps its morality, though not to be overlooked amongst other excellencies, is nevertheless not the most striking feature in its character. And though it is probable that Epicharmus did not launch out into that personality, which the freer Athenians indulged to such excess, yet I can suppose him to have been not very chaste in his dialogue, from the anecdote which Plutarch gives us, of his being heavily fined and compelled to manual labour by order of Hiero for certain obscene jests, which he suffered to pass in hearing of his queen : I must ground another remark upon this anecdote, respecting the time in which he is generally thought to have struck out his comedy, as being long antecedent to the time of Hiero ; which being admitted, will follow that he was near the close of his

his life, when this sentence of manual labour was executed upon him; a kind of punishment so very unlikely to be inflicted on a man of ninety-six years by a prince of Hiero's magnanimity and benevolence, that if I am to take the anecdote for granted, I cannot assent to those authorities that have placed him so high in time, for the purpose only of putting his title of first founder of comedy out of dispute.

Upon the whole, I think it likely the Athenians wrote comedy as soon as the Sicilians, but that Epicharmus was the first, who formed his drama upon the poems of Homer: It is also clear, that his countryman and contemporary Phormis wrote comedy as soon, or nearly as soon as he did; for although Theocritus, in the epigram above cited, says expressly that Epicharmus struck out comedy, yet it must be remarked that Theocritus was a Syracusan by birth, living in the time of Ptolemy Lagus; and in giving this testimony for his fellow-citizen, it is more than probable he spoke locally of the *Sicilian* comedy only, as Suidas did in after times, when he said that Epicharmus and Phormis first struck out comedy *in Sicily*.

I would therefore fix Epicharmus's first comedy antecedent to Olymp. LXXV. at the lowest date, because we have it from good authority that he was teaching scholars at Syracuse four years before the Persian æra; and this date is confirmed by the age of Phormis, who certainly flourished in the time of Gelon, and was in great favour in the court of that prince, who was predecessor to Hiero, and was succeeded by him in Olymp. LXXVII.

N^o LXXIII.

EPICHARMUS was a liberal benefactor to the stage. Porphyry says that Apollodorus the grammarian made a collection of his plays in ten volumes; Suidas reckons fifty-two; Lycon only thirty-five; but modern philologists have given the titles of forty, with the authorities by which they are ascertained.

It is not my purpose in these papers to make a practice of loading the page with lists of titles, which may too truly be called dead names; but in the instance of an author like *Epicharmus*, who stands at the head of his department, every relique seems an object of some curiosity; and therefore, although the following catalogue may strike the dramatic reader as what may properly enough be called *a beggarly account of empty boxes*, yet I shall proceed to enumerate the titles of forty comedies, all of which are, upon good grounds of criticism, ascribed to this celebrated author.

TITLES OF THE COMEDIES OF EPICHARMUS.

The Husbandman. The Halcyon. Amycus, Son of Neptune. The Banditti. Atalanta. The Bacchæ. Busiris. Earth and Sea. The Fathers of the People. The Bacchanalians. Diphilus. Hope. The Festival. The Celebration of the Victory. Hebe's Wedding. Juno's Nuptials. Vulcan.

Vulcan, or The Revels. The Ambassadors to the Oracle. The Cyclops. The Reasoner. The Megarensian. The Muses. The Islands. Niobe's Wedding. Ulysses the Deserter. Ulysses Shipwreckt. The Chitterlings. The Pedagogues. The Paragon. The Persians. The Statesman. Prometheus, the Fire-stealer. Pyrrha, the Wife of Deucalion. The Sirens. The Isle of Scyros. The Sphynx. The Trojans. Philoctetes. The Chorus Troop. The Potters.

The same respect, which led me to insert these titles, led me also to search with all possible diligence for every fragment which I could find of Epicharmus. I wish they had been more in number, and of greater importance than they are; but such as they are, I have reason to believe they are the whole amount of what can be picked up from the wreck of this once valuable poet.—The reader must not expect, that either in this author's instance, or that of any other Greek comedian, except in very few cases, that the particular play can be ascertained, to which the fragments belong; for the grammarians and others, who quote them, only give the name of the author, and not that of the comedy from which they extract them. I must in this place once for all give vent to an anxiety, which presses on my mind respecting these fragments of the Greek comedy, whether the insertion of them will or will not be approved of by the generality of my readers: My sole object is to furnish them with rational and moral amusements, and if I fail of that object in these my hearty endeavours,

I have

I have taken a great deal of pains to render these passages into English in the best manner my capacity enabled me to do, to a very unfortunate purpose indeed. The learned reader will bear me witness, that these fragments have been the admiration of ages; and I am sensible that very many of them possess intrinsic beauty both of stile and sentiment; and if my translations have not robbed them of their original merit, some pleasure, and let me hope some profit, may attend their perusal. I have studied so to class them, as not to burthen or distract the reader with a mere succession of miscellaneous quotations without any reference or connection, which I am sensible could not be an agreeable mode of publication, though Stobæus, Hertelius and some others have taken it up; but on the contrary, I have endeavoured to introduce them with some anecdote or other, which serves to weave them into the thread of the work. Most of the translations will be found in metre, in which I have strove to copy the free stile of our old metrical comic poets: Some I have turned into rhyme, where the thought allowed it, and the expressions were terse and epigrammatical. Others I have put into prose; and in all I have been as close and faithful to the original, as the language and my construction of the author would permit. If the candid reader will accept this preface in apology, I shall give him no further trouble on the subject.

Epicharmus, in one of his comedies (we may suppose *The Statesman*) introduces the following retort from some man of low birth to a prating old woman, who is vapouring about her ancestry

“ Good

" Good gossip, if you love me, prate no more :
 " What are your genealogies to me ?
 " Away to those, who have more need of them !
 " Let the degenerate wretches, if they can,
 " Dig up dead honour from their father's tombs,
 " And boast it for their own—Vain, empty boast !
 " When every common fellow, that they meet,
 " If accident hath not cut off the scroll,
 " Can shew a list of ancestry as long.
 " You call the Scythians barbarous, and despise them ;
 " Yet Anacharsis was a Scythian born ;
 " And every man of a like noble nature,
 " Tho' he were moulded from an Æthiop's loins
 " Is nobler than your pedigrees can make him."

The following is a false antithesis, in which bodily strength is substituted for a mental—

" It demands the strength of a lion to subdue
 " the weakness of love."

MORAL MAXIMS.

" Be sober in thought ! be slow in belief !——
 " These are the sinews of wisdom."

" It is the part of a wise man to foresee what ought to be done, so shall he not repent of what is done."

" Throw not away thine anger upon trifles ! Reason, and not rage, should govern."

" Mankind are more indebted to industry than to ingenuity : The gods set up their favours at a price, and industry is the purchaser."

" A man without merit, shall live without envy ; but who would wish to escape on these terms ?"

" Live so as to hold yourself prepared either for a long life, or for a short one !"

There

There is no subject, which the comic poets whet their wits upon more frequently than marriage. The wives of Syracuse were not much obliged to Epicharmus for the following fally.

“ Marriage is like a cast of the dice : If you get a wife of good morals and a quiet temper withal, happy is your lot : If you light upon a gadding, gossiping, extravagant huffy, it is not a wife you wed, but an eternal plague in the apparel of a woman. There is not in the habitable globe so dire a torment ; I feel it to my sorrow ; the better luck is his, who has never tried it.”

Mr. Congreve, in his *Double Dealer*, has the following passage between Mellafont and Cynthia upon the very eve of their nuptials.

Cynth. *Then I find marriage is like cards ; if either of us have a good hand, it is an accident of fortune.*

Mell. *No, marriage is rather like a game at bowls :— Fortune indeed makes the match, and the two nearest, and sometimes the two farthest are together ; but the game depends entirely upon judgment.*

Cynth. *Still it is a game, and consequently one of us must be a loser.*

Mell. *Not at all ; only a friendly trial of skill, and the winnings to be laid out in an entertainment.*

Neither this, nor any part of the scene to which it appertains, is in Mr. Congreve’s best manner. The wit does not flow, but is pumped up in labour, and not very clear when it comes.

Of *Phormis*, the contemporary of Epicharmus, no fragments are to be found.

Chionides of Athens wrote comedy before the Persian æra, and is the oldest writer of the Athenian

Athenian stage. All the memorials I can obtain of him are, that he wrote three plays, entitled, *The Heroes, the Lyars, and the Poor Men.*

Magnes was an Athenian, and began to appear as a writer of Comedy, whilst *Chionides* was living: *Aristophanes* makes mention of him in his play of *The Knights*. The Scholiast in his comment on the passage observes, that all his works are perished, nothing remaining but the titles of nine comedies, of which two bear the same names with two of *Aristophanes*, viz. *The Frogs*, and *The Birds*; the same Scholiast informs us that *Magnes* bore away two prizes.

Dinolochus was contemporary with *Magnes*: He used the Doric dialect, and is said to have produced fourteen plays. Some place his birth at *Syracuse*, others at *Agrigentum*. *Suidas* says he flourished so early as *Olymp. LXXIII.* but this ill agrees with the circumstance of his being the son, or, as others contend, the scholar of *Epi-charmus*. His works have totally perished.

These five poets, three of whom were Sicilians, must be called The Fathers of Comedy, and all that now remains of them is comprised in the few short passages here inserted.

Whilst their comedies were in representation, tragedy was advancing under *Pratinas* and *Chærilus*, and *Æschylus* had already taken possession of the stage: *Sophocles* and *Euripides* were born, the former six years before the latter: *Ion*, surnamed *Xuthis*, son of *Orthomenes* of *Chios*, began to write tragedy in the first year of *Olymp. LXXXII.* *Æschylus* being then dead.—*Theognis*, (from the coldness of his drama nicknamed *Snoru*) was contemporay with *Ion*.

The magistracy of Athens in Olymp. LXXXV. when Myrrichides was archon, published a decree, prohibiting the representation of comedies in Athens: This decree held in force only two years under Glaucides and Theopompus; for when Euthymenes succeeded to that annual dignity, he found it expedient to gratify the people by a revocation of the edict, and the comic muse was reinstated on the stage by the celebrated triumvirate of Eupolis, Cratinus and Aristophanes; Cratinus opening the theatre with his celebrated comedy of *The Winter Amusements*, Eupolis with *The New Moons*, and Aristophanes with *The Acharnensians*.

N^o LXXIV.

CRATINUS, *Eupolis* and *Aristophanes* are generally classed together as rivals and principals in what is called *The Old Comedy*. Cratinus was senior in age to both his competitors, and Eupolis is charged by the old annotator upon Aristophanes of having copied from him very freely: I confess this is stubborn authority, and yet it seems hard to believe that Eupolis, who was so constantly engaged in competition with his rival, should expose himself to certain detection of so disgraceful a sort; and had it been so, I should rather have expected

expected to meet with the charge in the text of Aristophanes than in the comment; I must add, that upon the closest search I can find nothing that favours this imputation in any other author which speaks of Eupolis, but many circumstances on the contrary which seem to place his pretensions to originality on as good ground, as that of his contemporaries, with whom he is equally celebrated.

These poets were in high favour with the people on account of the boldness and personality of their satire, and for the same reason proportionably obnoxious to the nobles and magistrates, whom they lashed without mercy. Aristophanes was much the least bitter of the three, and yet we have some smart specimens of his severity. Persius seems to make this distinction in the following passage—

*Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
Aspice et hæc.*

In these lines he characterizes Cratinus and Eupolis by the epithets of *audax* and *iratus*, whereas he introduces Aristophanes under the description only of *prægrandis senex*, which is interpreted to refer to the superior gravity and dignity of his stile.

Horace, in the fourth satire of his first book, instances these three poets by pre-eminence from amongst all the writers of the old comedy.

*Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poetae,
Atque alii, quorum comædia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus ac fur,
Quod mæchus foret, aut sicarius, aut aliqui
Famosus, multâ cum libertate notabant.*

*The comic poets, in its earliest age,
Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage,
Was there a villain, who might justly claim
A better right of being damn'd to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They freely stigmatiz'd the wretch in rhyme.*

(FRANCIS.)

It appears by this quotation, that Horace does not consider their comedy in the same light with Aristotle, as if they represented human nature in worse colours than it deserved.

Quintilian expressly says, that these are the chief writers of the old comedy—*Plures ejus auctores; Aristophanes tamen et Eupolis, Cratinusque præcipui*:—And he recommends the old Greek comedy, and these authors in particular, as the best model (Homer only excepted) for his orator to form himself upon; inasmuch as it is there only he will find the Attic stile in its purity and perfection; and though the old comedy, as he observes, is chiefly occupied in wit and sarcasm for the purpose of chastising vice, yet it has many excellences of a more general sort: It is energetic, elegant, and full of graces; so that if Homer alone (who like his own Achilles has the privilege of being always put above comparison) be excepted, no other school for oratory can come in competition with this.

CRATINUS.

C R A T I N U S.

Cratinus was the son of Callimedes an Athenian; we have the titles of at least thirty comedies of his writing, so that Suidas is mistaken in ascribing to him only twenty-one; he was a poet of strong imagination, and a florid lively stile; he carried away no less than nine prizes, which is a large proportion of success, compared with others, who rank amongst the highest both in the comic and tragic line. A second edict came out in his time for restraining the licentiousness of the stage in point of personality, and *Cratinus*, in common with the rest of his contemporaries, found himself obliged to divert his satire from the living to the dead: Sarcasms were now levelled at men's productions, not at their persons; the tragic authors felt the chief weight of the attack, though even Homer did not escape, as may be gathered from *The Ulysses* of *Cratinus*, in which he parodies and ridicules the *Odyssy*.

Cratinus lived to an extreme old age, though according to the loose morals of the Greeks he indulged his passions both natural and unnatural without restraint: He carried his love of wine to such excess, that he got the name of Φιλοπότης, launching out in praise of drinking, and rallying all sobriety out of countenance, asserting that no author can be good for any thing, who does not love his bottle, and that dramatic poets in particular ought to drink hard, as a duty due to Bacchus for his peculiar patronage and protection of the stage. Horace, who was not very averse

from his doctrine, quotes his authority in the first lines of an epistle to Mecænas.

*Prisco si credis, Mecænas doctæ, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

O learn'd Mecænas, hear Cratinus speak,
And take this maxim from the gay old Greek;
No verse shall please, or lasting honours gain,
Which coldly flows from water-drinker's brain.

As for the love of wine, it seems to have stood in the place of a merit with the Greeks; but Cratinus's excess was attended in his old age with some marks of weakness and want of retention, incidental to an exhausted constitution, which gave a handle to Aristophanes, who was a younger man (and not much more abstemious) to bring his old competitor on the stage, and hold him up to ridicule for this infirmity. The charge was unmanly, and roused the aged veteran to return the attack: Cratinus, then nearly approaching to an hundred, had left off writing, but he was not yet superannuated, and lived to complete a comedy, which he appositely entitled *The Flaggon*. In the plot of this piece he feigns himself married to Comedy, whom he personifies and represents the lady in disgust with her husband for his unconjugal neglect, on which account she states her charge, and roundly sues for an actual divorce: Upon this hearing, certain friends and advocates are introduced on the scene in behalf of the party accused, who make suit to the dame to stay her proceedings, and not be over-hasty in throwing

throwing off an old spouse ; but on the contrary recommend to her to enter calmly into an amicable discussion of her grievances : To this proposal she at length accedes, and this gives occasion to take up the charge of Aristophanes, accusing the old bard of drunkenness and the concomitant circumstances, which had been published with so much ill-nature to make him ridiculous at the end of life. Then follows a very pleasant refutation of all these libels, by which he contrives to turn the laugh against Aristophanes, and so concludes the comedy. One feels a satisfaction even at this distance of ages to know, that the old poet bore away the prize with this very comedy, and soon after expired in the arms of victory at the age of ninety-seven, in the first year of Olymp. LXXXIX.

The Athenians gave him a monument, and an epitaph, in which they omit all mention of his fine talents, and record nothing but his drunkenness. He spared no man when living, and even death itself could not protect him from retaliation.

“Θανάσιος ἀνδρὸς πᾶς ἀπόλλοιαι χάρις.”

(STESICHORUS.)

*The evil that he did liv'd after him,
The good was all interred with his bones.*

(SHAKESPEAR.)

There is scarce a fragment of this poet, once so great a favourite, that is now to be found ; the very few scraps of sentences remaining are too

imperfect to merit a translation : One little spark of his genius however will be seen in the following epigrammatic turn of thought upon the loss of a statue, which being the workmanship of Dædalus, he supposes to have made use of its privilege, and escaped from its pedestal.

" My statue's gone ! By Dædalus 'twas made.

" It is not stolen therefore ; it has Gray'd."

E U P O L I S.

Eupolis became a very popular author some years before the death of Cratinus : The bold strong spirit of his satire recommended him to the public more than the beauties and graces of his stile, which he was not studious to polish. He attacked the most obnoxious and profligate characters in Athens, without any regard to his personal safety ; to expose the cheat, and ridicule the impostor was the glory of his muse, and neither the terrors of the magistracy, nor the mysteries of superstition could divert him from it. He wrote two comedies professedly against Autolycus the Areopagite, whose misbehaviour in the Chæronensian war had made him infamous, and he called them after his name *The first and second Autolycus*. In his famous comedy called *The Baptæ* he inveighs against the effeminate turpitude of his countrymen, whom he exhibits dancing after the manner of the lascivious priests of Cotytto (viz. *the Baptæ*) in the habits and fashion of female minstrels.

Talia

*Talia secretâ coluerunt orgia tedâ
Cecropiam soliti Bapta lassare Cotytto.*

(JUVEN.)

The prevailing account of his death is, that the persons, whom he had satirized in this play of the *Bapta*, suborned certain assassins to throw him into the sea, as he was passing the Hellespont with the Athenian forces then on an expedition against the Lacedæmonians; and several authorities impute this revengeful deed to Alcibiades, who had been severely handled in that piece; but Cicero in his first epistle of the sixth book to Atticus speaks of this report as a vulgar error, and quotes Eratosthenes for the fact of Eupolis having written certain comedies after the time, when the event of his death is dated—*redarguit Eratosthenes; affert enim quas ille post id tempus fabulas docuerit.*

Pausanias tells us, that his tomb was erected upon the banks of the Æsopus in Sicyonia, and as it is not likely this honour should be paid to his memory by the Sicyonians, he being an Athenian born, unless he had died in their country; the authority of Pausanias seems to confirm the account of Eratosthenes, and discredit the fable of his being thrown into the Hellespont.

In his comedy called *The People*, by the fiction of the scene he raises the shades of their departed orators and dæmagogues from the dead; and when Pericles, last of the troop, arises, the poet demands, “Who it is that appears?” The question being answered, and the spirit of Pericles dismissed, he pronounces his encomium—“That

he was pre-eminent as an orator, for man never spoke as he spoke: When he started like a courser in the race, he threw all competitors out of sight, so rapid was the torrent of his eloquence; but with that rapidity there flowed such sweetness and persuasion from his lips, that He alone of all orators struck a sting into the very souls of his hearers, and left it there to remain for ever."

I think it probable the following fragment has been the opening speech of this very comedy; for in it he addresses *the People*, and complains of the preference they are apt to bestow upon foreigners, to the neglect of their own countrymen—"Receiving every thing with favour that falls from their lips, and applauding them as oracles of human wisdom; whereas, if any one of your own countrymen addresses you (though in no respect their inferior) you look down upon him with contempt; nay, you are ready to pronounce that the man is in his dotage; a fool who never had senses, or a madman who has lost them—but hark ye, gentlemen! let me have a word with you at starting; let me prevail with you to revoke these unjust proceedings, and give a fellow-citizen and your humble servant a fair hearing and impartial judgment."

I suspect this to be a fly blow at Aristophanes, who was not an Athenian born, and perhaps at this time had not his adoption. He proceeds to lament the state of public affairs, and the degeneracy of the times; for in the old comedy it was usual for the poet to harangue the theatre, either in the opening of the piece, or at any convenient

convenient interval between the scenes, sometimes in his own person, sometimes by the mouth of the chorus. We cannot wonder if such sentiments as the following, delivered from the stage, should render Eupolis obnoxious to men in power.

Address to the Audience by Eupolis.

“Of many things, which offer themselves to my consideration, I cannot find words to speak, so penetrated am I with affliction, when I turn my thoughts to the condition of the commonwealth; for you must be conscious, O citizens, it was not so administered in times past, when men of high birth, men, whose rank, fortune and merit gave them a consideration in the state, filled the first offices of government: To such we deferred, as to the deities themselves; for they merited our respect, and under their protection we enjoyed security: Now we have no other guide in our election but blind ignoble chance; and on whatsoever head it falls, though he be the worst and meanest of mankind, he starts up a great man at once, and is installed with all proper solemnity a rogue in state.”

Here the poet speaks out of the rostrum rather than from the stage: This is plain bold language; and tempts me to call our countryman Ben Jonson on the scene, who was deep in all these remnants of the old Greek poets, and frequently talks the very language of the Athenian theatre.

Asper, in character of *Presenter* of the play, thus opens the comedy of *Every Man out of his Humour*.

Address

*Address to the Audience by B. Jonson.**Away!*

*Who is so patient of this impious world,
 That he can check his spirit, or rein his tongue?
 Who can behold such prodigies as these,
 And have his lips sealed up? Not I; my soul,
 Was never ground into such oily colours,
 To flatter vice and dawb iniquity:
 But with an armed and resolved hand
 I'll strip the ragged follies of the time,
 Naked as at their birth——*

*I fear no mood stamp't in a private brow,
 When I am pleas'd to unmask a public vice.
 I fear no strumpet's drugs, nor ruffian's stab,
 Should I detect their hateful luxuries:
 No broker's, usurer's, or lawyer's gripe,
 Were I dispos'd to say, They're all corrupt.
 I fear no courtier's frown, should I applaud
 The easy flexure of his supple hams.
 Tut! these are so innate and popular,
 That drunken custom would not shame to laugh
 In scorn at him, that should not dare to tax them.
 &c. &c.*

This is the very spirit of the old Greek comedy, speaking through the organs of our English Aristophanes, and old Ben fills the character of the *pragrandis senex*, as well as he for whom it was designed. It is the *Comœdia, vocem tollens*, and asserting her determination to keep up her rights according to antient custom of her founders—*Siquis erat dignus describi.*—In the third year of Olymp. LXXXIX. which was two years after the
 decease

decease of Cratinus, Eupolis acted his comedy called *The Flatterers*, Alcæus being archon. I cannot doubt but the following is a fragment of this comedy; it is a part of the speech of a parasite, and runs over a few of the arts, by which he gulls the rich boobies that fall in his way.

The Parasite of Eupolis.

“ Mark now, and learn of me the thriving arts,
 “ By which we parasites contrive to live :
 “ Fine rogues we are, my friend (of that be sure)
 “ And daintily we gull mankind.—Observe!
 “ First I provide myself a nimble thing
 “ To be my page, a varlet of all crafts;
 “ Next two new suits for feasts and gala-days,
 “ Which I promote by turns, when I walk forth.
 “ To sun myself upon the public square :
 “ There if perchance I spy some rich dull knave,
 “ Strait I accost him, do him reverence,
 “ And, saunt’ring up and down, with idle chat
 “ Hold him awhile in play; at every word,
 “ Which his wise worship utters, I stop short
 “ And bless myself for wonder; if he ventures
 “ On some vile joke, I blow it to the skies,
 “ And hold my sides for laughter—Then to supper
 “ With others of our brotherhood to mess
 “ In some night-cellar on our barley cakes,
 “ And club inventions for the next day’s shift.”

The Parasite of Ben Jonson.

M O S C A.

——— Oh! your parasite
 Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,
 Not bred ’mongst clods and clot-poles here on earth.
 I muse the mystery was not made a science,
 It is so liberally profest. Almost
 All the wise world is little else in nature
 But parasites and sub-parasites. And yet
 I mean not these, that have your bare town-art,

*To know who's fit to feed them; have no house,
 No family, no care, and therefore mould
 Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense---nor those,
 With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and flee;
 Make their revenue out of legs and faces,
 Echo, My Lord, and lick away a moth;
 But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,
 And stoop almost together like an arrow,
 Shoot thro' the air as nimbly as a star,
 Turn short as doth a swallow, and be here,
 And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
 Present to any humour, all occasion,
 And change a visor swifter than a thought;
 This is the creature had the art born with him.*

Lucian's *Parasite*, which is a masterpiece of character and comic writing, and Horace's dialogue between Tiresias and Ulysses (which is the fifth satire of the second book) might perhaps be traced in passages of this comedy of Eupolis, if we had it entire.

Eupolis in his *Lacedæmonians* attacks both the public and private character of Cimon, charging him with improper partiality for the Lacedæmonians, with drunkenness, and even with an incestuous commerce with his own sister Pnyce: Plutarch takes notice of this attack, and says it had a great effect in stirring up the populace against this celebrated commander.

He wrote his comedy, intitled *Marica*, against the orator *Hyperbolus*, whom Thucydides mentions to have been banished by Ostracism.

We have the titles of upwards of twenty plays of this author's composition.

N^o LXXV.

ARISTOPHANES.

*Ut templum charites, quod non labatur, haberent,
invenere tuum pectus, Aristophanes.*

(JOS. SCALIGER EX PLATONE.)

THIS is an eulogy the more honourable to Aristophanes, as it fell from Plato, the disciple of Socrates. If I were to collect all the testimonies, that are scattered through the works of the learned in behalf of the author we are now about to review, I should fill my pages with panegyric; but this I am the less concerned to do, as the reader has a part of him in possession, which as it is near a fourth of the whole man, he has more than the foot by which to measure this Hercules.

Both the parentage and birth-place of Aristophanes are doubtful: He was an adopted, not a natural, citizen of Athens, and I incline to think he was the son of Philippus, a native of Ægina, where our poet had some patrimony. He was in person very tall, bony and robust, and we have his own authority for his baldness; but whether this was as disgraceful at Athens, as it was amongst the Romans, I have not been anxious to enquire. He was in private life of a free, open and companionable temper, and his company was sought after by the greatest characters of the age with all possible avidity: Plato, and even Socrates, shared many social hours with him; he was much
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the most popular character in Athens, as the great dæmagogue Cleon experienced to his cost, not to mention Socrates himself: Every honour that could be paid to a poet was publicly bestowed upon Aristophanes by the Athenian people; nor did they confine their rewards to honorary prizes only, but decreed him fines and pecuniary confiscations from those, who ventured to attack him with suits and prosecutions: Dionysius of Syracuse in vain made overtures to him of the most flattering sort, at the time when Æschines and Aristippus, Socratic philosophers, were retained in his court with so much infamy to their private characters, and when even Plato himself had solicited his notice by three several visits to Syracuse, where he had not the good fortune to render himself very agreeable. The fame of Aristophanes had reached to the court of Persia, and his praises were there founded by the great king himself, who considered him not only as the first poet, but as the most conspicuous personage at Athens. I do not find him marked with any other immorality, than that of intemperance with regard to wine, the fashionable excess of the time, and in some degree a kind of prerogative of his profession, a *licentia poetica*: Athenæus the Deipnosophist says he was drunk when he composed, but this is a charge that will not pass upon any man who is sober; and if we rejected it from Sophocles in the case of Æschylus, we shall not receive it but with contempt from such an accuser as Athenæus. He was not happy in his domestic connections, for he naturally declares that *he was ashamed of his wife*—

—Τὴν γυναῖκα δ' αἰσχύνουσαι—and as for his two sons; Philippus and Ararotes they did him as little credit, and he considered them accordingly. He was blest with a good constitution, and lived to turn above seventy years, though the date of his death is not precisely laid down.

Though he was resolute in opposing himself to the torrent of vice and corruption, which overspread the manners of his country, yet he was far more temperate in his personal invective than his contemporaries. He was too sensitive in his nature to undertake the performance of his own parts in person, which was general with all the comic poets of his time; and he stood their raillery for not venturing to tread the stage as they did. Amipias and Aristonymus, both rival authors, charged him with availing himself of the talents of other people from the consciousness of his own insufficiency: Their raillery could not draw him out, till his favourite actor Callistratus declined undertaking the part of Cleon in his personal comedy of *The Knights*, dreading the resentment of that powerful damagogue, who was as unforgiving as he was imperious: In this dilemma Aristophanes conquered his repugnance, and determined upon presenting himself on the stage for the first time in his life: He dressed himself in the character of this formidable tribune; and having coloured his face with vermillion up to the hue of the brutal person he was to resemble, he entered on the part in such a stile of energy, and with such natural expression that the effect was irresistible; and the proud factious Cleon was stript of his popularity, and sentenced
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in a fine of five talents by the knight's decree, as damages for the charge he had preferred against the author touching his right of citizenship, which was awarded and secured to him by the same instrument.

Such was Aristophanes in person, manners and character : As a poet I might refer the learned reader to his works, which speak so ably for themselves : They are not only valuable as his remains, but when we consider them as the only remains, which give us any complete specimens of the Greek comedy, they become inestimable through the misfortunes of all the rest. We receive them as treasures thrown up from a wreck, or more properly as one passenger escaped out of a fleet, whose narrative we listen to with the more eagerness and curiosity, because it is from this alone we can gain intelligence of the nature of the expedition, the quality of the armament, and the characters and talents of the commanders, who have perished and gone down into the abyss together.

The comedies of Aristophanes are universally esteemed to be the standard of Attic writing in its greatest purity ; if any man would wish to know the language as it was spoke by Pericles, he must seek it in the scenes of Aristophanes, where he is not using a foreign or affected diction, for the purpose of accommodating it to some particular or extravagant character. The ancient authors, both Greek and Roman, who had all the productions of the Athenian stage before them, speak of him with such rapture and admiration, as to give him a decided preference before all other comic

comic poets, with an exception as I believe of Plutarch only, who brings him into comparison with Menander, and after discussing their different pretensions decides peremptorily for Menander: This criticism of Plutarch's I shall reserve for future consideration; and when I said that he is single in his preference of Menander, perhaps I ought to recal the expression, as that poet has his admirers, but none that I know of, who have deliberately given judgment in his favour upon a critical comparison with Aristophanes, except Plutarch above mentioned.

The drama of Aristophanes is of a mixed species; sometimes personal, at other times inclining to parody, according to the character of the middle comedy: He varies and accommodates his style to his subject and the speakers on the scene; on some occasions it is elevated, grave, sublime and polished to a wonderful degree of brilliancy and beauty; on others it sinks and descends into humble dialogue, provincial rusticity, coarse naked obscenity, and even puns and quibbles: The versatility of his genius is admirable; for he gives us every rank and description of men in his scenes, and in every one is strictly characteristic. In some passages, and frequently in his chorusses, he starts out of the ordinary province of comedy into the loftiest flights of poetry, and in these I doubt if Æschylus or Pindar have surpassed him: In sentiment and good sense he is not inferior to Euripides, and in the acuteness of his criticisms equalled by none: In the general purport of his moral he seldom, if ever, fails; but he works occasionally with unclean tools, and, like Juvenal
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in the lower ages, chastises vice by an open exposure of its turpitude, offending the ear, whilst he aims to mend the heart. This habit of plain speaking was the fashion of the times he wrote in, and the audience demanded and would have it; that he may be studied by the purest readers we should conclude, when we are told he was the pillow companion of a Christian saint, as the well-known anecdote of Chrysostom will testify. If we cannot entirely defend the indelicacy of his muse, we cannot deny but that a great share of the blame rests with the spectators: A dramatic poet cannot model his audience; but in a certain degree must of necessity conform to their taste and humour: It can be proved that Aristophanes himself laments the hard task imposed upon him of gratifying the public at the expence of decency; but with the example of the poet Cratinus before his eyes, who was driven from the stage because he scrupled to amuse the public ear with tawdry jests, it is not to be wondered at, if any author, emulous of applause, should fall in with the wishes of the theatre, unbecoming as they were: Let me add in further palliation of this fault, that he never puts obscenity but in the mouths of obscene characters, and so applies it as to give his hearers a disgust for such unseemly habits. Morality I confess deserves a purer vehicle, yet I contend that his purpose was honest, and I dare believe went farther towards reforming the loose Athenians, than all the indecisive positions of the philosophers, who being enlisted into sects and factions scarce agreed in any one point of common morality.

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This part of his defence would have been very easily handled a century or two ago; Ben Jonson for instance could have helped his argument out with his own example, if occasion had required; but the task falls very heavy upon an advocate in this age, which is of purer ears than to listen to obscenity; and though my particular difficulties have thereby been encreased, I shall never repine under the weight of any burthen, which the merit of my contemporaries lays upon me.

His wit is of various kinds; much is of a general and permanent stamp; much is local, personal and untransferable to posterity: No author still retains so many brilliant passages, yet none has suffered such injury by the depredations of time: Of his powers in ridicule and humour, whether of character or dialogue, there might be no end to instances: If Plautus gives us the model of Epicharmus, he does not equal him; and if Terence translates Menander, his original does not approach him in these particulars: I doubt if the sum total of wit and humour in all their stage-lacqueys would together balance the single character of *Cario* in the *Plutus*. His satire, whether levelled against the vices and follies of the people at large, against the corruption of the demagogues, the turpitude and chicanery of the philosophers, or the arrogant self-sufficiency of the tragic poets, cuts with an edge that penetrates the character, and leaves no shelter for either ignorance or criminality.

Aristophanes was author of above sixty comedies, though they are erroneously stated under that amount. *The Plutus* now in our hands (which
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is the second he wrote of that title) has been twice published in our language by two different translators ; one of these I have seen, which was jointly executed by the celebrated Henry Fielding and the Rev. Mr. Young : There is an English translation, as I am told, of *The Clouds*, but this has never been in my hands, and also a very late one of *The Frogs* in metre, which I have perused. Much praise is due to the labours of learned men, who thus endeavour to make his wit current among us ; and every man who knows the difficulties of their task, will find his candour strongly called upon to excuse any errors or inequalities, that may appear in their performances.

No LXXVI.

I SAID in my former Paper that Plutarch had made a comparison between Aristophanes and Menander, and given his decided judgment for the latter. It might well be expected, that a Greek of the lower ages, living in the time of Trajan, and in court-favour with that emperor, should prefer a polished elegant author like Menander to one so bold, personal and sarcastic as the poet he compares with him. Horace even in the time of Augustus had begun to decry the *Plautinos Sales*, and the manners were much more refined in Plutarch's

tarch's time than in his. As we can take little estimate of Menander from the fragments only of his comedies which now remain, we cannot see what general reasons Plutarch, or any other critic of his time, might have for preferring him; but as far as he has entered into strictures and objections in his examination of Aristophanes, so far we can follow him; this part at least of his criticism is still open to be controverted, and if it shall appear that he has condemned one party without reason, it may be presumed he has preferred the other without justice.

Plutarch asserts that Aristophanes is a punster, a quibbler upon words, and ridiculously given to parody. It is unfortunate for this charge that he follows it up with quotations, in every one of which Aristophanes is not only to be defended but applauded; he could not have selected passages less to the purpose; and the accusation has accordingly been turned against him by Frischlinus and other advocates of the poet.

He arraigns the stile of Aristophanes on account of its inequalities and variations, observing that it is sometimes high and sometimes low, now turgid and inflated, now grovelling and depressed—as if he had not been aware that the great variety of characters, which his comedy exhibits, naturally demands as great a variety of stile: He applauds Menander for the uniform and equal tenor of his stile, not seeming to recollect that his comedy on the contrary had one uniform complexion, contained no chorusses and introduced no living characters; whereas Aristophanes, according to the spirit of the old comedy, makes use of chorusses,
many

many of which are of so fanciful and imaginary a nature, that it is necessary to employ all the powers of poetry in their display, and in some cases even to create a new stile (and almost language) for the occasion: He also introduces gods, heroes, poets, orators, philosophers, ambassadors, priests on his scene; some of these professedly demand a swelling tragic pomp of words, for instance Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides: In short, the very excellence of Aristophanes is discrimination of stile and character. Should Socrates and a slave speak in the same phrase? Should Lamaschus (a mere *miles gloriosus*) talk in the tone of a beggarly Megarensian pedlar? Certainly not; nor is there any need to dwell longer on this criticism of Plutarch's, in which the ingenious author has shewn little of his usual candour or judgment. That he should be prepossessed in favour of the new comedy is very natural; elegant and moral fictions are both more pleasing and more proper subjects for the drama, than bold and coarse truths and living realities: The even suavity of Menander's stile might be more to his taste than the irregular sublimity of Aristophanes's; but when I see him manage the argument in a manner so much below his usual sagacity, I cannot help suspecting there might be some other besides general prejudice in his mind against Aristophanes, and I make no doubt he had fostered strong resentments against him for his attacks upon Socrates; I also see some grounds for believing that he had been opposed by Pliny in his partiality for Menander, whom that author calls *omnis luxuria interpres*; a charge which was refuted by Plutarch, who

who nevertheless was compelled to admit it : It is not improbable therefore that this might have given some occasion to him for entering into a more formal comparison between the two authors, and for publishing his strictures upon Aristophanes. Upon looking over the titles of the comedies of the last-named author, which are lost, I find one intitled *Bæotia*, which play was translated and brought upon the Roman stage by Plautus, as it is generally thought, though we are told that M. Varro gave it to one Aquilius ; be this as it may, the comedy was produced by one or the other, and there is a fragment of it in proof, which will be found in Pareus's edition of Plautus ; Here is fresh reason for Plutarch (who was a Bœotian) to take up a resentment against Aristophanes ; and, if it were a subject worth following, I could shew that Plutarch's national prejudices were uncommonly strong : The comedy indeed is not in existence, both original and translation being perished ; but we can easily believe that Bœotia did not escape out of Aristophanes's hands without a pretty smart flagellation ; and this was the more galling to Plutarch, because it was naturalized on the Roman stage, and, if it was still in representation, might give a handle to the wits of the time for a run upon his native country. But I perceive my zeal is carrying me into an unprofitable research, and I proceed with my subject.

Aristophanes has sometimes been reproached for his attacks upon Euripides ; but this author was a fair subject for satire in his literary character, and, though he was the friend of Socrates his private morals were no less open to reproof.

The voice of the heathen world has been so loud in the praise of Socrates; he is so decidedly the hero of all the Ciceros and declaimers upon morality, that even now, after so many centuries of Christianity, it is with a kind of superstitious reverence we approach his character. His contemporaries, who saw him in the nearest light, treat him with the least respect: Aristophanes (as Ben Jonson expresses it) *hoisted him up with a pulley, and made him play the philosopher in a basket; measure how many foot a flea could skip geometrically by a just scale, and edify the people from the engine*—Time and prejudice have since cast a veil before him, that it would be a hardy deed to attempt to withdraw.

This attack of Aristophanes has doomed him to almost universal detestation; the praise we give him is no more than his superior genius extorts, and it is paid grudgingly, like a tax, without cordiality or good-will: We admire him for his bold attacks upon Cleon, and we can find some palliation for his strictures upon Euripides; the languid affectation of the poet, and the turbulent ferocity of the dæmagogue, justify the satirist; but when he assaults the sacred character of Socrates, when he arraigns the unspotted purity of the great master of morality, it is no longer satire, it is sacrilege. But is all this to pass without one word for the poet? Was he given up by his contemporaries for this atrocious act? was he given up by the friends and disciples of Socrates? By none; not even by Plato himself, who on the contrary caressed, admired and extolled him both in verse and prose; he adopted his sentiments on the subject

ject of *Love*, and engrafted them into his own *Symposium*: He applauded him to Dionysius of Syracuse, and put his comedies into his hands as the only pure and perfect model of Attic elegance: the tyrant read them, admired them, and even rehearsed them by heart; nay he did more, he turned poet himself, and wrote a play for the Athenian stage, which of course was honoured with a prize. And now why should we be more angry than Plato was? what have we discovered, which he did not know, that we should take the matter up so high? We have discovered that Aristophanes took a bribe of Melitus and his faction to attack Socrates, and pave the way for their criminal charge, by which he suffered; and this we take upon credit from Ælian's insinuations in an article of his *Various History*, which for its authority in this case is about as good an evidence as any story out of the *Incredibilia* of *Palæphatus Heraclitus*. Ælian however does not hardily advance this as a fact, but hooks it in by way of question—*Where is the absurdity*, he asks, *supposing that the poet who was known to be needy, had taken a bribe?*—This is a mere insinuation, by which he tries the credulity of his readers: If they will believe it, so much the better for his purpose; if not, he has nothing else to offer; he has done his best to blacken the character of Aristophanes in this case, as he did in that of his intemperance: He has accused him of writing plays when he was drunk, and now he accuses him of taking a bribe for writing them: The man who believes the one, may take the other into the bargain; for his own part, the improbability stares him so fully in the face, that he immediately subjoins to his insinuation above quoted—

ted—*That for the truth of this, it was best known to Aristophanes himself.*—This can never pass with any candid reader. As for the success of the attack, that he confesses was beyond all example ; the comedy was applauded to the skies ; never did any poet receive such honours from the public, as Aristophanes for this play of *The Clouds*.

As to the charge of the bribe, I need not observe, that if it was not an easy thing for any advocate of the poet to prove the negative in Hadrian's days, when Ælian threw it out, it cannot be less difficult now to do it, when more than two millenniums have interposed between the fact and our examination of it : And yet we know that Aristophanes, in a short time after the representation of his *Clouds*, brought this very Melitus, who is supposed to have suborned him by a bribe, before the audience, and exposed his vicious character with the most unsparing severity. If this is not proving a negative, it is as near it as circumstance and presumption can go.

But there is another part of Ælian's charge which can be more clearly disproved than the above, and this is the assertion he advances, that this attack upon Socrates from the stage was contrived by Anytus and Melitus as a prelude to their criminal accusation of him : This Ælian expressly asserts, adding that the faction were afraid of his popularity, and therefore set Aristophanes upon him to feel the pulse of the people, before they ventured to bring their public charge against him. Here he flatly confutes himself ; for had this been the proving attack, what experiment could answer more completely, when even by his own account

count all Athens was in raptures with the poet, and the comedy went off with more general applause than any was ever known to receive? nay, more than this, Socrates himself according to Ælian's own account was present in the theatre, and stood up in view of the people all the while; yet in spite of his presence, in defiance of this bold appeal, the theatre rung with plaudits, and the philosopher only stood up to be a more conspicuous mark of raillery and contempt. Why then did not the faction seize the opportunity and second the blow? Could any thing answer more fully to their wishes? or rather, could any event turn out more beyond their expectation? From Ælian's account we are left to conclude that this was the case, and that this attack was literally a prelude to their charge; but this inference is alike disingenuous with all the rest, for we know from indubitable dates that *The Clouds* was acted at least *eighteen years* before the death of Socrates: It was in the first year of Olymp. LXXXIX. when Isarchus was archon, that Aristophanes acted his first comedy of *The Clouds*, which was driven off the stage by Alcibiades and his party: In the year immediately following, when Aminias was archon he brought out the second of that name, which is the comedy in question, now in our hands: These are authentic records; take the earliest date for the death of Socrates, and it will not fall till the first year of Olymp. XCV. when Laches was archon; the interval is as I state it; a pretty reasonable time for such a plot to be ripening: And who now will give credit to Ælian and his *Various History*?

Having taken some pains to prove what Aristophanes's motives were not, it now remains to shew what they were ; but this will be the subject of another paper.

N^o LXXVII.

THE Clouds is a satirical and personal comedy, the moral of which is to shew how the sophistry of the schools may be employed as an instrument of fraud and evasion in matters of right and property ; this is its principal object : But it touches also upon other points by the way, and humorously exposes certain new and chimerical notions about the relation of children to their parents, and of the influence of *The Clouds*, as superior to the superintending power of Jupiter.

Of its moral therefore, separately considered (comprehending the chief duties and relations of men, whether to the gods, to their parents, or to society at large) there can be no doubt ; its excellence and importance speak for themselves.

The comedy being written before the practice was restrained of bringing living characters on the stage, a school is here introduced, and the greatest philosopher of the time is represented in person

person on the stage : This philosopher is Socrates himself, and the school is the school of Socrates.

Socrates is made to advance the hypothesis of *The Clouds* before mentioned ; but it should be constantly kept in remembrance, that he lays down no doctrines, as principles of fraud or injustice : It is not the teacher who recommends, but his disciples who pervert his instructions to the evil purpose of defrauding and eluding their creditors : The like remark holds good in the case of the natural duty of children to their parents : The son in the play it is true strikes and beats his father on the stage, and he quotes the maxims of Socrates in justification ; but he does not quote them as positive rules and injunctions for an act so atrocious ; he only shews that sophistry may be turned to defend that, or any other thing equally violent and outrageous.

There are two lights in which Socrates is to be viewed ; first, in his public character as a teacher ; secondly, in his private one as a man. It is chiefly in the former of these that Aristophanes has attacked him ; and (as I before observed) it is to expose the evil uses rather than the evil nature of his doctrines, that he brings his school upon the stage ; for when the disciple is questioned about the studies which his master is employed in, he makes report of some frivolous and minute researches, which are introduced only for the purpose of raising a harmless laugh, and so far there can be no offence in this scene.

After all it must be allowed, that these seminaries of sophistry, which the state of Athens thought it necessary to put down by public edict,

could not have been improper subjects for dramatic ridicule; for if the schools were found so detrimental to the morals of youth, that the archons and their council, after due deliberation, resolved upon a general expulsion of all masters and teachers thereunto belonging, and effectually did expel them, surely the poet may be acquitted, when he satirizes those obnoxious parties, whom the laws of his country in a short time after cut off from the community.

There can be little doubt but this was a public measure founded in wisdom, if it were for no other reason, than that the Lacedæmonians never suffered a master of philosophy to open school within their realm and jurisdiction, holding them in abhorrence, and proscribing their academies as seminaries of evil manners, and tending to the corruption of youth: It is well known what peculiar care and attention were bestowed upon the education of the Spartan youth, and how much more moral this people was, who admitted no philosophers to settle amongst them, than their Athenian neighbours, in whose dissolute capital they swarmed. In fact, the enormity became too great to be redressed; the whole community was infected with the enthusiasm of these sectaries; and the liberties of Athens, which depended on the public virtue of her citizens, fell a sacrifice to the corruptions of false philosophy: The wiser Lacedæmonians saw the fatal error of their rivals, and availed themselves of its consequences; they rose upon the ruins of Athens, and it was the triumph of wisdom over wit: These philosophers were ingenious men, but execrable citizens; and
when

when the raillery of the stage was turned against them, the weapons of ridicule could not be more laudably employed.

As for the school of Socrates in particular, though it may be a fashion to extol it, there is no reason to believe it was in better credit than any other; on the contrary, it was in such public disrepute on account of the infamous characters of many of his disciples, and of the disgraceful attachments he was known to have, that it was at one time deserted by every body except *Æschines*, the parasite of the tyrant *Dionysius*, and the most worthless man living: This *Æschines*, his sole and favourite disciple, was arraigned by the pleader *Lysias*, and convicted of the vilest frauds, and branded as a public cheat: He was a wretch, who employed the sophistry and cunning argumentation, which he learnt of his master, to the purpose only of evading his debts, contracted by the most profligate extravagancies: He afterwards went over to the school of *Plato*, and when *Socrates* was dead, had influence enough with *Xantippe* to obtain of her some dialogues from her husband's papers, which he published as his own, and set up for an author and preceptor in philosophy. It is very probable *Aristophanes* had in view the character of this very *Æschines*, when he brings his old man on the scene, consulting *Socrates* for sophistical evasions how to elude his creditors.

Another of the scholars of *Socrates* was *Simon* the sophist, a man whose rapacity became a proverb (*Σίμωνος ἀεργατικώτερος*, *Simoni rapacior*). This *Simon* was such a plunderer of the public money,

that Aristophanes in his strong manner says, *The very wolves run off upon the sight of Simon.*

The despicable *Cleonymus*, whose cowardice was as proverbial as Simon's rapacity, and the profligate *Theorus*, who buried himself in the stews at Corinth, were also fellow students under Socrates, and it is with just indignation against such execrable characters that Aristophanes exclaims—*O Jupiter, if thy bolts are aimed at perjury, why do these wretches, of all most perjured, Simon, Cleonymus and Theorus, escape the stroke?*

Επιτεβάλλει τὰς ἐπιόρκους, πῶς δὴτ' ἔχι Σίμων
ἐνέπρησεν,
'Οὐδὲ Κλεώνυμον ἔδει Θιῶρον; καὶ τοὶ σφοδρὰ γ' εἰς
ἐπιόρκοι.

Aristippus, the Cyrenaic founder, was a distinguished disciple of the Socratic school, a parasite also in the court of Dionysius, a buffoon and drunkard, the avowed opposer of every thing virtuous, a master and professor of immorality, who laid down institutes of sensuality and reduced it to a system.

Of Alcibiades I shall briefly speak, for the stories of Socrates's attachment to him are such as need not be enlarged upon; they obtained so generally, that he was vulgarly called Alcibiades's Silefius: When I glance at these reports in disfavour of a character, which probably stands so high in the opinion of the learned reader, I must hope for a candid interpretation of my motives for collecting these anecdotes, which I do not wish to apply to any other purpose than merely to shew

shew that Aristophanes was not singular in his attack upon this celebrated philosopher; neither did this attack bear so hard against him, as many stories, then in general circulation, otherwise did: Great authorities have ascribed his attachment to Alcibiades to the most virtuous principle; common fame, or perhaps (more properly speaking) common defamation, turned it into a charge of the impurest nature: In like manner we find him ridiculed for his devotion to the noted Aspasia, in whose company he is said to have passed much of his time; and Athenæus quotes some passages of his dialogues with her, which he tells us were published by Herodicus, and which we must either totally reject, or allow him to have been subject to such private weaknesses and frailties, as were very unsuitable to his public character: What were the real motives for his frequent visits to Aspasia, as well as for his seeming attachment to the strumpet Theodote, must be left to conjecture; of the fact there is no room to doubt. He is stigmatized for his guilty connections in his youth with his preceptor Archelaus; and yet this charge (however improbable it may seem) rests upon the authority of Aristoxenus, a man of the most candid character, and whose credit stands high with all true critics. Herodicus the historian, whom I have before mentioned, and who lived about three hundred and fifty years before the Christian æra, seems to have treated Socrates with the greatest severity, charging him with sitting up all night drinking and carousing with Agatho and others, whom when he had left drunk and asleep, he reeled into the Lyceum,

more -

more fit (in the words quoted from the relater) for the society of Homer's cannibals, than of those he found there: In this debauch it is pretended, that although Phedrus, Eryximachus and many other potent drinkers fled the company, Socrates fate to the last, swallowing drenches of wine out of enormous goblets of silver: He describes him sitting amongst lascivious revellers at a banquet, where dancing-girls and boys were exhibiting their indecent attitudes to the music of harpers and minstrels: He exposes this master of morality entering into a controversy with his scholar Critobulus upon the subject of male beauty; and because Critobulus had ridiculed him for his ugliness, he asserts that Socrates challenged him to a naked exhibition, and that he actually exposed his unseemly person to a Pathic and a dancing-girl, the appointed umpires of the dispute; the conqueror was to be rewarded with an embrace from each of these umpires, as the prize of superior beauty, and the decision was of consequence given *ex absurdo* to the philosopher, in preference to one of the handsomest young men in Greece, and he enjoyed the prize annexed to the decree. If we can believe this anecdote to have been gravely related by an historian, who lived so near to him in point of time, we shall cease to wonder that Aristophanes had the whole theatre on his side, when such stories were in circulation against the character of Socrates.

As I have no other object in view but to offer what occurs to me in defence of Aristophanes, who appears to have been most unjustly accused of taking bribes for his attack upon Socrates, and
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of having paved the way for the cruel sentence by which he suffered death, I shall here conclude an invidious task, which my subject, not my choice, has laid upon me.

In our volume of Aristophanes, the comedies are not placed according to the order of time in which they were produced: There is reason to think that *The Acharnensians* was the first of its author; it was acted in the last year of Olymp. LXXXV. when the edict was reversed which prohibited the representation of comedies; and it is said that Aristophanes brought it out in the name of Callistratus the comedian.

In the last year of Olymp. LXXXVIII. he produced his comedy of *The Knights*, in which he personally attacks the tribune Cleon.

In the first year of Olymp. LXXXIX. he produced his first comedy of *The Clouds*, and in the year following his second of that title, which is now in our hands, and ranks as third in the volume.

In the same year was acted his comedy of *The Wasps*, in which he satirizes the General Chares for his conduct in the unfortunate expedition to Sicily.

In the fourth year of Olymp. XC. we may place his comedy intitled *The Peace*. In the first of Olymp. XCI. *The Lysistrata*; and in the second of the same Olympiad that of *The Birds*

The Thesmophoriagusa or *Cerealia Celebrantes* and *Concionatrices*, fall within the period of Olymp. XCII. before the death of Euripides, who is satirized in the former of these pieces.

The *Frogs* were performed in the last year of Olymp. XCIII. after the death of Euripides.

The

The Plutus, which completes the eleven comedies still remaining, and the last, to which he prefixed his own name, was produced in the fourth year of Olymp. XCVII.

It is generally supposed that we owe these remains of Aristophanes to St. Chrysostom, who happily rescued this valuable, though small, portion of his favourite author from his more scrupulous Christian contemporaries, whose zeal was fatally too successful in destroying every other comic author, out of a very numerous collection, of which no one entire scene now remains.

No LXXVIII.

I SHALL now proceed to mention some other principal writers of the old comedy, of whose works, though once the favourites of the Athenian stage, few memorials survive, and these so small and imperfect, and withal so separated from each other (consisting only of short quotations in the scholiasts and grammarians) that it is a task to collect them, which nothing would compensate but the hope of being in some degree the instrument of saving from absolute extinction the names of authors once so illustrious.

AMIPSIAS

AMIPSIAS was a contemporary of Aristophanes, and no mean rival ; we have the titles of ten comedies of this author. In some of these his satire was personal, but all of them seem by their titles to have been levelled against the reigning vices of his time, such as *The Gamesters*, *The Glutton*, *The Beard* (in which he inveighed against the hypocrisy and affectation of the priests and philosophers), *The Adulterers*, *The Sappho* (wherein the morals of the fair sex were exposed), *The Purse*, a second attack upon the gamesters, and *The Philosopher's Cloak*, in which it is understood he glanced pretty severely at Socrates.

PLATO was a comic poet, high in time and character ; a collection of no less than forty titles of his comedies has been made by the learned Meursius, but very few fragments of these are remaining. Clemens asserts that Aristophanes and Plato were mutually charged of borrowing from each other, which in one sense makes greatly to the reputation of our poet. He is quoted by Plutarch in his Alcibiades, and very honourably mentioned by the famous Galen, by Athenæus, Clemens, Julius Pollux and Suidas. There is a fragment containing four lines and a half, upon a statue of Mercury cut by Dædalus, which has an epigrammatic neatness and point in it, that induced me to render it in rhyme : He addresses the statue, mistaking it for a living figure :

“ Hoa there ! who art thou ? Answer me—Art dumb ? ”

“ —Warm from the hand of Dædalus I come ;

“ My name Mercurius, and, as you may prove,

“ A statue ; but his statues speak and move.”

Plato

Plato wrote a comedy personally against the General Cleophon, and called it by his name ; there are others of the same description in his catalogue, and some of the middle sort : There are a few lines upon the tomb of Themistocles, which have a turn of elegant and pathetic simplicity in them, that deserves a better translation than I can give.

“ On the Tomb of Themistocles.

“ By the sea’s margin, on the watery strand,
 “ Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand :
 “ By this directed to thy native shore
 “ The merchant shall convey his freighted store ;
 “ And when our fleets are summon’d to the fight,
 “ Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.”

The following fragment of a dialogue, between a father and a sophist, under whose tuition he had placed his son, probably belonged either to the comedy called *The Beard*, or *The Philosopher’s Cloak*: It is pretty much in the spirit of our old English drama.

“ FATHER,

“ Thou hast destroy’d the morals of my son,
 “ And turn’d his mind, not so dispos’d, to vice,
 “ Unholy pedagogue ! With morning drams,
 “ A filthy custom which he caught from thee,
 “ Clean from his former practice, now he saps
 “ His youthful vigour. Is it thus you school him ?

“ SOPHIST.

“ And if I did, what harms him ? Why complain you ?
 “ He does but follow what the wise prescribe,
 “ The great voluptuous law of Epicurus,

Pleasure,

" Pleasure, the best of all good things on earth ;
 " And how but thus can pleasure be obtain'd ?

" FATHER.

" Virtue will give it him.

" SOPHIST.

" And what but virtue.

" Is our philosophy ? When have you met
 " One of our sect flush'd and disguis'd with wine ?
 " Or one, but one of those you tax so roundly,
 " On whom to fix a fault ?

" FATHER.

" Not one, but all,

" All to march forth with supercilious brow
 " High-arch'd with pride, beating the city-rounds,
 " Like constables in quest of rogues and out-laws,
 " To find that prodigy in human nature,
 " A wise and perfect man ! What is your science
 " But kitchen-science ? wisely to descant
 " Upon the choice bits of a favoury carp,
 " And prove by logic that his *summum bonum*
 " Lies in his head ; there you can lecture well,
 " And, whilst your grey beards wag, the gaping guest
 " Sits wondering *with a foolish face of praise*.

(PLATO, COM.)

CRATES, by birth an Athenian, was first an actor, and afterwards a writer of the old comedy ; he performed the principal characters in Cratinus's plays, and was the great rival of Aristophanes's favourite actors Callistratus and Philonides ; we have the titles of more than twenty comedies, and but four small fragments of this author : I have searched for his remains more diligently, from the circumstance of his having been so celebrated an actor ; a profession which centers in itself

itself more gifts of nature, education, art and study, than any other. His comedies are said to have been of a very gay and facetious cast; and the author of the *Prolegomena* to Aristophanes informs us, that he was the first who introduced a drunken character on the Athenian stage; to this anecdote I give credit, because no one could better know how entirely such an attempt depends upon the discretion and address of the actor, who has such a part in his keeping: It is plain the experiment succeeded, because even the tragedians exhibited such characters in succeeding times. Modern experience shews us, how subject such representations are to be outraged; the performer generally forgetting, or not knowing, that his own sobriety should keep the drunkenness he counterfeits within its proper bounds. Aristotle ascribes to Crates another innovation with respect to the iambic metre of the old comedy, which he made more free and apposite to familiar dialogue; this also corresponds with the natural and facetious character of his drama. I cannot say the four small fragments which I have collected bear that stamp; on the contrary, they are of a grave and sententious cast: One of them is an observation on the effects of poverty, which Horace has either literally translated, or struck upon the very same thoughts in the following passage:

*Non habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

I find a short stricture upon the gluttony of the Thessalians; a remark upon the indecorum
of

of inviting women to wedding suppers, and making riotous entertainments at a ceremony which modesty would recommend to pass in private, and within the respective family where it occurs.

The last fragment is a short but touching picture of old age, and the vanity of human wishes: I think the turn of thought and expression extremely beautiful.

“ ON OLD AGE.

- “ These shrivell'd sinews and this bending frame,
- “ The workmanship of time's strong hand proclaim;
- “ Skill'd to reverse whate'er the gods create,
- “ And make that crooked which they fashion straight.
- “ Hard choice for man, to die—or else to be
- “ That tottering, wretched, wrinkled thing you see:
- “ Age then we all prefer; for age we pray,
- “ And travel on to life's last ling'ring day;
- “ Then sinking slowly down from worse to worse,
- “ Find heav'n's extorted boon our greatest curse.”

(CRATES.)

PHRYNICHUS was a contemporary of Eupolis, and a writer of the old comedy; a dramatic poet of the first class in reputation as well as in time. He was an Athenian by birth, and must not be confounded with the tragic poet of that name. I find the titles of ten comedies of his writing; these are *The Ephialtes*; *The Beard*, (the same title with that of Plato); *Saturn*; *The Revellers*; *The Satyrs*; *The Tragedians*; *The Recluse*; *The Muses*; *The Priest*; and *The Weeding-Women*.—We have no other guides but these titles to guess at the comedies themselves; we see however by some

some of them what subjects his satire pointed out to the spectators, in which the philosophers had their share as usual; and by certain fragments it appears, that Alcibiades was also treated with some personal severity.

PHERECRATES is the next author I shall notice, a poet famous in his time, and whose character as well as genius descends to us with the warmest testimonies of high authority. His stile was of that sort, which has been proverbially dignified as *Most Attic*: He acquired such reputation by his poems as well as plays, that the metre he used was called by pre-eminence *the Pherecratian Metre*. He was no less excellent in his private character than in his poetical one; he was attached to Alexander of Macedon, and accompanied that great conqueror in his expeditions; he lived in intimacy with Plato at Athens, and in some of his comedies was engaged in warm competition with Crates, the actor and author, of whom I have already spoken. Suidas says he wrote seventeen comedies, and the titles of these are still extant: One of them, viz. *The Peasants*, is mentioned by Plato in his *Protagoras*: Clemens quotes a passage from his *Deserters* of great elegance, in which the gods are introduced making heavy complaints of the frauds put upon them by mankind in their sacrifices and oblations: This poet also has a personal stroke at the immoral character of Alcibiades.

Having quoted a passage from Crates on the subject of old age, I shall now select one from this author on the same; and if the reader is curious

rious to observe how these celebrated rivals expressed themselves on a similar sentiment, he has an opportunity of making the comparison.

“ ON OLD AGE.

- “ Age is the heaviest burthen man can bear,
 “ Compound of disappointment, pain and care;
 “ For when the mind’s experience comes at length,
 “ It comes to mourn the body’s loss of strength:
 “ Resign’d to ignorance all our better days,
 “ Knowledge just ripens when the man decays;
 “ One ray of light the closing eye receives,
 “ And wisdom only takes what folly leaves.”

(PHERECRATES.)

Pherecrates intitled one of his comedies *The Tyranny*; it does not appear what particular object he had in view under this title, but from the following fragment he seems to have levelled some share of his satire against the fair sex—

- “ Remark how wisely antient art provides
 “ The broad-brimm’d cup with flat expanded sides;
 “ A cup contrived for man’s discreeter use,
 “ And sober potions of the generous juice:
 “ But woman’s more ambitious thirsty soul
 “ Soon long’d to revel in the plenteous bowl;
 “ Deep and capacious as the swelling hold
 “ Of some stout bark she shap’d the hollow mould,
 “ Then turning out a vessel like a tun,
 “ Simp’ring exclaimed—Observe! I drink but one.”

(PHERECRATES.)

Athenæus has preserved a considerable fragment from this author, extracted from his comedy of *The Miners*, which I look upon to be as curious a specimen of the old comedy as I have met with. It is a very luxuriant description of the riches and abundance of some former times to which

which he alludes, strongly dashed with comic strokes of wild extravagance and hyperbole.—These *Miners* were probably the chorus of the drama, which no doubt was a satirical sort, and pointed at the luxuries of the rich. By the mention made of Plutus in the first line, we may suppose that these *Mines* were of gold, and probably the deity of that precious metal was one of the persons of the drama.

FROM THE MINERS OF PHERECRATES.

“ The days of Plutus were the days of gold ;
 “ The season of high feeding and good cheer :
 “ Rivers of goodly beef and brewis ran
 “ Boiling and bubbling thro’ the steaming streets,
 “ With islands of fat dumplings, cut in sops
 “ And slippery gobbets, moulded into mouthfuls,
 “ That dead men might have swallow’d ; floating tripes
 “ And fleets of sausages in luscious morsels
 “ Stuck to the banks like oysters : Here and there,
 “ For relishers, a salt-fish season’d high
 “ Swam down the savoury tide : When soon behold ?
 “ The portly gammon sailing in full state
 “ Upon his smoaking platter heaves in sight,
 “ Encompas’d with his bandoliers like guards,
 “ And convoy’d by huge bowls of frumenty,
 “ That with their generous odours scent the air.”
 “—You stagger me to tell of these good days,
 “ And yet to live with us on our hard fare,
 “ When death’s a deed as easy as to drink.”
 “ If your mouth waters now, what had it done,
 “ Cou’d you have seen our delicate fine thrushes
 “ Hot from the spit, with myrtle-berries cram’d,
 “ And larded well with celandine and parsley,
 “ Bob at your hungry lips, crying—*Come eat me !*
 “ Nor was this all ; for pendant over-head
 “ The fairest choicest fruits in clusters hung ;
 “ Girls too, young girls just budding into bloom,
 “ Clad in transparent vests, stood near at hand
 “ To serve us with fresh roses and full cups
 “ Of rich and fragrant wine, of which one glass
 “ No sooner was dispatch’d, than strait behold !

“ Two

" Two goblets, fresh and sparkling as the first,
 " Provok'd us to repeat the encreasing draught.
 " Away then with your ploughs, we need them not,
 " Your scythes, your sickles, and your pruning hooks !
 " Away with all your trumpery at once !
 " Seed-time and harvest-home and vintage wakes—
 " Your holidays are nothing worth to us.
 " Our rivers roll with luxury, our vats
 " O'erflow with nectar, which providing Jove
 " Showers down by cataracts ; the very gutters
 " From our house-tops spout wine, vast forests wave
 " Whose very leaves drop fatness, smoaking viands
 " Like mountains rise—All nature's one great feast."

AMPHIS, the son of Amphicrates an Athenian, was a celebrated comic poet : We have the titles of one and twenty comedies, and he probably wrote many more : By these titles it appears that he wrote in the satirical vein of the old comedy, and I meet with a stroke at his contemporary Plato the philosopher. He has a play intitled *The Seven Chiefs against Thebes*, which is probably a parody upon Æschylus, and proves that he wrote after the personal drama was prohibited : There is another called *The Dicers* ; and by several scattered passages he appears to have exposed the persons of drunkards, gamesters, courtesans, parasites, and other vicious characters of his time, with great moral severity ; There are also two comedies intitled *Women's Love* and *Women's Tyranny*.

HERMIPPUS was a writer of the old comedy, and an Athenian. No less than forty comedies are given to this author by Suidas ; he attacks Pericles for his dissolute morals, and in one of his plays calls him *King of the Satyrs*, advising him to assume the proper attributes of his lascivious character : He was the son of Lyfides, and the brother of Myrtilus, a comic writer also.

HIPPARCHUS,

HIPPARCHUS, PHILONIDES and THEOPOMPUS complete the list of poets of the old comedy. Philonides, before he became a votary of the muse, followed the trade of a fuller, and if we are to take the word of Aristophanes, was a very silly vulgar fellow, illiterate to a proverb.—Athenæus and Stobæus have however given us some short quotations, which by no means favour this account, and it is probable there was more satire than truth in Aristophanes's character of him. Theopompus is described as a man of excellent morals, and though he was long afflicted with a defluxion in his eyes, which put him from his studies, time has preserved the titles of twenty-four comedies of his composing: Very little remains upon record either of him or his works.

One short fragment of Philonides is all that remains of his works, and it is a specimen which convinces me that we must not always take the character of a poet from a contemporary wit, engaged in the same studies.

FRAGMENT OF PHILONIDES.

“ Because I hold the laws in due respect,
 “ And fear to be unjust, am I a coward?
 “ Meek let me be to all the friends of truth,
 “ And only terrible amongst its foes.”

—*Soli æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.*

I now take leave of what is properly called *The Old Comedy*: In the further prosecution of this work (if that shall be permitted to me) it is my intention to review the writers of the *Middle*, and conclude with those of the *New Comedy*.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



